JUXTAPOSITION

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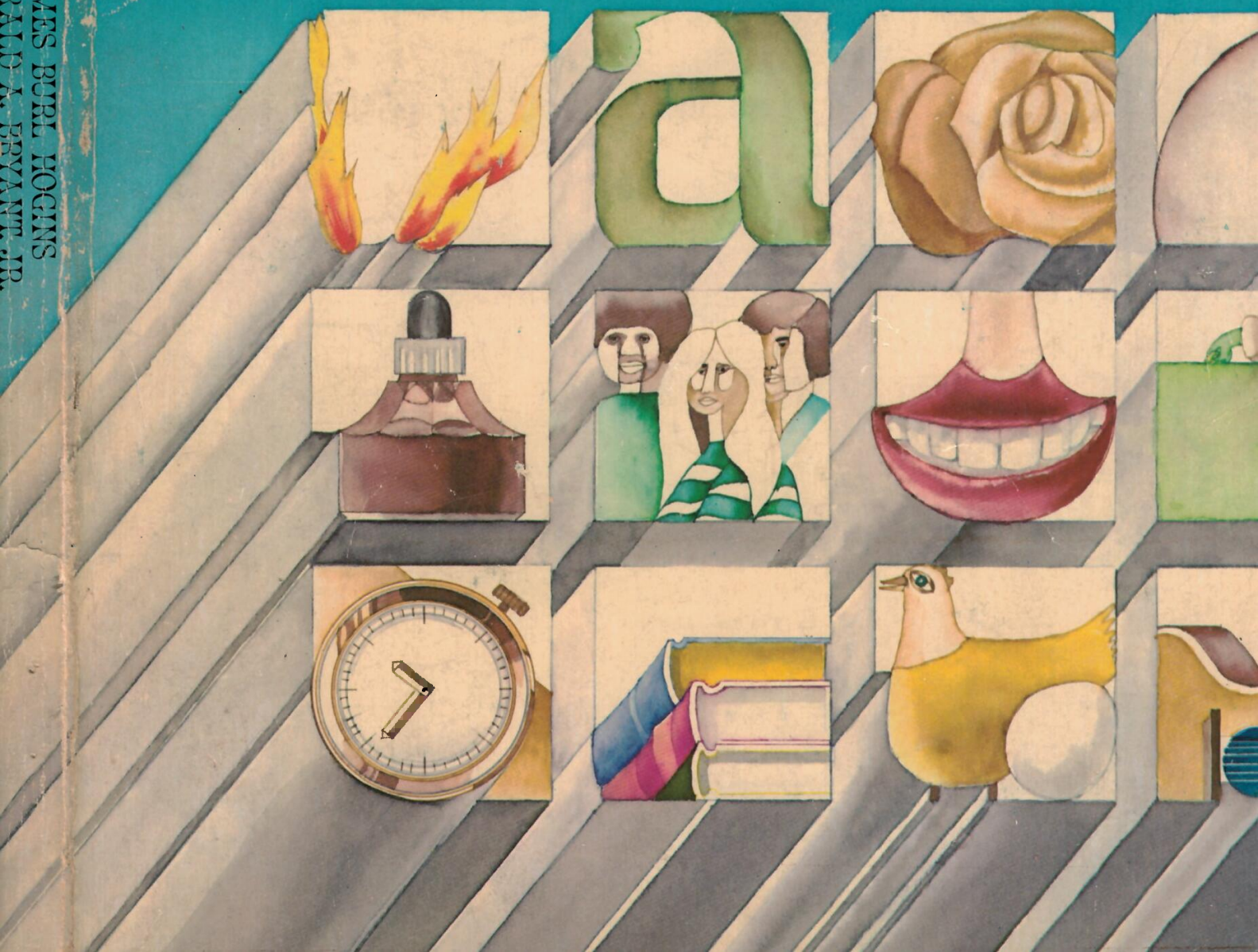

JUXTAPOSITION ENCORE!

JAMES BURL HOGINS
GERALD A. BRYANT, JR.

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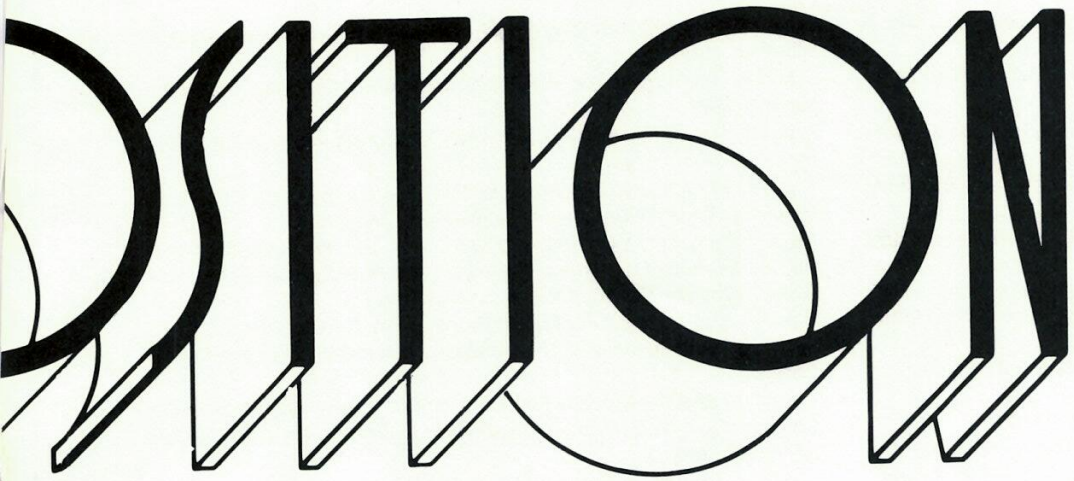

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(continued on page 283)

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DOMAIN / APPROACH GRID

INS	APPROACHES (CATEGORIES)							
			INFORMATIVE PROSE					
	Graphics	Advertisements	Commitment	Slanted Language	Definition	Humor	Literature *(poetry, fiction, drama)*	Music
	20, 25, 27, 33, 40, 46, 49	1, 38, 66, 67, 68	12, 16, 18, 37, 41, 48, 50, 52, 53, 54, 56, 61, 65	8, 11, 14, 15, 21, 24, 28,32, 36, 48, 54, 55, 61, 65, 69	4, 5, 13, 17, 23, 29, 30, 31, 33, 36, 39, 44, 45, 59, 64	8, 11, 23, 37, 41, 50, 51, 54, 55, 60, 65	22, 23, 24, 33, 36, 50, 54, 55	14, 19, 26, 28, 34, 47
	73, 74, 101	79	87, 92, 97, 103	77, 78, 80, 85, 86, 88, 90, 92, 100, 102	75, 85, 86, 89, 100, 101	85, 93, 94, 96, 97	80, 81, 88, 95, 97	91
	113, 120, 126	118, 127 – 129	110, 124	124	108, 122	111, 112, 117, 121, 123	110, 121, 130	112, 130
	133, 153, 155, 157	150, 160	141, 143, 150, 153, 172	133, 134, 138, 145, 146, 148	142, 144, 151, 154, 158, 162, 169	135–136, 137, 138, 143, 144, 145, 147, 156, 159	138, 139, 156, 157, 161	137, 160
	176	188, 189, 191	175, 181, 182, 192	175, 176, 179, 184	179, 186, 190, 193	175, 182, 183	177, 178, 187, 190	176
	205, 209	210 – 211	212, 220	197, 204, 206	197, 198, 206, 215, 217, 218	208, 213	207, 208, 213, 216, 222	220
	235, 237, 249	231	226, 229, 243	225, 227, 240, 245, 247	228, 230, 232, 233, 236, 239, 241, 248, 250, 251, 251–252	232, 234, 239, 240, 241, 242	237, 238, 242	248
ing Causes	255, 264, 266, 269	273	263, 267, 270, 278	258, 259, 261, 262	271, 279, 280	262, 270, 274, 281	260, 263, 264, 268, 269, 270	263

TABLE OF CONTENTS

KEY TO APPROACHES (CATEGORIES) IX

INTRODUCTION XII

DOMAIN 1 HOT ISSUES

Advertisement (San Diego Gas and Electric) 3
How America Is Changing (collection of short news items) 4
Alternative Energy Sources Philip W. Quigg 5
Cartoon (*The New Yorker*) 8
Cartoon (*The New Yorker*) 8
Ecology Is a Racist Shuck Robert Chrisman 8
Cartoon (*Look*) 11
Book Review 12
Marijuana May Be Bad for You (*Washington Post*) 13
Sunday Mornin' Comin' Down (Kris Kristofferson) 14
A Modest Proposal Gene Lees 15
Kill Speed Dr. Hip 16
Definitions (Drugs from A to Z: A Dictionary) 17
Stone Men to the Contrary, the Time to Argue Is Now Benjamin DeMott 18
Nowhere Man (The Beatles) 19
Photograph (from *Scanlan's*) 20
The Language of Pledges 21
from *Man and Superman* George Bernard Shaw 22
Cartoon (*Mute Point*) 23
What Were They Like? Denise Levertov 24
Killed in Action (Kollwitz) 25
A Short History of Warfare (Malvina Reynolds) 26
The Waste of War Gene Bolinsky and David Strom 27
Eve of Destruction (P. F. Sloan) 28
Cartoon (Birds) R. J. Lifton 29
Dialogue on Private Property Felix S. Cohen 30
Troubles in Rip-Off City Nicholas Von Hoffman 32
Sandals J.B.H. 33
Photograph (*California Trip*) 33
The Ballad of Ira Hayes (Peter La Farge) 34
Who Started It? J.B.H. 36
The Outside Agitation Myth Sydney J. Harris 37
The Extremist Dance 37
Advertisement (Atlantic Richfield Co.) 38
The Age of Overbreed Sir Julian Huxley 39
Housing in Hong Kong (Hayman) 40
Red Tide John W. Campbell 41
Points of Rebellion William O. Douglas 44
Photograph (*Vanguard*) 46
Two Little Boys (The Last Poets) 47
Ever Gone Hungry? Kenneth Rexroth 48
Bread! (Kollwitz) 49
Poverty J.B.H. 50
Foreward to *The Plum Plum Pickers* Earl Conrad 50
Cartoon (*The New Yorker*) 51
Quote Commitment Unquote Veronica Geng 52
Reflections: The American Condition II (from *The New Yorker*) 53
A Dream Deferred Langston Hughes 54
when serpents bargain for the right to squirm e. e. cummings 55
from *Song of Myself* Walt Whitman 55
Cartoon (Feiffer) 56
The Case for Bottling Up Rage Leonard Berkowitz 56
The Utopian Urge: You Make the Future Today 59
Precarious Eden 60
from *Night Thoughts of a Police Chief* Joseph Paul Kimble 61
Some Call It Dissent Congressman Bill Chappell 61
Cartoon (Birds) 65
Letter Friis 65
Advertisement (MacManus, John, and Adams) 66
Advertisement (Atlantic Richfield) 67
Advertisement (ACLU) 68
Opinion—Democratization and Culture John Cogley 69

DOMAIN 2 FEMINISM

Kwan Yin 73
Das Madchen mit dem Facher (Gauguin) 73
Indian Head Band—Mother with Child 73
She Dreams (Nancy Leveton) 74
Aphra Behn Helen Douglas Price 75
Let No Man Write Her Epitaph Joan Jackson 77
Zeroing in on Madison Avenue's American Woman Dale Bryant 78
Advertisement (Virginia Slims) 79
Father's Day—Good Time to "Reappraise" Women (*San Jose Mercury-News*) 80
Robot Dolls (San Jose Mercury News) 80
The Student's Wife Raymond Carver 81
Cartoon (Feiffer) 85
Technique Focuses on Boy Births (UPI) 85
Girls or Gals? Elaine First Sharpe 86
Cleared to Land—Honey! Gayle S. Bowles 86
How Appearance Divides Women (*Ladies' Home Journal*) 87
This Woman Is Anti-Semantic (*Ladies' Home Journal*) 88
Masculinity and Femininity Abraham H. Maslow 89
I'd Rather Be Black Than Female Shirley Chisholm 90
Four Women Nina Simone 91
Why We Need a Woman President in 1976 Gloria Steinem 92
Cartoon (Doonesbury) 93
Cartoon (*Saturday Review*) 94
Cartoon (*The New Yorker*) 94
from *Lysistrata* Aristophanes 95
Cartoon (*The New Yorker*) 96
The Masculine Mystique George Frazier IV 97
What It Would Be Like If Women Win Gloria Steinem 100
Women Working (Photograph) 101
A Sociologist's Comments Dr. P. Bart 101
from "Monster" Robin Morgan 102
Survey 103
Exercises 105

DOMAIN 3 ECOLOGY

The Lake as a Microcosm Stephen A. Forbes 108
A Fable for Tomorrow Rachel Carson 110
Cartoon (Birds) 111
Cartoon (Feiffer) 111
Air 112
Cartoon (*Look*) 112
The Joys of Clear Water (*Look*) 113
Polluted Evening Joel Glasser 117
Advertisement (McGraw-Hill) 118
The Silent Takeover (from *Drive Magazine*) 120
Protest Rod McKuen 121
Cartoon (*Saturday Review*) 121
Environmental Pollution Norman Cousins 122
Cartoon (*Toronto Telegram*) 123
The Ecology Cop-Out Charles McCabe 124
War on Pollution Could Backfire Robert Theobald 124
from *To Believe in Man* Pintauro and Kent 126
Advertisement (San Diego Gas and Electric) 127–129
Sand Castles Richard Brautigan 130
God Bless the Grass Malvina Reynolds 130
Exercises 131

DOMAIN 4 STUDENT LIFE

Nature Morte (John Bookout) 133
A Lust for Leadership Shana Alexander 134
Dear Diary (*Town and Country*) 135
Summer Campus Mail Art Buchwald 137
What Did You Learn in School Today? Tom Paxton 137
Cartoon (Feiffer) 138
Cartoon (*Odd Bodkins*) Dan O'Neill 138
Student Revolution Erica Jong 138
A Christian Education Elizabeth Spencer 139

We Are the People Our Parents Warned Us Against Nicholas Von Hoffman 142
Cartoon (Peanuts) Charles Schulz 143
Why We Must Abolish Schooling Ivan Illich 143
Requirements: Aid or Deterrent to Education Orvel Hooker 144
Cartoon (Birds) 145
Not Communicating Is Ugly Sam Scheele 146
What's a Metaphor For? Colman McCarthy 147
Plight of the American Language Jean Stafford 148
Poster (Random House) 150
Is Teaching Grammar Immoral? Barbara Dodds Stanford 150
The Way We Speak Flora Davis 151
Hands (photograph) J.B.H. 153
Keep On Talking or Just Shut Up? S. I. Hayakawa 153
from *Mechanical Rape* Mark Gerzon 154
College Decision 155
Photograph (J.B.H.) 155
Cartoon (Peanuts) Charles Schulz 156
from *Crank Your Spreaders* Terry Kirkman 156
Hose and Iron Greg Kuzma 157
Bond of Union (Escher) 157
College Crack-ups Lindsay Miller 158
Cartoon (Birds) 159
Reflections of My Life (Campbell, McAleese) 160
Advertisement (National Advertising Council) 160
Parable (*Psychology Today*) 161
The Pursuit of Loneliness Philip E. Slater 162
from the Introduction to *Culture and Commitment* Margaret Mead 169
Advice:
Helen Gurley Brown 170
Wilber D. Mills 171
J. William Fulbright 171
Edward M. Kennedy 172
William F. Buckley, Jr. 172
Exercises 173

DOMAIN 5 WORK

Ant Stamped as Lazy, Vain 175
Cartoon (*The New Yorker*) 175
Hard Day's Night (The Beatles) 176
Photograph (from *An Alternative*) 176
Quality John Galsworthy 177
from *Death of a Salesman* Arthur Miller 178
Beryl Simpson from *Working* by Studs Terkle 179
Advertising Workers (Government Printing Office) 179
Working Freaks A. Fraser 181
from *Further Up the Organization* Robert Townsend 182
Cartoon (*Playboy*) 183
Cartoon (*The New Yorker*) 182
The Patricia Principle Art Hoppe 183
The Language of Advertising Ronald Gross 184
The Performance Jerry Butler 186
Fiction (from *Writer's Market '70*) 186
from *Catch 22*, "But I Make A Profit" Joseph Heller 187
Advertisement (Batten, Barton, Durstine, and Osborn, Inc.) 188
Advertisement (Mug Root Beer) 189
The Mailman as Cancer Patient Raymond Carver 190
from *The Admiration of Technique* (McIrvine) and *Worlds in the Making* (Maryjane Dunstan and Patricia W. Garlan) 190
Advertisement (United States Steel) 191
The Universal Sabbatical System Kenneth Lamott 192
Game Plan for Daily Living Ari Kiev, M.D. 193
Exercises 195

DOMAIN 6 LEISURE

Leisure The National Industrial Conference Board, Inc. 197
A Word of Four Letters Alan Brien 197
Success Is a Journey Bill Russell 198
American Sports Are Un-American J.B.H. 204
The Accent's on Elegance Phyllis Battelle 206
The Agony and the Alcohol William Hines 206
The Hunter Edward Harris Heth 207
Cartoon (*The New Yorker*) 208
Strawberries Edwin Morgan 208
Photograph 209
Advertisement (Braniff Airlines) 210
How to Get High on 300 Frenchmen J.B.H. 212
Cartoon (Finley) 212
Highway 99E from Chico: November 1966 Raymond Carver 213
Throwing Back the European Offensive Robert Benchley 213
The California Beachcomber Don Engdahl 215
Poster "On The Loose" (Sierra Club) 216
Of Wood Cook Stoves Carla Emery 217
Wilderness Cabin (*Whole Earth Catalog*) 218
Push-Button Phones 220
Just Thinking Philip Wylie 220
Hot Week-end Sun in Rhode Island, Etc. John Humma 222
Haiku 222
Exercises

DOMAIN 7 THE ARTS

Definitions of Art Mason Williams 225
A Critic's Credo Judith Crist 226
The Artist in Society Jerrold Morris 228
from *Life with Picasso* Francoise Gilot and Carlton Lake 229
Creative Artists Sam Scheele 230
Art Is for Man's Sake (Business Committee for the Arts) 231
Visual Illusions M. Luckiesh 232
Cartoon (Birds) 232
The Black Esthetic Bill Marvel 233
Cartoon (Birds) 234
Photographs (J.B.H.) 235
Indian Peace Pipes 236
Dog (Giacometti) 237
Giacometti's Dog Robert Wallace 237
The Actor Ray Russell 238
Cartoon (New Yorker) 239
Film Production Code 239
Protest Diane Rosen 240
Everything You Always Wanted to Know about Television But Were Afraid to Ask Ben Masselink 240
Cartoon (Saturday Review) 241
Jack and Jill: A Close Reading Arthur Daigon 242
Mine Enemy, the Folksinger Kenneth B. Keating 243
New Poetry—A Literary Breakdown Karl Shapiro 245
Dylan: Where Was He When We Needed Him? Susan Berman 247
Blackbird (The Beatles) 248
from *The Music of the Beatles* Ned Rorem 248
Janis from *Rock; Beyond Woodstock* 249
Super Pop Nik Cohn 250
Return of a Good Old Four-Letter Favorite Albert Goldman 251
Jimi Hendrix Talks (from *Rock: A World Bold as Love*) 251
Exercises 253

DOMAIN 8 COLD CONTINUING CAUSES

RSVP Cycles (Halprin) 255
The Second Sin Thomas S. Szasz, M.D. 258
The Etymology of the International Insult Charles F. Berlitz 259
1692 Cotton Mather Newsreel Richard Brautigan 260
Support Your Local Language Count Marco 261
The Language of Prurient Interest Lenny Bruce 262
The Art of Loving Erich Fromm 263
The Dangling Conversation Simon 263
Photograph (from *An Alternative*) 264
Photograph (Circle Preschool) 266
Love David Harris 267
Love's Not the Way to Treat a Friend Richard Brautigan 268
Pacific Radio Fire Richard Brautigan 268

Cartoon (Birds) 270
Locked In Ingemar Gustafson 270
from *The Book: On The Taboo Against Knowing Who You Are* Alan F. Watts 271
Advertisement (Eaton) 273
Cartoon (Birds) 273
Odd Bodkins Dan O'Neill 274
Fu/Return (from *I Ching*) 278
Ideas That Have Helped Mankind Bertrand Russell 279
Knowledge and Wisom Bertrand Russell 280
Cartoon (B.C.) 281
Exercises 282

KEY TO APPROACHES

GRAPHICS

Domain 1 Photograph (from *Scanlan's*) 20
Killed in Action (Kollwitz) 25
The Waste of War (Bolinsky and Strom) 27
Photograph (*California Trip*) 33
Housing in Hong Kong (Hayman) 40
Photograph (Vanguard) 46
Bread (Kollwitz) 49
Domain 2 Kwan Yin 73
Das Madchen mit dem Facher (Gauguin) 73
Photograph (Unnamed) 73
She Dreams (Leveton) 74
Women Working 101
Domain 3 Photo Essay: The Joys of Clear Water (*Look*) 113
The Silent Takeover (from *Drive Magazine*) 120
Picture Poem (Pintauro and Kent) 126
Domain 4 Nature Morte (Bookout) 133
Hands J.B.H. 153
Photograph (J.B.H.) 155
Bond of Union (Escher) 157
Domain 5 Photograph (from *An Alternative*) 176
Domain 6 Photographs 205
Photograph 209
Domain 7 Photographs (J.B.H.) 235
Giacometti's Dog 237
Janis 249
Domain 8 RSVP Cycles (Halprin) 255
Photograph (from *An Alternative*) 264
Photograph (Circle Preschool) 266
Two Posters 269

ADVERTISEMENTS

Domain 1 Advertisement (San Diego Gas and Electric) 3
Advertisement (Atlantic Richfield) 38
Advertisement (MacManus, John, and Adams) 66
Advertisement (Atlantic Richfield) 67
Advertisement (ACLU) 68
Domain 2 Advertisement (Virginia Slims) 79
Domain 3 Advertisement (McGraw-Hill) 118
Advertisement (San Diego Gas and Electric) 127–129
Domain 4 Poster (Random House) 150
Advertisement (College of Your Choice) 160
Domain 5 Advertisement (BBDO) 188
Advertisement (Mug Root Beer) 189
Advertisement (U.S. Steel) 191
Domain 6 Advertisement (Braniff) 210
Domain 7 Advertisement (Business Committee for The Arts) 231
Domain 8 Advertisement (Eaton) 273

COMMITMENT

Domain 1 Does It Matter? (Watts) 12
Stone Men to the Contrary, the Time to Argue Is Now (Demott) 18
The Outside Agitation Myth (Harris) 37
Red Tide (Campbell) 41
At Large (Rexroth) 48
Foreword to *The Plum Plum Pickers* 50
Quote Commitment Unquote (Geng) 52
Reflections: The American Condition II 53
Quotation (Williams) 54
The Case for Bottling Up Rage (Berkowitz) 56
From *Night Thoughts of a Police Chief* (Kimble) 61
Letter (Friis) 65
Domain 2 How Appearance Divides Women (*Ladies' Home Journal*) 87
Why We Need a Woman President in 1976 (Steinem) 92
The Masculine Mystique (Frazier) 97
Survey 103
Domain 3 A Fable for Tomorrow (Carson) 110
War on Pollution Could Backfire (Theobald) 124
Domain 4 Some Tips on Coping with Parents (*Time*) 141
Why We Must Abolish Schooling (Illich) 143
Is Teaching Grammar Immoral? (Stanford) 150
Keep On Talking or Just Shut Up (Hayakawa) 153
Advice: Brown, Mills, Fulbright, Kennedy, Buckley 172
Domain 5 Quotation (Williams) 175
Working Freaks (Fraser) 181
from *Further Up the Organization* (Townsend) 182
The Universal Sabbatical System (LaMott) 192
Domain 6 How to Get High on 300 Frenchmen (J.B.H.) 212
Just Thinking (Wylie) 220
Domain 7 A Critic's Credo (Crist) 226
from *Life with Picasso* (Gilot and Lake) 229
Mine Enemy, the Folksinger (Keating) 243
Domain 8 from *The Art of Loving* (Fromm) 263
Love (Harris) 267
Quotation (Jourard) 270
Fu/Return (*from I Ching*) 278

SLANTED LANGUAGE

Domain 1 Ecology Is a Racist Shuck (Chrisman) 8
News Item 11
Quotation (Tom Wolfe) 14
A Modest Proposal (Lees) 15
Language of Pledges 21
Quotation (Haig) 24
Quotation (Fosdick) 24
Quotation (George) 24
Quotation (Kennedy) 24
Quotation (Herodutus) 24
Quotation (Wilde) 24
Quotations (Mill) 28
Troubles in Rip-Off City (Von Hoffman) 32

Quotation (Twain) 48
Quotation (Truman) 54
Quotation (Pauwels and Bergier) 54
Quotation (Twain) 55
Some Call It Dissent (Chappell) 61
Quotation (Dulles) 65
Opinion—Democratization and Culture (Cogley) 69
Domain 2 Let No Man Write Her Epitaph (Jacson) 77
Zeroing in on Madison Avenue's American Woman (Bryant) 78
Father's Day—Good Time to "Reappraise" Women 80
Quotation (Bierce) 80
Robot Dolls—News Item 80
Quotation (Bierce) 80
Quotation (Bryant) 85
Quotation (Lovell) 85
Girls or Gals? (Sharpe) 86
Definition (Bierce) 88
I'd Rather Be Black Than Female (Chisholm) 90
Quotation (Mill) 92
Quotation (Tolstoy) 100
from "Monster" (Morgan) 102
Domain 3 The Ecology Cop-Out (McCabe) 124
Domain 4 Quotation (Wilde) 133
Quotation (Leonard) 133
Quotation (Platt) 133
A Lust for Leadership (Alexander) 134
Quotation (Truman) 138
Quotation (from *Revolution by Cliché:* Cort) 145
Not Communicating Is Ugly (Scheele) 146
Plight of the American Language 148
Domain 5 News Item 175
Definition (Bierce) 176
Beryl Simpson (from "Working" Terkel) 179
The Language of Advertising (Gross) 184
Domain 6 A Word of Four Letters (Brien) 197
American Sports Are Un-American (J.B.H.) 204
The Accent's on Elegance (Battelle) 206
Domain 7 Quotations (Williams) 225
Quotation (Pappalardi) 227
Protest (Rosen) 240
New Poetry—A Literary Breakdown (Shapiro) 245
Dylan: Where Was He When We Needed Him? (Berman) 247
Domain 8 The Second Sin (Szasz) 258
The Etymology of the International Insult (Berlitz) 259
Support Your Local Language (Marco) 261
Quotation (Truman) 262

DEFINITION

Domain 1 How America Is Changing 4
Group Living Catches On 4
Alternative Energy Sources 5
Marijuana May Be Bad for You (*Washington Post*) 13
Definitions (Drug Dictionary) 17
Inquest 23
Quotation (Kennedy) 29
Dialogue on Private Property (Cohen) 30
We Talk, You Listen Deloria 31
We Talk, You Listen Deloria 33
Quotation (Kean) 36
The Age of Overbreed (Huxley) 39
Points of Rebellion (Douglas) 44
Quotation (Theobald) 45
The Utopian Urge 59
Quotation (Kennedy) 64
Domain 2 Aphra Behn (Helen Douglas Price) 75
Quotation (Vilar) 85
Quotation (Kissinger) 85
Cleared to Land, Honey (Bowles) 86
Masculinity and Femininity (Maslow) 89
from What It Would Be Like If Women Win (Steinem) 100
A Sociologist's Comments (Bart) 101
Domain 3 The Lake as a Microcosm (Forbes) 108
Environmental Pollution (Cousins) 122
Domain 4 We Are the People Our Parents Warned Us Against (Von Hoffman) 142
Requirements: Aid or Deterrent to Education (Hooker) 144
from *The Way We Speak* (Davis) 151
from *Mechanical Rape* (Gerzon) 154
College Crack-Ups (Miller) 158
The Pursuit of Loneliness (Slater) 162
from Introduction to *Culture and Commitment* (Mead) 169
Domain 5 Adversting Workers 179
The Performance (Butler) 186
Fiction (from *Writer's Market '70*) 186
from *The Admiration of Technique* (McIrvine) and *Worlds in the Making (Dunstan and Garlan) 190*
Game Plan for Daily Living (Kiev) 193
Domain 6 Leisure (National Conference Board) 197
Success Is a Journey (Russell) 198
The Agony and the Alcohol (Hines) 206
California Beachcomber (Engdahl) 215
Of Wood Cook Stoves (Emery) 217
Wilderness Cabin (*Whole Earth Catalog*) 218
Domain 7 The Artist in Society (Morris) 228
Creative Artists (Scheele) 230
Visual Illusions (Luckiesh) 232
from Art in the Age of Risk 232
The Black Esthetic (Marvel) 233
Indian Peace Pipes 236
Film Production Code—1966 239
Art in the Age of Rock 241
from *The Music of the Beatles* (Rorem) 248
SuperPop (Cohn) 250
Return of a Good Old Four-Letter Favorite (Goldman) 251
Jimi Hendrix Talks 251-252
Domain 8 from *The Book: On the Taboo Against Knowing Who You Are* (Watts) 271
Ideas That Have Helped Mankind (Russell) 279
Knowledge and Wisdom (Russell) 280

HUMOR

Domain 1 Cartoon (*The New Yorker*) 8
Cartoon (*The New Yorker*) 8
Cartoon (*Look*) 11
Quotation (Twain) 11
Cartoon (*Mute Point*) 23

The Extremist Dance 37
Quotation (Williams) 37
Quotation (Bierce) 41
Quotation (Thoreau) 50
Cartoon (*The New Yorker*) 51
Definition (Bierce) 54
Cartoon (Feiffer) 55
Grecarious Eden 60
Dinner a la Corp. 60
Cartoon (Birds) 65
Domain 2 Cartoon (Feiffer) 85
Cartoon (Doonesbury) 93
Cartoon (*Saturday Review*) 94
Cartoon (*The New Yorker*) 94
Cartoon (*Look*) 96
Cartoon (Eek and Meek) 97

Cartoon (Feiffer) 111
Cartoon (*Look*) 112
Cartoon (Halifax) 117
Polluted Evening (Glasser) 117
Cartoon (*Saturday Review*) 121
Cartoon (*Toronto Telegram*) 123

Domain 4 Dear Diary 135-136
Summer Campus Mail (Buchwald) 137
Cartoon (Feiffer) 138
Odd Bodkins (O'Neill) 138
Cartoon (Peanuts) 143
Cartoon (Frank) 144
Cartoon (Birds) 145
What's a Metaphor For? (McCarthy) 147
Cartoon (Peanuts) 156
Cartoon (Birds) 159

Domain 5 Cartoon (*The New Yorker*) 175
Cartoon (*Playboy*) 182
Cartoon (*The New Yorker*) 183
The Patricia Principle (Hoppe) 183

Domain 6 Cartoon (*The New Yorker*) 208
Cartoon (Finley) 213
Throwing Back the European Offensive (Benchley) 213

Domain 7 Cartoon (Birds) 232
Cartoon (Birds) 234
Cartoon (*The New Yorker*) 239
Everything You Always Wanted to Know about Television But Were Afraid to Ask (Masselink) 240
Cartoon (*Saturday Review*) 241
Jack and Jill: A Close Reading (Daigon) 242

Domain 8 The Language of Prurient Interest (Bruce) 262
Cartoon (Birds) 270
Cartoon (Birds) 274
Odd Bodkins (O'Neill) 274
Cartoon (B.C.) 281

LITERATURE

Domain 1 from Man and Superman (Shaw) 22
Where Have All the Flowers Gone? 23
What Were They Like? (Levertov) 24
Sandals (J.B.H.) 33
Who Started It? (J.B.H.) 36
Poverty (J.B.H.) 50
A Dream Deferred (Hughes) 54
when serpents bargain for the right to squirm (cummings) 55
from *Song of Myself* (Whitman) 55

Domain 2 Haiku 80
The Student's Wife (Carver) 81
This Woman Is Anti-Semantic (E.M.) 88
from *Lysistrata* (Aristophanes) 95
Haiku 97

Domain 3 The World Is Too Much with Us (Wordsworth) 110
Protest (McKuen) 121
Sand Castles (Brautigan) 130

Domain 4 Student Revolution (Jong) 138
A Christian Education (Spencer) 139
from *Crank Your Spreaders* (Kirkman) 156
Hose and Iron (Kuzma) 157
Parable (*Psychology Today*) 161

Domain 5 Quality (Galsworthy) 177
from *Death of a Salesman* (Miller) 178
"But I Make A Profit" (from *Catch 22*) Joseph Heller 187
The Mailman as Cancer Patient (Raymond Carver) 190

Domain 6 The Hunter (Heth) 207
Strawberries (Morgan) 208
Highway 99E From Chico: November 1966 (Carver) 213
Quotation (Joyce) 216
Hot Weekend Sun in Rhode Island, Etc. (Humma) 222
Two Haiku 222

Domain 7 Giacometti's Dog (Wallace) 237
The Actor (Russell) 238
Concrete Poetry (J.B.H.) 242

Domain 8 1692 Cotton Mather Newsreel (Brautigan) 260
from "Dover Beach" (Arnold) 263
Quotation (CottonPatch Version of 1st John) 264
Love's Not the Way to Treat a Friend (Brautigan) 268
Pacific Radio Fire (Brautigan) 268
The Unconscious (Saleh) 269
Locked In (Gustafson) 270

MUSIC

Domain 1 Sunday Mornin' Comin' Down (Kristofferson) 14
Nowhere Man (Beatles) 19
A Short History of Warfare (Reynolds) 26
Eve of Destruction (Sloan) 28
The Ballad of Ira Hayes (Laforge) 34
Two Little Boys 47

Domain 2 Four Women (Simone) 91

Domain 3 Air 112
God Bless the Grass (Reynolds) 130

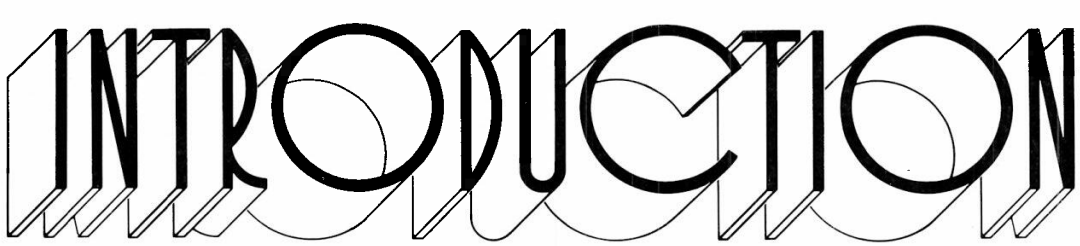
Domain 4 What Did You Learn in School Today? (Paxton) 137
Reflections of My Life (Campbell, McAleese) 160

Domain 5 A Hard Day's Night (Beatles) 176

Domain 6 Pushbutton Phone 220

Domain 7 Blackbird (Beatles) 248

Domain 8 The Dangling Conversation (Simon and Garfunkel) 263


INTRODUCTION

By examining several objects in juxtaposition, the creative mind often arrives at new insights, a higher order of thought and abstraction, a synthesis that is more than the originals. *Juxtaposition, Encore!* is designed to set in motion just such a process. In it you will find—side by side—a number of the elements that generate opinions in our current life. You, the reader, will have the opportunity to study the language of contrasts as well as the different ways in which stimuli are presented to our "brain-computers." In the following pages are examples of the creative use of words as well as graphic material. There are song lyrics as well as short pieces of exposition; advertisements as well as Biblical quotations.

In manageable form, *Juxtaposition* communicates some sense of the myriad data and opinions, the confusing, contradictory psychic noise with which today's world overloads our minds and which makes rational decision-making so hard. No longer can the individual feel safe in smugly saying "I don't know much about art, but I know what I like." Today he's no longer even sure *what* he likes, let alone why.

Many books begin with the assumption that there are certain single, unified messages from society—common views on some topic, such as war, that you the reader share with other people in other times. This book begins with the assumption that your ideas on a given topic are very much your own. However, they are the end-product of a number of factors—diverse inputs of which you are unaware. By analyzing what has been said and is being said on eight particular themes, where the influences come from and lead to, you become more sophisticated, more critical, and less likely to accept propaganda.

ORGANIZATION

Juxtaposition has been designed around two basic modes. Looked at in one way, there are eight domains (or themes): Hot Issues, Feminism, Ecology, Student Life, Work, Leisure, The Arts, and Cold Continuing Causes. But looked at another way, there are eight categories (or approaches): Graphics, Advertisement, Informative Prose (commitment, slanted language, and definition), Humor, Literature, and Music.

A grid, showing where to look for pieces that fall in these categories, may be found on page V. These approaches are eight ways in which thoughts on a particular theme have been communicated. If you read only comic books and the cartoon page of the newspaper, you would get one particular kind of information, become accustomed to a particular type of vocabulary, and begin to look at the world in one slightly distorted way. The same could be said for the other approaches.

Some people choose a particular method—perhaps graphics—to communicate their ideas about women or work. Others express their ideas in music or advertisements. Occasionally the only message you receive is the overt one, the obvious focus of the communication. At other times, however, you can detect certain deeply held views on women or work that came through when the

the eight themes are only a few of those you might be interested in, the approaches are only a few of the ways in which your views have been conditioned; some of the most influential factors—family life, school experience, movies and TV—don't fit well within the pages of a book.

To underline *Juxtaposition's* double-barreled approach, there are two kinds of exercises given at the end of each unit. One encourages *imaginative* use of language and theme; the other follows the pattern of the eight approaches and deals in a more orthodox fashion with writing assignments.

Taken altogether, this book should provide a format for examining your own universe. Theoretically you can go into any subject you want in this manner. For example, take freedom of speech and see how your own ideas and feelings toward this issue have been formed and influenced. First collect everything you can find in the next three weeks on your subject. Then sort your collection according to the ways in which the material has been presented. You may find that your materials fit into the eight approaches used in this text, or you may need to make some new categories.

Then perhaps you would like to consider some of the many other somewhat influential factors involved in the experience of the sender and of the receiver of the information. A few of these are implicit in the design of this book; a few are functions of your situation as a student. Some could have been the basis for alternative tables of contents. For example, layout influences the reader. Take any four pages, cut the items apart, rearrange them, and you have created a new perspective. A perfectly balanced, symmetrical arrangement often creates a sense of the classic or conservative. Very full pages may frighten you off, even if the material is light and humorous. Lots of white space around a statement may make it seem more important, more memorable. A cartoon may deal with a heavy subject, but the arrangement of space and line makes the printed words easier to accept.

There are other ways to look at the material in *Juxtaposition*. If we had enough information , we could divide the authors according to their astrological signs, according to sex, nationality, age, education, where they live, marital status, religion. In other words, we could continue our search for the original influences on the authors that led them to present their material as they did and thus influence us in a certain way.

Then we could make ourselves aware of the part we play in receiving the message. Our surroundings, of course, have some effect on this. That is, the reactions and judgments of the reader sitting on the seashore might be different from those of someone standing on the street-corner of a busy intersection or in an alpine meadow, or somebody else sitting in the first-class section of a 747. Alas, most of us pursue our studies in two pretty predictable places—a classroom (that usually has rows of desks and chairs and a formal atmosphere) or at home. Sometimes we use the library or the student center, but the milieu remains essentially the same.

Finally, the categories to which we belong influence our reception—an Eastern student will read things dif-

formal academic background will look at exposition and literature with a different eye than someone with a less classic training. Whatever the angle of approach, each nuance that a new juxtaposition brings can only deepen our understanding of the subject and of the communication process.

DOMAINS

Under this arrangement, the selections are grouped according to their content or obvious subject. The book begins with an overview of the problems of the 70's (Hot Issues) and continues with special attention to two particularly hot topics that have potential for even greater heat in the next few years (Feminism and Ecology). The next domain deals with problems faced specifically by students (Student Life). Then there are two special areas in which most of us spend our waking moments (Work and Leisure). A discussion of the expression of style (The Arts) is followed by a concluding section called Cold Continuing Causes—the things that preoccupy all of us at some level.

Sometimes the division in which a particular piece appears has been an arbitrary choice. Should a selection about women at work go in Feminism or Work? Sometimes the placement is a matter of timing—a Cold Continuing Cause such as patriotism may at any time become a turbulent area for debate. But the running commentary in each domain should give you some clue as to why this particular sequence was decided on.

Hot Issues

This domain includes several of the burning topics of today. Possibly these are the most important topics in all history, but just now, for their flaming moment, they must be dealt with. Attention may be focused on these issues as a result of new discoveries, new awareness, the march of time, or the inexorable explosion at the end of a slow-burning fuse. The suddenly accelerated discussions to some extent represent genuine and valid concern.

Unfortunately, once the issues have been taken up (and magnified) through media and movements, it's hard to tell how much of the concern is sincere and how much is a passing opportunistic fancy. The politician must prove to his constituents that he is on the cutting edge of newness by incorporating these issues into his platform. The educator, in response to the constant flow of articles that point out new problems or new answers in schooling, must explore new methods of teaching. Merchants must link their sales campaigns to the current concerns and somehow make buying a diamond seem like a way of preserving ecology.

Is all of this to say that there are no truly hot issues? Right and wrong. Right—in the sense that all important issues ultimately deal with man's needs, both real and imaginary. Wrong—in the sense that some issues, for example, overpopulation and atomic-waste disposal, are new in time.

Feminism

men and women feel about it; and the effects that the role has had. The pattern of the women's liberation movement has much in common with that of other recent freedom groups. No civilized individual is against freedom for others. Despite all the rhetoric or heated discussion on the specifics, there seems to be general agreement that it is good for all people to be liberated. One obvious question is, what is meant by *liberated?* In a way, what this movement advocates is not freedom *from* something, but freedom *to* something—to be one's self or express one's individuality.

As a case in point, take Kate Millett, who has a bachelor's degree with honors from the University of Minnesota, a Master's and honors' degree from Oxford, and a PhD from Columbia. [In 1962] she says "I simply couldn't find a job. I had a master's with Honors from Oxford, but the only gig I could get was part-time filing for Oldstein's Temporaries. It paid me $1.25 an hour. Dig it, I was tops in my class at Oxford, and wherever I went in my own country employers kept asking me if I could type. . . . If I had been a man, I would be chairman of the English Department at Columbia by now. After all, how many Oxford honor students do they have running around the place?"

Of course, that's just one person—one example—and those who would discredit the movement can surely discount one example. But in any limitation of one person's freedom there are always implications for the servitude of others. The stereotyping of women, unspoken assumptions about their proper roles, comes from the same roots that try to make all men into some version of John Wayne, discourage them from developing sensitivity and sympathy, or teach them to relate to women in only one way.

The old message came from everywhere: St. Peter calling woman the weaker vessel, school rules relegating female students to home economics and secretarial classes, as well as restaurants refusing to admit unaccompanied women, and laws limiting their right to own property or make commitments for themselves. But the new message is catching on fast.

Ecology

Perhaps it's only another instance of a move toward women's rights, but these days Mother Nature seems to be taking her revenge for the way she's been treated. We have long thought of her as a natural servant rather than a partner. There have always been those who despoil the land, from Lot's wife—who was said to have killed the Dead Sea—to open pit miners of Appalachia. But in days gone by there weren't too many critics or protestors against this kind of action. There were few Johnny Appleseeds to take positive steps. Suddenly the preservation of our globe has become a topic of discussion from White House to kindergarten. Why?

These days the problems do appear to be more intense and more demanding of an immediate solution. An editorial written at the turn of the century bemoaned the fact that American couples were limiting their families to three or four children, but with the national population now

permits and felling as many trees as his strength allows is one thing; millions of men wanting the same privilege is quite another matter. And when the mechanically augmented might of industry moves into the picture, once again the emphasis must change.

There can be little quarrel about some of the facts. The products of our affluence and genius—cans, plastics, automobiles—have turned out to be harder to control or destroy than they were to create. The very genius that made this civilization strong seems well on the road to burying us all under a pile of garbage.

But opinons on how immediate the crisis is, and what the answers should be, still vary. Besides being termed the most important problem we face today, the ecological struggle has also been called a shuck and a cop out. For the sake of ourselves and our descendants, we can only hope that those who win the debate have estimated correctly.

Student Life

What is it to be a student, to see the real world out there through double-thick glareproof glass windows set in ivy-strangled walls? The hot issues must be of some concern to you, but there are other problems in addition—is it harder to earn money or cope with academic busywork?

One reason that this situation was treated as a separate domain is that it also has recently been the focus of attention. Society has been forced to take another look at traditional education. A student used to be defined as someone who at 17 left home for the first time to live in a sorority, fraternity, or dormitory. He took a prescribed course, he wanted to make reasonably good grades, he engaged in some mischief like swallowing goldfish but generally was quiet and obedient. He was an apprentice, learning the working ways of our society and its operational aspects—business procedures, a healthy respect for the free-enterprise system, and all the standard dodges and rituals. His goal was to get a degree, choose a mate, get a job, and settle down.

However, since the days of the free-speech movement at Berkeley, more and more students have ceased to think of themselves merely in terms of going to a class, taking some notes (then parroting them back to the professor on a test), and cheering at football games. The assumptions underlying our educational system have been questioned severely and at times violently—not only by students but by professors and businessmen as well.

Everybody agress that a change in the system is necessary. Almost everybody deplores violence as the means. But "change to what end" is the question. There is basic disagreement on what new forms the educational institutions should take. For instance, who shall run the university? The Regents, as representatives of both taxpayers and government, think they should have a major voice. Administrators think administrators should. Faculty tend to think faculty should. Students say that *they* should have the major voice.

Except to say that there will be continued power plays at this point, it would be hard to predict what the future will bring to the student's life—and what will be bit to hasten the end), most people on the inside of this scene are optimistic that healthy insight, mutual concern, honest rapport, real dialogue, and some compromise will turn our great schools into even better ones.

Work

This section tries to show some of the things that must be faced in the so-called real world of work. The person making a living has to perform tasks within boundaries and limitations that may be hard to visualize. In this domain are some rules for writers of fiction, a description of various jobs in advertising, and even suggestions for coping with it all.

But this working world also has a surprising number of freedoms and opportunities. The thing that frightens many students is the dreadful thought that an eight-to-five job would be not only enervating, but destructive as well. Can you still be yourself and work within the system? The answer used to be pretty much of a "no," but today there are more and more unorthodox thinkers and "working freaks" giving new shapes to the organizational mold.

So a hopeful statement is "Yes, one *can* salvage his individuality and focus his own image while working——and while you're at it, maybe you can add new things to the organization too."

Leisure

According to the experts, leisure will be a problem before long (even if you haven't been worrying about it). We'll soon have too much free time and not know what to do with ourselves.

Now there seems to be some mystery to this, because, the unemployed aside, almost everyone these days describes himself as being "worked to death." It may not be so much a matter of what we'll do when we no longer have to work, but rather of deciding what to do with a vacation, holidays, or between dinner and bedtime.

Someone once said that if you can't spend a few hours alone without becoming restless and thinking that you should be somewhere else doing something, then you don't know who you are. Looked at that way, leisure takes on profound significance. It means dealing with remnants of the Puritan notion that idleness is inevitably the devil's workshop. It means knowing enough about ourselves that what we choose to do for leisure truly represents us. It means being perceptive enough so that what we choose to do with our leisure time truly refreshes and renews us, rather than leaving us disappointed, frustrated, and even more exhausted.

The Arts

No attempt is made here to settle that perennial question, What is art? While a Metropolitan Museum of Art critic would probably find nothing interesting in the good cooking of the suburban housewife, is there any reason to exclude from the realm of art the style and grace with which her food is prepared? If a certain painting is at one particular point in time out of favor with the experts, does that make it any less art than in those days when it is appreciated? As far as we're concerned, it just isn't a

to my life? How can I best interact with art? What is art *supposed* to do? What *can* it do? Surely the most fundamental effect of art is that it broadens one's perspective, the very platform from which he views his crowd, his world. Whether in words or pictures, art often captures an experience not unlike one we've known. But then it takes the experience down an untravelled road, one we didn't follow, and with the benefit of art, it's as if we'd been on two journeys.

After an intense affair with the arts, one begins to get the feeling that the more he knows, the less he knows. That is to say, great art is a humbling experience. The result of this feeling is that one becomes reluctant to insist that his particular view or opinion be adopted by everyone else. Perhaps a concommitant result is liberation; the individual who finds art a profound experience discovers merit in more and more places. He becomes less parochial and rigid. Art has a way of bringing about such changes.

Cold Continuing Causes

Cold in the sense of lifeless is definitely not the way we mean the word here. We mean something much more significant, more permanent, with much more potential—something like the cold associated with the eternity of space. Cold continuing causes are a contrast to the hot issues burning the first pages of this book. They may have at one time been hot, but just now they're not on the front burner—they're being preserved in the refrigerator or deep freeze.

The directions on a can of photographic film say "keep in a cool, dry place." That's where we keep many of our most important concerns. Here are thoughts and questions about religion, ethics, metaphysics, the meaning of life, or the search for identity. We take them out and ponder them from time to time and make them the focus of a short period of our life or the subject of a feature article. The answers we arrive at and the way we put the thoughts together affect the way we act on more immediate issues.

APPROACHES (CATEGORIES)

The selections in each domain are divided into eight categories, or approaches, according to the way the information is conveyed. While these approaches may involve other than the printed word, they are major methods of shaping thoughts and opinions in today's world. Some have been subjects for study in English classes for a number of years. Three of the approaches, however—Graphics, Music, and Advertisements—are not usually included in an English text.

Three of the approaches—Commitment, Slanted Language, and Definition—deal with straight nonfiction writing. Much the same kind of analysis and division could be made of the other verbal selections, but since most people believe that their opinions are based on so-called factual material that appears in ostensibly nonfictional informational articles, it seemed appropriate to examine this type English texts is Literature—poetry, fiction, and drama. We have tried to select relevant samplings of these genres.

Although humor as a technique may cut across *all* the categories, a special section has been devoted to humorous works. The selections under this heading may, as in the case of cartoons, bridge the gap between graphic and printed-word communications. Or they may be nonfictional prose. In either instance, however, the intent is not strictly informational—it is to amuse while expressing an observation or a point of view.

These eight divisions, of course, are arbitrary, and any given selection may have characteristics typical of more than one; for instance, an ad may combine humor, slanted language, poetry, and graphics. If, however, it is obviously intended to sell a product or service, it is listed as an advertisement. The final judgment about placement of a piece has been made on the basis of the main thrust, or intent, of the communication.

In order to make it easier for you to examine selections more intelligently, most of them (except the obvious ones) have been marked by a symbol to show the category they fall into. A legend accompanying the grid on page V explains the meaning of these symbols. Each domain includes examples of each of the eight approaches, and looking at each of these approaches as a whole—cutting across all of the domains—can give you some idea of the advantages, disadvantages, and impact of that particular method of communication.

Graphics

Because many people have been overexposed to the habits of the formal educational system, they have come to think of learning almost exclusively in terms of reading printed material. However, much of what we learn has always come from what can broadly be classified as "nonlinear" communication—graphics, pictures, symbols, even gestures. Many of our clichés attest to the power of the visual: "Actions speak louder than words," or "a picture is worth a thousand words." A high compliment to a writer is that he makes the scene come alive so that "you can almost see it."

Symbols are often used rather than words in places where a quick response is necessary—such as traffic signs. The visual has impact—an immediacy that stays with the viewer. The graphic arts are especially popular today. We are surrounded by posters, photographs, wild and beautiful designs on everything from record album covers to Volkswagens.

The visual also plays an important part in *Juxtaposition, Encore*! Study the ways in which graphics communicate significance or substance. When you look at the selections used in this approach, try to compare and contrast them. See what messages are implicit in the artist's work. Look for ways that a text might constrain them—how a picture of a sculpture is less effective than in its original form and may be less effective than an original piece of art drawn specifically for a page.

Advertisements

advertisements, biased of course by the advertisers' immediate financial interests and concern in influencing buyers. But often ads have a certain artistic integrity of their own. Many of the commercials on TV are more interesting, better written, and more provocative than the program they're supporting. The advertising in magazines also frequently blends pictures, poetry, and hot issues of the day in fascinating new forms. We've chosen a few of these to show the range of their appeal and the ways in which they take advantage of current topics of interest.

One avenue you might want to explore is the question of why we buy products whose advertisements offend us? If we can't escape their influence, we can at least try to understand it. There are ads that play on fear—"Is your family protected?"—on status consciousness, greed, our desire for mobility, or our interest in the exotic. Many ads play on our lack of self-confidence—Do you smell? Do you look bad? Are you alive enough? And there is frequent appeal to authority—after all, if more doctors recommend it, if major football players use it, or if movie stars like it, it must be good. Although the more sophisticated portions of our mind reject this kind of blatant appeal, somewhere deep within us we may remember it and respond.

If we would follow all of the ad world's advice, they would cleanse us, make us odorless, perfume us. They would strip us of our clothes and then redress us. They would take away what we liked yesterday and replace it with a new order. Does our culture shape these ads, or does the advertising world shape our culture? And whichever is the case, are these ads the best indication of what our values and interests are? If the only record of our civilization left to read for the future were advertisements, would this be a more accurate picture of our world than the laws we passed, the books on religion, or our social commentaries?

Informative Prose—Commitment

The word commitment brings to mind synonyms like belief, dedication, or devotion. Articles that illustrate some such dedication to a point of view have been placed in this category. The writers are strongly for or against something. But if it stopped there, the selections would not be included in this category. The man who uses slanted language is *also* committed. However, he tries by unfair or emotional means to gain recruits for his side.

In the Commitment section, you will find articles by dedicated men who appeal to the reader's reason. They may even acknowledge the existence of an opposing view, perhaps going so far as to state or fairly refute it. The approach is a balanced one; the authors feel confident that the reader will come to the same conclusions given the same facts.

Journalism such as editorials and feature writing falls into this category. Good scholarly or academic writing also follows this approach. One reason for including this section is to show that one can be strongly convinced and make one's case without ignoring or misstating the opposing point of view.

Informative Prose—Slanted Language

If the voice of commitment is usually the voice of reason, the voice of slanted language can be that of the demagogue. A demagogue is defined as a leader who gains power and popularity by playing on the emotions and prejudices of the people. And what could be a more useful tool for this kind of opinion-making than slanted language? (Be careful enough using it and your bias may not even show.)

But there is more to slanted language than this. One hesitates to say that there is a good side to something so potentially dangerous, but this category also covers those statements by people who feel very *emotionally* about such topics as feminism and ecology. Generally, this writer shows only one side of an issue and expects us to accept his viewpoint without considering the opposing one.

The man who uses slanted language is not only trying to convey information and is not merely dedicated to his cause. This is how the category differs from Commitment. Strangely enough, slanted language may also be the voice of the humorist, since conceding the virtues of an opposing view—giving equal time to mothers-in-law—tends to ruin the best of jokes.

As long as we know the writer's bias, we can relax somewhat and enjoy the heady delights of polished slanted writing. Admittedly one has to walk carefully through this area, because it is not hard to become swayed by someone else's passion, especially when their basic assumptions match your own. The only safety lies in staying alert and developing powers of discrimination and critical judgment.

Informative Prose—Definition

Definition can be found in articles like *The Age of Overbreed, Environmental Pollution,* and *The Way We Speak*. Essentially these selections describe, explain, or clarify topics in a fairly *unemotional sense*. They have no particular ax to grind. This is the purpose of definition: to outline an issue, to describe the problem, to clarify the various positions and opinions on a subject.

In this category you find perhaps the purest form of nonfiction informational prose. While the content of a definition might differ slightly from one observer to the next, the intent is still the same. Writing of this kind makes no appeals, not even to reason; it simply states. What the reader chooses to do about the statement is of no apparent concern to the writer. Journalism such as straight news reporting falls into this category.

Of course much writing intended as definition misses its mark. We can often easily detect the writer's bias and personal feelings in the midst of a piece of definition. But when true definition is written—honest, objective, and untainted—the overall impression is one of a clearer view of the landscape, not one obscured by the tint of the writer's glasses.

Humor

Being out on a limb has its dangers: someone may saw it off. A wind may come up and break it off. Your weight

may cause it to plunge to earth. But it has its joys too. Swaying up there in the breeze, you have a sense of freedom. The perspective is different from the one you get on the ground.

Creating humor is a somewhat similar experience. The recent movements of dissent seemed to stay away from this form of expression; in fact they appeared to be almost characteristically devoid of humor. Of course, many people would submit that there is nothing humorous about war, servitude, or the impending death of our planet. Still, to climb out on that limb is to gain new perspetives on such matters—and often to be more persuasive than through overseriousness.

Therein lies one of the dangers of humor. Often it can be more effectively propagandistic and difficult to rebut than directly persuasive writing. It can be aimed at individuals as well as institutions. Furthermore, without tight control by the humorist and without a delicate touch, it can easily cross the line into scoffing.

What factors combine to create humor? This is not easily explained. Some theories point to elements of equivocation, incompatibility, and incongruity. Arthur Koestler compared the process of making a joke to both the scientific and the creative process. Freud thought jokes revealed something about the joker's unconscious. When you look at the selections in this category, see if you can find a common thread that will explain to your own satisfaction why these pieces are humorous.

Literature (Poetry, Fiction, Drama)

It might be said that all good writing is creative literature. The entire writings of a people—including mathematical formulas—can be called the literature of that people. But in this instance we are using a narrower definition. We've isolated the three classic genre—fiction, poetry, and drama—to present views on the eight domains of this text.

Literature can be a powerful motivating force. Eliot, Faulkner, Hemingway, Steinbeck, O'Neill, Miller, Malamud, Baldwin, and hundreds of writers of their calibre have dealt with issues such as freedom, dignity, and the future of mankind. And the ever-increasing popularity of their works suggests that we may be seeing a genuine revival of interest in literature.

Works of literature can have much influence and offer much in making our lives richer and more enjoyable. In literature we find the expression of mankind's profoundest joys and deepest sorrows. Literature resolves the apparent impossibility of capturing a real person or a real situation in print.

Music

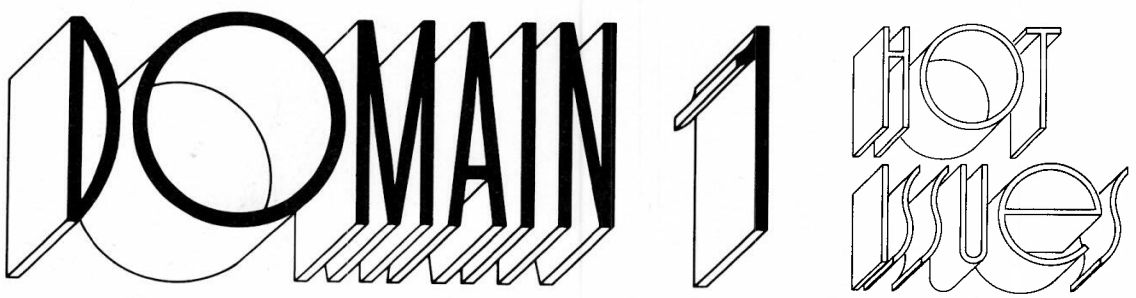
Ever since Plato, philosophers have discussed the possible uses and dangers of music. However, it took an executive of the U.S. Government to enliven the scene by denouncing the then modern popular music as a menace. (The efficacy with which modern music speaks out and conveys new thoughts is commented on in such articles as "Mine Enemy, the Folksinger" and "The New Poetry.") Modern lyrics recall the songs of the troubadours when the ideas and feelings of the people were transmitted mainly by singers of popular songs.

No longer are American song writers limited to June/moon rhymes and catchy tunes in a 16-32 bar framework. They can tell a story, underlining ideas and intensifying feeling. In the very best of these selections the music and lyrics are molded more inseparably than in any operatic aria. Wherever or whenever this newer music began, whoever promoted it, and for whatever reasons, it now permeates our culture. The sentiments expressed cover the political spectrum. It touches on the subjects of our eight domains as well as countless topics not included here.

There is reason to believe that the popularity of this music is not emphemeral, that it has lasting significance. Whether it is a product or creator of our times could be debated endlessly. However, the newer sounds are surely one of the truest expressions by which other people can know us.

Western philosophers have always gone on the assumption that fact is something cut and dried, precise, immobile, very convenient, and ready for examination. The Chinese deny this. The Chinese believe that a fact is something crawling and alive, a little furry and cool to the touch, that crawls down the back of your neck.

Lin Yutang,
Chinese scholar


DOMAIN 1
HOT
ISSUES

ENERGY: CHILD OF THE SUN. 1

In the past several years society has undergone a number of tremendous changes. We still have a lot of the same major concerns - nuclear disarmament, drug addiction, population explosion, pollution, racial injustice, the decline of religion, corruption - and so on through a long list. In addition, we may still worry about other ones - atomic-waste disposal, crime, the prison system, gun control, and automation. And as if these weren't enough, we've even taken the trouble to add some new worries - depletion of our natural resources, the economy, and shortages of all kinds and forms.

But our attitude toward these hot issues has changed. Many of us are afraid of the future. The hot issues have become personalized. What will dwindling resources mean to <u>our</u> business and leisure time? How will polluted rivers and filthy air affect <u>our</u> families? We narrow our sights, draw into ourselves, and have little to spare in the way of energy or time for taking on the other person's troubles. We have our own problems, and we'll pass by on the other side. (Actually, right now just coping may be the hottest issue of all.) We've all had to face up to the fact that there are no final solutions and that change <u>is</u>. How we react to this today

For better or worse, a different kind of U.S. is taking shape as the nation nears its 200th birthday. Ending, it appears, is an era of seemingly unlimited abundance, as powerful new forces move into the foreground.

At a time of critical shortages in fuel and other raw materials vital to growth and affluence, these consequences are emerging:

★ Abroad, U. S. primacy is finding itself curbed not only by Moscow but by the nonindustrialized nations of the Mideast, Africa and Latin America whose weapon is possession of the world's largest resources of strategic materials.

★ At home, shortages are introducing Americans to inconveniences and anxieties many have never experienced. In place of careless optimism, the seemingly endless growth of recent decades engenders an uneasy question about the oldstyle American dream: *Is it all worthwhile?*

★ On the horizon, as a result, are the beginnings of a new American way of life—more limited in material ways but perhaps more beneficial in tempo of living, human relationships and basic values. . . .

. . . What will the new era do to national morale?

Forecasts are heard that belt-tightening could help unite Americans in a new sense of mutual dependence and trust, along with realistic values—in contrast with what critics see as today's frenetic pursuit of uninhibited pleasures and status.

Economists and social scientists, however, take a cautious view toward the theory that Americans, especially the less affluent, will find moral vigor in hardship.

For instance, they point out that while blacks have made big gains in the last 20 years, their median family income still stands at less than 60 percent of that for whites. And their jobless rate is double that for whites—a situation in which rising discontent, not contentment, is seen as a by-product if hardships increase . . .

In the move to diversity as an American life style, family life is adjusting to new realities: the sharp trend in U. S. to smaller families, the soaring rise in divorce rates, and the growing importance of women workers, who now account for 40 per cent of the nation's labor force. Today, delayed marriage is creating a newly distinct class of young "singles" in their upper 20s and low 30s, many of whom are forming communal households—a trend in which older Americans are showing an interest.

Institutional religion is moving into a new phase, one that merges the concern of the 1960s for social change and religious experimentation with traditional concern for evangelism, piety and old forms of worship. . . .

SCRIMPING TO MAKE DO—IT'S THE LATEST FASHION

. . . The problem of shortages is getting to be an old story for most Americans. What's new is this:

People are being forced to find countless ways to scrimp and save, reuse and recycle, patch things up and make do with less.

There is a sudden awareness that a "throwaway" attitude doesn't make sense any more—that the maxim "waste not, want not" is something to be taken seriously. . . .

Short trips and simpler pastimes gain popularity as the fuel pinch hits family plans for recreation. Purchases of costly equipment are tumbling.

Increasingly, Americans are getting together to share homes, expenses, special interests. Leading the new life style: the affluent and educated.

"GROUP LIVING" CATCHES ON AND GOES MIDDLE CLASS

In many communities, laws have been passed to ban collectives of more than four or five unrelated people. Residents in smaller towns, especially, often say they are disturbed by "unclean" and "morally depraved" groups. . . .

Even so, there is a widespread feeling among scholars that group living is here to stay—although few expect that it ever will rival the traditional family in popularity, especially those families in which parents and children love and trust each other.

For growing numbers of people, however, collectives are becoming what they see as an inevitable result of increasing urban pressures.

Rabbi Martin Siegel of the Columbia, Md., Jewish Congregation, who is associated with several communes, reports that many members, emotionally bruised before they joined groups, have been transformed in new surroundings.

"This is where the important experimentation in living is going on," he declared. "These may be the laboratories for the new social values of the next century. . . ."

As you might guess, the proposed solutions to these hot issues vary. For most of them, the prognosis is bad, and the treatment (at best) long-term, complicated, and probably painful.

ALTERNATIVE ENERGY SOURCES

Philip W. Quigg

The Nuclear Option

The Fission Reactor. Of all nonconventional sources of energy, nuclear fission has received far and away the most development support. When the U. S. Atomic Energy Commission was founded in 1946, it expected that nuclear reactors generating electricity would become, without undue difficulty, our most important source of energy. It was anticipated that by about this time conventional fission reactors of the light-water or gas-cooled type would provide energy almost equal to that of the fossil fuels. The fission reactor's unique "clean air" characteristics appeared to make it a most desirable option. Nuclear fuels are a compact source of energy, and their use involves lower mining and transportation costs than coal requires: water pollution, land disruption, and human injuries associated with mining are correspondingly reduced.

The rate at which nuclear power has entered into the production of electricity has been greatly disappointing to its supporters. In the United States there are some three dozen operating reactors, supplying about five percent of the nation's electrical capacity. Initial delays were largely related to the problem of establishing reliability and safety for commercial operation. More recently, fears have mounted concerning the environmental impact of large-scale use of nuclear fission. The optimistic period for fission technology ended around 1970.

Unforeseen natural disasters and human actions ranging from carelessness to deliberate sabotage are of critical concern. Of all sources of energy, nuclear fission is potentially the most hazardous to human health and to the environment.

The Breeder. A further disadvantage of the conventional fission reactors in commercial operation today is that they utilize less than one percent of the energy in naturally occurring uranium. These reactors consume the fissionable uranium isotope U-235 (0.71 percent of natural uranium) and convert only small amounts of the dominant uranium isotope U-238 into fissionable plutonium. While experts differ as to the quantities of uranium that are economically recoverable, reliance on conventional fission reactors for a significant portion of our electrical energy demand would require the use of expensive, low-grade uranium ores. As a consequence, great emphasis has been placed on the development of the "breeder" reactor, which produces more fissionable material than it consumes and theoretically utilizes between fifty and eighty percent of the uranium.

However, breeders pack more energy into less space than the ordinary reactors do, making the possibility of a melt-down more frightening. Their radioactive wastes are much richer in highly toxic plutonium, the stuff of which weapons are made.

In the United States, the AEC is predicting that by the year 2000 there will be 900 nuclear power plants in operation, and the Federal Power Commission is renewing the prediction of three decades ago: that nuclear plants will meet fifty percent of the nation's energy needs within twenty to thirty years. Japan and some European countries foresee even greater dependence on nuclear fission, but some are meeting stubborn resistance from significant sectors of the public.

Fusion. The possibility of obtaining power from a controlled thermonuclear reaction has steadily receded in time. Some believe that the process will never be perfected; others forecast that significant power from fusion is possible by the end of the century.

The fusion process involves the interaction of very light atomic nuclei, such as hydrogen, to create highly energetic new nuclei, particles, and radiation. Oversimplified, the problem is how to contain the reaction at astronomically high temperatures and pressures. The fusion processes being explored include the magnetic containment of the fusion plasma (ionized gas) and laser-induced fusion. In the first process, the plasma is surrounded by a neutron-moderating blanket and contained by very large superconducting magnets. The other process uses a giant laser pulse to impinge on a deuterium-tritium pellet.

The advantages of nuclear fusion are now legendary: for all practical purposes, an inexhaustible source of clean energy with minimal environmental impact, primarily thermal pollution. But control of the fusion process involves many scientific phenomena that are not yet adequately understood, and research has not yet reached the stage of engineering feasibility. Controlled nuclear fusion is conceptually attractive but has a highly uncertain outcome.

Geothermal

At least eighty nations have geological conditions indicating that the earth's heat is within potential reach as a source of energy. Today, usable geothermal energy is being produced only in the United States, the Soviet Union, Italy, Iceland, Japan, New Zealand, and Mexico. For the most part these developments are not recent but go back many decades—in the case of Italy, to 1904. The total electric power produced amounts to about 1100 megawatts, or the equivalent of a single large fossil-fueled power plant. Geothermal power is now being tapped in Kenya and Ethiopia, and serious exploration is proceeding in Turkey, Chile, El Salvador, Nicaragua, and Taiwan. It is in lands having a history—however ancient—of earthquakes and volcanoes that heat from the earth's molten interior can be expected to be within man's technological grasp.

Geothermal energy need not be converted to electricity to be useful. As in Reykjavik, Iceland, hot springs may be used for home and industrial heating, or they may be applied to desalinization and mineral separation. While some geothermal reservoirs have very hot water with temperatures as high as 550° F., others, such as those underlying Hungary and parts of the Soviet Union, are of relatively low temperatures (around 200° F) suitable for space heating and residential hot water.

The limited energy that has so far been tapped from the earth's interior has come entirely from sites of natural outcroppings of steam or hot water. These occur in only a few places in the world; the most notable example in the United States is the Geysers, ninety miles north of San Francisco, where efforts are being made to increase output from 237 to 1000 megawatts.

Any widespread use of geothermal energy requires exploratory drilling deep into the earth to reach either steam, hot water (also brine), superheated rock, or possible magma (molten rock and gases).

The Economics and Technology. Geothermal steam is cooler than that normally used in power generation. This means lower efficiency and a higher capital investment per watt of output.

Hot water at high temperatures may be converted into steam for direct power generation. This is being done successfully, though with low efficiency, in New Zealand and at the relatively new plant at Cerro Prietto, Mexico. At lower temperatures the water must be used to heat a liquid that has a lower boiling point, such as Freon or isobutane, which in turn drives the turbines. One such plant using this so-called binary system is in operation in the Soviet Union, and another is planned.

The geothermal fluid may in fact turn out to be brine with up to thirty percent solids (salt, silica, carbonates)—and highly corrosive. In this case a binary system is essential in order to keep the brine isolated. Enough hot brine is believed to be under the Imperial Valley in California to produce 20,000 megawatts for a century.

The most widespread and possibly the richest source of geothermal energy is probably dry hot rock, which can be used to heat water fed from the surface. To permit the water to pass over multiple surfaces of the rock and absorb its heat, water is initially pumped down the bore hole under

high pressure, thus hydraulically fracturing the rock. The heated water then rises by natural convection through a parallel bore hole, and after its heat has been tapped, it is returned by gravity to the underground rock in a continuous cycle.

So far this is theory, but it has been successfully tested to the extent that hydrofracturing (developed by the oil industry for reviving tired wells) can be achieved in granite and other crystalline rock formations at relatively modest pressures; and the cracks will not cause the water to leak away, as some feared. Thus the technology appears promising and will receive a full-scale test soon.

Scientists are now assessing a two-by-five-square-mile area near Marysville, Montana, where hot rock lies only a mile below the surface at a temperature of at least 932° F (500° C). It is estimated that for a period of thirty years, this relatively small source could provide nearly ten percent of all the electricity now used in the United States. Experiments on removing this dry-rock heat will begin next summer, when an exploratory hole will have been completed.

A Hydrogen Energy Regime

A chemical fuel having attractive qualities for replacing oil and gas is hydrogen, which is nonpolluting and virtually inexhaustible. Moreover, it is an ideal form in which to store and transport other forms of energy, especially from such intermittent sources as the sun, wind, and tides. The proponents of hydrogen have used the term "the hydrogen economy" to describe a regime in which it would be the predominant fuel. As a gas, it would be delivered by pipeline to homes or plants for use directly by burning or by conversion to electricity in onsite fuel cells. Hydrogen would be burned in engines, as gasoline and other petroleum products are. It is a clean and efficient fuel for internal-combustion engines and appears to have good promise for aircraft propulsion. The range of aircraft would be increased two to three times for the same weight of fuel. Liquid hydrogen does have the disadvantage that it must be kept at very low temperatures.

Hydrogen is not a "natural" fuel, but it can be synthesized readily from conventional fuels or it can be produced simply by splitting molecules of water—including ocean water—into hydrogen and oxygen. This electrolysis process requires an input of electrical energy derived from new or old energy sources. Hydrogen may also be produced by biological processes and photosynthesis. Any organic matter would serve, including waste. Of all these processes, electrolysis now seems the most practical for large-scale use.

Environmental Impact

Hydrogen is a clean, nonpolluting fuel. It is, however, a hazardous material that must be handled with all due precautions. We have had extensive experience with pipelining hydrogen over short distances, using pipeline materials and pressures similar to those for natural gas. Liquid hydrogen is regularly shipped in railroad tank cars and truck trailers. Handled with proper practices and in equipment designed to ensure its safety, hydrogen could be used without undue risk.

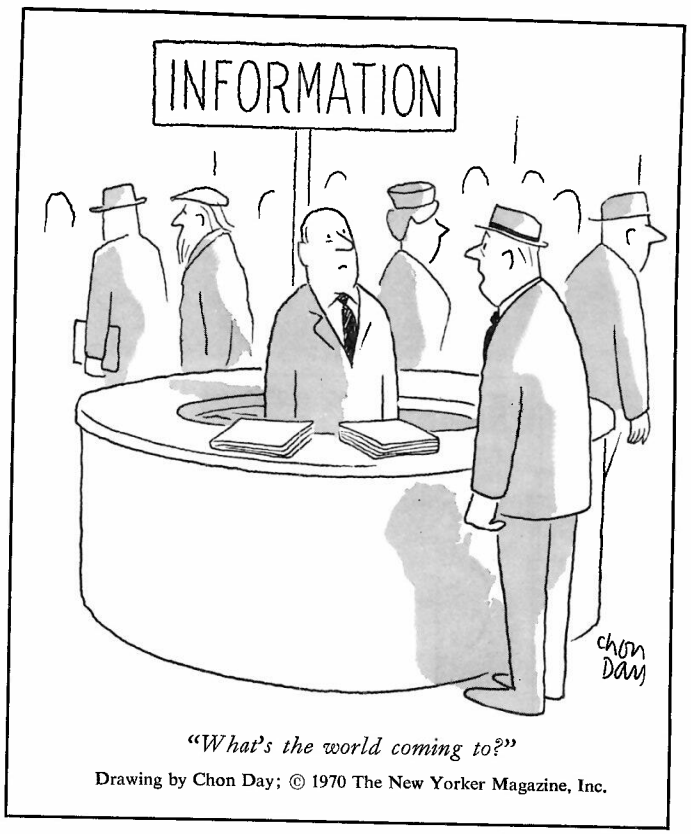
The transmission of energy via hydrogen in underground pipelines avoids the visual pollution, loss of energy, and misuse of land, characteristic of the transmission of electricity via high-voltage power lines. Electrolysis facilities can be placed in the optimum locations either for utilizing fuel sources or for dispersing polluting by-products of the power production.

Among the most important advantages of hydrogen is that it adds to the feasibility of other energy sources, which may be limitless but variable (sun, wind, etc.) and can be converted to hydrogen at peak periods.

Prospects

A hydrogen-energy regime is already technically feasible. The cost of hydrogen produced from electricity must always be higher than the cost of the electricity. But its storage advantages and the lower transmission and distribution costs, compared with electricity, make it attractive. It should already be possible to sell hydrogen energy to the average customer at a price lower than he now pays for electricity and lower than he soon will pay for natural gas.

Perhaps the principal obstacle to be overcome is public fear of the hazards of hydrogen, sometimes described as the "Hindenburg syndrome." In part because of this concern, some have suggested "the methanol economy" could be a transition route from an oil to a hydrogen economy. Methanol, a synthetic compound of hydrogen, has the advantages of being safer, possibly cheaper, and more easily adaptable to the automobile.



"What's the world coming to?"

Drawing by Chon Day; © 1970 The New Yorker Magazine, Inc.

Strangely enough (or maybe not so strangely) most of the groups interested in one of these problems consider interest in another thing as a cop out. Blacks, browns, reds, fem libs, gay libs, ecologists, pacifists, hard hats, all have individual bags. Money spent on something else - like developing energy resources or fighting pollution - is not spent on them.

"AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED, ALL THIS DAMN FLAPDOODLE ABOUT THE ENVIRONMENT IS JUST A TRICK TO TAKE OUR MINDS OFF THE COMMIES."

Drawing by Donald Reilly; © 1970 The New Yorker Magazine, Inc.

ECOLOGY IS A RACIST SHUCK

Robert Chrisman

The once-exciting ecology "movement" has in recent months managed to assume the stigmata of homework. One reason for its suddenly tired face is that all the ballyhoo about ecology has very little to do with ecology itself. Persons who talk fluently about it are in fact simply talking about dirty air or conservation. The ecological issue itself becomes increasingly difficult to see. Everybody's an ecologist: Nixon's an ecologist, Agnew's an ecologist, Ronnie Reagan, Timothy Leary, everyone.

What began as the optimistic new ecology movement has degenerated into a limp banner erected by tired liberals who want to have their political cake and eat it too. One result has been a strong reaction from the left: the movement has been called a racist shuck by black militants, counterrevolutionary by the left, and a cop-out by political activists. It is generally acknowledged that the goals of the movement have been absorbed by much of middle America, and thus have become weakened. There is also the feeling that a good movement has been co-opted by the establishment. And some of the criticisms are true. The ecology movement *has* provided Americans a diversion from campus strikes, the black liberation struggle and the Southeast Asian war; and the establishment *has* skillfully manipulated the movement.

But none of these appraisals recognizes the force

which gave birth to the ecology movement and its conservative *Zeitgeist*. The national liberation struggles of black and Third World peoples throughout the United States and the world have exerted tremendous pressure upon the economic, political and cultural conditions of white America, and the ecology movement has emerged as a conservative reaction to those struggles, to the new world view and the world order they demand.

The political conservatism of the ecology movement is apparent in its program. Besides demanding the conservation of existing natural resources, the movement demands strict population control. Its entire program is built on one premise: *to survive, man must keep natural things as they are and, if possible, return them to an earlier state*. This is the cornerstone of the conservative vision.

The scientific underpinnings of the ecology movement provide the clearest demonstration of its conservatism. It is mired in 19th century theories of population and energy, and that in itself represents a willful and reactionary desire to return to the past, deliberately ignoring contemporary knowledge. The literature of ecology regularly stresses the "fact" that the earth is a finite and entropic system whose energy will die out, in accord with the second law of thermodynamics. Derived from Newton's 17th century concepts of a mechanistic and static universe, the second law assumes that the energy source of a system eventually runs down and the system dies.

However, the ecologists' Cassandra-like cry that the world is nearing its end is not shared by all scientists. As eminent a scientist and world planner as R. Buckminster Fuller argues that they are wrong: "Physicists . . . have discovered experimentally that energy can neither be exhausted nor originated. Energy is finite and infinitely conserved." Using Einstein's discoveries, science has established that all matter is energy, that energy is radiation and that the two are interchangeable. Thus the ecologists' contention that the earth's few finite energy sources are about to be depleted is refutable.

Ironically, today's ecology enthusiasts do not seem to like living things. Life must be limited, they say, else it will destroy itself. We must have a small population and a lot of space. People corrupt things. They breed, they shit, they eat, they need clothing, they need shelter, they need fuel. We must eliminate people; otherwise they'll *use* the earth.

If this sounds extreme, take a look at a current piece of ecological literature, *The Environmental Handbook*, edited by Garrett De Bell. This collection of essays does not tell one much about ecology or ecotactics (*The Boy Scout Handbook* is vastly superior), but it does reveal a lot about the liberal mystique regarding ecology. De Bell's introduction invokes a kind of Armageddon: "We thought that the one-month deadline for the writing was impossible, that we could easily spend a year on it. *But a year is about one-fifth of the time we have left if we are going to preserve any kind of quality in our world.*" (Italics in original.)

The book's politics are clear. The individual citizen is to be responsible—burn propane, don't burn garbage; save newspapers, don't have kids; write letters to Congress, and sit back, sanctimoniously satisfied. In other words, a Presbyterian revolution.

In one of the book's essays, "Survival U: Prospectus for a Really Relevant University," John Fischer makes it unbelievably plain: "To get hired, each [professor] will have to demonstrate an emotional commitment to our cause. Moreover, he will be expected to be a moralist; for this generation of students like no other in my lifetime, is hungering and thirsting after righteousness. What it wants is a moral system it can believe in—and that is what our university will try to provide. In every class it will preach the primordial ethic of survival.

"The biology department, for example, will point out that it is sinful for anybody to have more than two children. It has long since become glaringly evident that unless the earth's cancerous growth of population can be halted, all other problems—poverty, war, racial strife, uninhabitable cities, and the rest—are beyond solution."

This is quite a passage. Within it are the seeds of religious fanaticism and puritanical bigotry, based on a crude Darwinism which establishes the "primordial ethic of survival" as a religious principle.

Another example of the new literature of ecology is Paul Ehrlich's *The Population Bomb*. Ehrlich gets to the point rather quickly. In the prologue he states: "Our position requires that we take immediate action at home and promote effective action world-wide. We must have population control at home, hopefully through a system of incentives and penalties, *but by compulsion if voluntary methods fail. We must use our political power to push other countries into programs which combine agricultural development and population control.*" (Italics added.)

We all know what populations he's talking about. The black population of the United States is growing at a rate 30 per cent higher than the white population. And it seems to be the great hordes of nonwhite people which upset Ehrlich:

"I have understood the population explosion intellectually for a long time. I came to understand it emotionally one stinking hot night in Delhi a couple of years ago. My wife and daughter and I were returning to our hotel in an ancient taxi . . . and the air was a haze of dust and smoke. The streets seemed alive with people. People eating, people washing, people sleeping. People visiting, arguing, and screaming. People thrusting their hands through the taxi window, begging. People defecating and urinating. . . . People, people, people, people. As we moved slowly through the mob, hand horn squawking, the dust, noise, heat and cooking fires gave the scene a hellish aspect. Would we ever get to our hotel? All three of us were, frankly, frightened."

Frightened of what? Obviously, of being outnumbered by a group of colored people. I'm sure Dr. Ehrlich is more comfortable in downtown Manhattan.

Next we find the usual "geometric progression" argument: in 1650 A.D., the population was 500 million; in 1850, one billion; in 1930, two billion; in 1970, three billion plus. Then, the usual scare—we'll be standing on each other's toes in 500 years.

The argument seems convincing. But it is superficial. Hard census data and world-wide estimates have only been available for the last 500 years or so. On the basis of their trends, population experts project a future

curve—and then run it *backwards*, to account for 6000 B.C., when nobody had the faintest idea just how many people there were.

Furthermore, the geometric progression argument does not acknowledge the years from 1650 to 1970 as having any unique historical or economic or cultural qualities that would influence population growth. Ehrlich finds that the "doubling" rate for developed countries such as the U.S., Britain, Russia, Japan, Norway, etc. is much lower than that of undeveloped countries, averaging about 125 years. But the typical African, Asian or South American country figures to double its population in about 25 years. There is the obvious correlation here between prosperity and low population. Prosperity *creates* low population, not vice versa. The U.S. is at its peak of prosperity today and also has the lowest birth rate in its history: 23/1000. It is obvious that economic and cultural conditions determine the population growth rate, and when the survival needs of the species are met, its birth rate declines. Conversely, when its existence is threatened, the rate increases.

Perhaps an even more important factor is the stability of the culture. The population boom of the past 500 years exists in precise parallel to the imperialist expansion of western Europe throughout the globe. All continents were hit. In each case, cultural patterns were disrupted. A culture is itself an ecological unit and the disruption of a given culture will of necessity disrupt its birth rate.

Wherever the white man went, he brought with him two systems, monogamy and patriarchy, and reinforced them with the Bible and the bullet. As a result, polygamous family systems—the preference of most non-European peoples—were disrupted. So were their intrinsic birth control systems. Many African and Asian peoples, for example, practiced continence during and after pregnancy, sometimes for two or three years per child. And they practiced polygamy, simultaneously, so that one wife was available if another were not. The newly liberated victims of exploitation, war and cultural rape obviously have tremendous problems of reculturation and economic development, and these survival tensions are reflected in their birth rates.

A look at the census figures of China makes this apparent. In 755 A.D., during the middle T'ang dynasty, population was 53 million; in 1102 A.D., the Sung dynasty counted 44 million (during its contracted period); in 1290 A.D., the Yuan dynasty counted 60 million; in 1578 A.D., the declining Ming dynasty counted 61 million. For 800 years, the Chinese population was practically constant.

But during the Ch'ing dynasty the population jumped from 140 million in 1740, to 362 million in 1812, and then to 440 million by 1900, in precise parallel to white European expansion throughout the world. Where it had remained stable for the previous 800 years, the Chinese population *tripled* in 160 years—the years of white imperialist expansion.

Now white America has discovered ecology. It has "discovered" its own industrial abuses, it has acknowledged its pollution and waste of the earth. But the new enthusiasts of the ecology movement have managed to avoid drawing the long-range political conclusions which nat rally result from their position, conclusions which the underdeveloped Third World nations whose population growth they fear have been much faster to grasp: industry must be controlled and owned by the whole population it affects. Private ownership of the earth and its resources is an obsolete, vicious practice. Land must be seized and redistributed in equitable amounts to provide each man a decent living zone.

Precisely because the ecology movement manifests a conservative reaction to national liberation struggles throughout the world, it will not endorse their political solutions. In the United States, for example, liberals, moderates and conservatives alike among the white middle class began to flee the cities in the late '60s, as the black struggle intensified. As the black nationalist movement expanded and moved toward economic and political self-determination, a white nationalist movement developed. "Hard hat" gangs, expanded police forces, "neighborhood schools" and discriminatory unions are some of its manifestations.

The ecology movement is also a manifestation of this counter-nationalism. By advocating a reduction in industrial development and in the use of industrial fuels, it does not jeopardize the holdings of the white bourgeoisie but only provides a rationale and a method for repressing the industrial development of black and Third World peoples. The ecology movement's campaign for a reduced birth rate would ease racial tensions by reducing the numbers of non-whites, instead of confronting the real crises.

The ecology movement's political arm, the League of Conservation Voters, is a nonpartisan front for anyone who advocates conservation, and may well represent an unholy alliance between liberals and Birchers. The League does not distinguish between political conservationists and political conservatives: "The League will support a man from any political party if he is a true friend of the earth. The urgency of saving our environment and our species . . . should become obvious to liberals and conservatives alike." The Birchers, the Minutemen and the Wallaceites have always been conservationists. Their frontier mystique of fishing, hunting and living off the land requires fresh waters and open spaces. The present liberal-hippie craze for natural living is the reciprocal of the Bircher's mystique.

Despite the ecologists' claim of a uniquely non-political base, the movement does in fact represent a distinctively political viewpoint, and it embodies an obviously political platform which contains these planks: token reform by industry at the domestic level; decentralization of the cities (and the colonization of them); reduction of the nonwhite population of the U.S. and the world through birth control, sterilization and abortion.

White as Moby Dick, the ecology fad seems bent upon creating some kind of white haven or heaven in what is left of the earth. Recognizing the fearful damage the modern military industrial complex has done to its material resources, the liberal bourgeoisie of the U.S. has come up with a solution which will not threaten the fundamental power of private industry and will guarantee that Third World peoples will not industralize but will remain agricultural. The liberal middle class will be relieved of its burdens of conscience, and nothing will be confronted or resolved; the imperialist oppression will remain and so will the basic standard of living it enforces.

So with these varied views on varied sources trying for confrontation, dialogue, action, etc., on all sides, it's easy to get so confused—or bored or tired or satiated—that you just opt out.

"Hi, I'm Steve Ripley. I don't give a damn about Black Panthers, air pollution, drugs, Weathermen, Women's Liberation or the cities."

We should be careful to get out of an experience only the wisdom that is in it—and say there, lest we be like the cat that sits down on a hot stove-lid. She will never sit down on a hot stove-lid again—and that is well; but also she will never sit down on a cold one any more.

Mark Twain

Take the subject of drugs.

20 Percent on Marijuana

Two recent surveys show that 20 percent of Florida college students and almost 20 percent of American front-line soldiers in Vietnam smoke marijuana regularly.

The Florida survey results, based on a sample of 5000 students in Florida's junior colleges and universities, were described by State Attorney General Earl Faircloth as "shocking to me and deserve the careful attention of all citizens of Florida."

The Army study, made in February, 1970, revealed that nearly one out of five front-line soldiers in an elite U.S. combat unit in South Vietnam admitted that they smoked marijuana at least once a day.

A total of 1064 soldiers in the 173d Airborne Brigade were questioned in the study of Maj. John J. Treanor, the brigade's chief medical officer. These men represented about one-sixth of the 6000 men in the brigade.

Says Major Treanor: "We have not yet seen the brilliant young man of higher education using marijuana to express his disgust with our hypocritical society.

"What we have seen clinically is a majority of rather incapable, frustrated, poorly educated, passive-aggressive personalities complicating the many problems they already have by becoming involved with the use of marijuana."

Query: Did noted philosopher-author Alan Watts fall in the category just described?

DOES IT MATTER?

By Alan Watts. Pantheon. 125 pp.; $4.95

Reviewed by
Maitland Zane

This collection of essays contains an interesting account of Alan Watts' experiences with the five psychoactive drugs he has used—LSD, psilocybin, mescaline, DMT and cannabis (grass).

He was first invited to test the "mystical" qualities of LSD back in 1959, and became a guinea pig at UCLA medical school and at the Langley-Porter Clinic here in San Francisco.

"I was amazed and somewhat embarrassed to find myself going through states of consciousness which correspond precisely with every description of major mystical experiences I had ever read," writes the British-born Zen scholar.

Unexpectedness

"Furthermore, they exceeded both in depth and in a peculiar quality of unexpectedness the three 'natural and spontaneous' experiences of this kind which I had had in previous years."

Mr. Watts found that LSD and cannabis best helped him move into a state of "cosmic consciousness," and of the two, grass was preferable.

"It does not induce bizarre alterations of sensory perception, and medical studies indicate that it may not, save in great excess, have the dangerous side effects of LSD, such as psychotic episodes."

He suggests one of the main reasons why the organized religion and the state are so down on the psychedelics is because people, when high, often see themselves as part of God, as one with the universe.

"The Judaeo-Christian tradition has a monarchical image of God, and monarchs, who rule by force, fear nothing more than insubordination," he writes.

"The Church has therefore always been highly suspicious of mystics because they seem to be insubordinate and to claim equality, or worse, identity with God . . . Nothing, however, could be more alarming to the ecclesiastical hierarchy than a popular outbreak of mysticism, for this might well amount to setting up a democracy in the kingdom of heaven. . . ."

Spiritual Risks

As for the risks (apart from going to jail) of drug-taking, Mr. Watts just thumbs his nose:

"It is not really healthy for monks to practice fasting, and it was hardly hygienic for Jesus to get himself crucified, but these are risks taken in the course of spiritual adventures. Today the adventurous young are taking risks in exploring the psyche. . . . What they need is not prohibitions and policemen but the most intelligent encouragement and advice that can be found."

— S. F. Examiner and Chronicle

But what about long-term, heavy users of marijuana?

NEW STUDIES

MARIJUANA MAY BE BAD FOR YOU

Los Angeles

Marijuana may turn out to be more harmful than many scientists had previously thought.

Only a year ago most researchers studying the drug thought it probably was relatively harmless—at least when compared with alcohol and other commonly abused drugs.

Since then, however, new findings have raised the possibility that long-term use of "grass" might be linked to damaged chromosomes, lower production of sex hormones and greater vulnerability to diseases.

The new findings are preliminary and as yet unsubstantiated, but they have appeared in prestigious scientific and medical journals—publications which previously paid scant attention to the perils of "pot."

The findings are significant politically as well. At a time when respectable voices are calling for laws making personal possession and use of the drug a misdemeanor or no crime at all, instead of a felony, findings already have provided ammunition for those who oppose such moves.

About $4 million in federal grants and contracts insure that the research will continue during the coming fiscal year.

"I couldn't give a hoot about social policy," says Dr. Morton A. Stenchever, an obstetrician at the University of Utah Medical Center in Salt Lake City, "but I'll have to say there are quite a few problems with marijuana."

He compared chromosome damage in a group of 49 marijuana users to that in a control group of nonusers. His findings, published last January in the Journal of Obstetrics and Gynecology, were that users averaged 3.4 chromosome breaks per 100 white blood cells while nonusers averaged only 1.2 breaks.

Stenchever said that increased chromosome breaks might raise the likelihood of eventually getting cancer or becoming the parent of a child with birth defects.

Dr. Akira Morishima of the Department of Pediatrics at Columbia University, has reported findings similar to Stenchever's.

Dr. Robert C. Kolodny, director of the infertility program at the Reproductive Biology Research Foundation in St. Louis, has been checking levels of testosterone, the principal male sex hormone, in marijuana users.

Kolodny has been working with Dr. William Masters, famed for his pioneer research in human sexual response, and Drs. Robert Kolodner and Gelson Toro.

In a recent article in the New England Journal of Medicine, Kolodny told how his group compared 20 men who used marijuana four days a week for a minimum of six months with 20 men who were nonusers. Testosterone levels in the users averaged a striking 40 percent lower than in nonusers.

Kolodny speculated—and he stresses the word "speculate"—that "there may be a decrease in fertility as a result of chronic, intensive marijuana use"; the heavy users may encounter potency problems; the pregnant female users "may disrupt sexual differentiation in male fetuses" during the second, third and fourth month of pregnancy; that pre-teenage boys who smoke marijuana "may somehow disrupt completion of puberty," impairing normal sexual development.

Other researchers praised Kolodny's objectivity; some said they believe his work is more important—and more frightening—than even he thinks it is.

Others noted that the exact function of testosterone is not completely understood, and thus the effect of the shortage is unpredictable.

Dr. Gabriel Nahas, Columbia University pharmacologist, studied white blood cell production in 51 marijuana users. All the subjects reported having smoked at least three times a week for four or more years. He found that cell production in users averaged 40 percent less than in a control group of nonusers.

Since white blood cell production is considered vital to the body's ability to fight disease, he speculates that marijuana use impairs the immunity system.

The Nahas findings are viewed as significant because they show exactly the same low level of production in white cells taken from users that he found in cells taken from nonusers and subsequently exposed to a marijuana agent in the test tube.

Washington Post
June, 1974

Why do people need stimulants?

Aldous Huxley compared the brain to a "reducing valve." In ordinary perception, the senses send an overwhelming flood of information to the brain, which the brain then filters down to a trickle it can manage for the purpose of survival in a highly competitive world. Man has become so rational, so utilitarian, that the trickle becomes most pale and thin. It is efficient, for mere survival, but it screens out the most wondrous part of man's potential experience without his even knowing it. *We're shut off from our own world.* Primitive man once experienced the rich and sparkling flood of the senses fully. Children experience it for a few months—until "normal" training, conditioning, close the doors on this other world, usually for good.

Tom Wolfe, *The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test*

Sunday Mornin' Comin' Down

Kris Kristofferson
(pub. Combine Music Corp., BMI)

Well I woke up Sunday mornin'
With no way to hold my head that didn't hurt,
And the beer I had for breakfast wasn't bad
So I had one more for dessert.
Then I fumbled through the closet for my clothes
And found my cleanest dirty shirt,
And I shaved my face and combed my hair,
And stumbled down the stairs to meet the day.

I'd smoked my brain the night before
On cigarettes and songs that I'd been pickin',
But I light my first and watched a small kid cussin'
At a can that he was kickin'.
Then I crossed the empty street and caught the Sunday smell
Of someone fryin' chicken,
And it took me back to something that I'd lost
Somehow somewhere along the way.

On the Sunday mornin' sidewalk
Wishin' Lord that I was stoned,
Cause there's something in a Sunday
Makes a body feel alone.
And there's nothing short of dyin'
Half as lonesome as the sound
On the sleepin' city sidewalks
Sunday mornin' comin' down.

In the park I saw a daddy
With a laughing little girl that he was swingin'
And I stopped beside a Sunday School
And listened to the song that they were singin'.
Then I headed back for home
And somewhere far away a lonely bell was ringin'
And it echoed through the canyons
Like the disappearin' dreams of yesterday.

On the Sunday mornin' sidewalk
Wishin' Lord that I was stoned,
Cause there's something in a Sunday
Makes a body feel alone.
And there's nothing short of dyin'
Half as lonesome as the sound
On the sleepin' city sidewalks
Sunday mornin' comin' down.

Maybe a new approach is called for.

A Modest Proposal

GENE LEES

JONATHAN SWIFT once made what he called a Modest Proposal: since the Irish could not grow enough food to feed themselves but had no trouble producing babies, he suggested that babies should be made the prime Irish export (perhaps served as a table delicacy in England). There were those who thought he meant it. Perhaps, in a bitter and angry way, he did.

I wish to make a Modest Proposal myself. It relates to two serious contemporary problems: narcotics addiction and overpopulation. I feel that it is incumbent upon me as a man who makes his living from the record industry to offer this proposal. For the record industry is as responsible as any sector of our society for the growing number of deaths from the use of heroin and other drugs.

Now don't be hasty in condemning them. They've done no more than other industries have. Detroit finds 40,000 deaths a year in crashworthy cars an acceptable price for profits. Why shouldn't the record industry too be allowed to kill its quota of people for profit?

Ten years ago I devoted an issue of *Down Beat* to the drug problem. At the time only a few music-business people thought addiction was an important issue. A Negro singer I know said to me recently, "Nobody gave a damn about it when only black kids were dying in the doorways of Harlem. Nobody gave a damn until the well-to-do middle-class white kids started dying." *Touché.*

There is a great deal of criminal money invested in the music business, both in groups and in some record labels. Rock groups began pushing drug use. The kids bought it. The kids are dying. The underworld is making money on it. This is all coincidence, right? Oh sure.

Drug education in the schools is only going to make the problem worse, I am convinced. It will increase fascination, or even cause it, among youngsters who had never even thought much about using drugs. Watch it happen in the next two years.

And so I have come around to another view of the matter. I modestly propose that to all our other welfare programs we add free narcotics for the kids, including heroin. If you're a parent, this may shock you. But it shouldn't. You have been permitting your kids to take dope intellectually for years—from Bob Dylan, the Jefferson Airplane, the Lovin' Spoonful, the Beatles. When your five-year-old was wandering around the house singing, "I get by with a little help from my friends, I get high with a little help from my friends," didn't you say, "Isn't that cute? He's singing a Beatles song." All right, so now he's a few years older, and you're startled at the circulation of drugs in his school, and fearful that he'll start using them. (Maybe he's already started.) Why? You permitted it.

Now the main thing wrong with junkies is that they steal. Sometimes they go farther than that: in desperation for money, they *kill* and steal. This is a great social inconvenience, tying up the time of all kinds of policemen whom we need for such things as messing up traffic.

If I get my way, and the government subsidizes addiction the way it now subsidizes lethargy, all this will stop. It is useless to tell young people that the Beatles and heroin are bad for them. It simply is not so: the kids have told us this. And they are the wisest and most honest and idealistic and decent and loving and unprejudiced and well-informed generation of Americans in history. We know it because they have told us this too. And the advertising industry and Marshall McLuhan have confirmed it. Who in his right mind would doubt the combined wisdom of Marshall McLuhan, the advertising industry, and our wonderful young people?

Now, if we supply them with all the heroin they can use—and I am talking about the pure, uncut stuff, not the powdered sugar that's floating around in many places these days—it will have immediate and far-reaching social benefits.

First, they'll stop rioting. Heroin makes you terribly passive. They'll start nodding out all over the place, and this will permit the police to catch up on *their* sleep in parked cruisers.

Then a lot of them will start dropping out of school. This will reduce the overload on our schools and universities. It will stop the building program, thus braking the felling of trees which give us our oxygen. Our air will improve.

Third, it will increase the food supply, since junkies don't eat much even when they can get it.

Fourth (and here is the real genius of my plan), ultimately the program will end the population explosion. One junkie I know told me that he and his strung-out wife hadn't had sexual relations in two years. Heroin produces profound sexual indifference, and impotence. But that isn't the end of it. Junkies die. In the late 1940s and early 1950s, a great many jazz musicians were on heroin. None of them are now. They are either in their graves or they are off drugs. There is no middle road, apparently.

Kids constitute nearly fifty per cent of the population. The population explosion, then, *is them.* Now since anyone forty years old is going to be around only for another thirty years or so tops, *they're* not going to be much of a problem. They're starting to die off now, from working too hard to make enough money for their kids to buy the Doors' records and acid and junk. But that eighteen-year-old over there—man, he's going to be around breathing air, using up food, making garbage for another forty or fifty years. Even a kid can grasp that he himself is the real enemy.

Now when we begin the widespread free distribution of drugs, this group will start dying like flies. And still more benefits will accrue to society as a whole.

Junk music will fade from the radio. There won't be so many cars on the highway, and those that are there won't be in such steady use. Air pollution will be further reduced. Since we won't need so many highways, the grass and trees will grow again, making more oxygen. Drug use, incidentally, including acid, is becoming as common a cause of traffic deaths as alcohol. So we get a bonus here too.

I know there are those out there in Readerland who will write me letters telling me I've got it all wrong—like the people who wrote me letters telling me New York is not dying. They'll say my proposal is heartless and cruel. But it isn't, I assure you. We have given the young what they want until now. Why should we draw the line at death?

To young people I would say this: don't believe old squares when they tell you that drugs, even grass, are damn dangerous. Don't believe the growing reports that the grass available now is often spiked with heroin to hook you on hard narcotics. Don't believe those who tell you that heroin is evil stuff. You know all those people are just trying to keep you from having a hip kind of good time.

And don't think about death. Think instead how you will be reducing the pressures of population on the rest of us. Think what a noble deed you'll be doing. Think Zen thoughts about eternity and the continuum of consciousness and about astrology and how mortal existence is a mere passing cloud. Think not of going into a valley of blackness. Think instead how you are going to join the great All-Consciousness and rest forever in nirvana. As you sit there, listening to John and Yoko with a needle in your arm, reflect not on the dying you're about to do. Just think how high you're going to be as you go.

And to the record industry I would say: keep up the good work, gentlemen. You've done a hell of a job thus far.

When it comes to "harder" drugs, opinions are more uniform.

Kill Speed

Tell us about "speed." What happens to the body and brain when "meth" (crystals and tabs) is taken in small and large doses?

"Meth" (methamphetamine) is used in medicine for appetite control, mood elevation, and to raise blood pressure when indicated. The drug is usually ingested in five-milligram tablets one to three times a day. Medical reasons for injecting methamphetamine are specific and few.

Tolerance to the amphetamines develops rapidly and increasingly large amounts must be used to achieve the same results. When large amounts are used, blood-pressure may be raised sufficiently high to blow out a blood vessel in the brain, thus causing a stroke.

True addiction, as well, seems to occur. Recently, a patient in a drug-abuse clinic stated that it was harder for him to kick the "meth" habit than it was to get off heroin. At the time he was shooting up two hundred milligrams of "crystals" every two hours. He was found dead a few weeks later, apparently from an overdose.

An eighteen-year-old boy on methamphetamine climbed out of a third-story window in Berkeley not long ago. He is now confined to a neurological institute, completely paralyzed from the effects of a broken back.

Both general and student hospitals are seeing increasingly greater numbers of sixteen-to-twenty-five-year-old people who have caught hepatitis from a needle used to inject methamphetamine. Neither boiling water nor soaking in alcohol will necessarily kill the hepatitis virus found in too many spikes.

Speed kills.

Many wonder why drugs exaggerate or reveal paranoia. Does an objective explanation of the effects of drugs have more impact than the advice columns?

paranoia. the drug user's pervasive, perhaps exaggerated fear that the police have him under watch and may arrest him at any time. Drug user's paranoia implies taking elaborate precautions (see STASH, HOLDING) so as not to be caught possessing or dealing in drugs. The term also connotes that his fears, though possibly imaginary, like those of the paranoid psychotic, may well be based on fact; certainly, they arise out of the central fact that his drug use involved breaking the law, and so he theoretically is subject to arrest at any time. Thus, though the term is half ironic, it refers to a real and oppressive state of fear which drug users sometimes experience.

Even Paranoids Have Real Enemies—Hippie slogan (1967)

psychic dependence. a craving for the pleasurable mental effects produced by a drug, such as euphoria, elation, stimulation, sedation, hypnosis, hallucinations, sensory acuity, etc., and a strong psychological need or craving for this drug-induced state in preference to the normal state, so that a drug user finds its repetition necessary to his well-being. Withdrawal of psychic-dependence-producing drugs, especially central nervous system stimulants, while it produces no specific physical symptoms, may result in a serious depression, so unpleasant to the user that he may continue increasing his dose to forestall it, eventually triggering a psychosis with severe irruption of symptoms the drug had suppressed.

With mild hallucinogenic drugs, e.g., MARIJUANA, sudden withdrawal generally produces neither mental nor physical symptoms, but if the heavy use is related to underlying anxieties or a desire to retreat from reality, these psychoneurotic symptoms may return in aggravated form because, unmasked by the drug, they are more keenly perceived in the "normal" state. Similarly, there are no physical or psychic WITHDRAWAL SYMPTOMS per se from more powerful hallucinogenic drugs; however, under the influence of these drugs the user's subconscious sometimes releases unpleasant or terrifying matter previously repressed, which continues to exist at the conscious level after the user's normal state is restored and which he may find extremely unpleasant. This released unconscious material may drive him to suicidal urges or push him into a psychotic state. Of course, readministration of the drug will probably not help, and he does not desire it (it is stretching the original definition to say that one or a few ingestions of a drug constitute dependence), but the drug has altered his mental state in such a way that when its effect has passed, the user experiences a specialized and continuing kind of "withdrawal symptom" and often must receive medical and psychiatric care until he recovers. More commonly, psychic dependence on hallucinogenic drugs occurs, arising out of continuing pleasurable experiences with them, a growing preoccupation with self and loss of interest in the real world, and a recurrent desire to return to the mental state produced by the hallucinogenic drug and obsession with it as the preferred mental state.

A radical alteration in personality may also occur, with the user becoming vastly egotistical and so preoccupied with what he believes to be the "higher reality" of the hallucinogenic state that he wrecks his career and turns his back on social condemnation. Such dependence on hallucinogenic drugs appears to be the exception rather than the rule; the majority of experimenters with these drugs have no desire to repeat the experience, or repeat it quite infrequently (but this is true with any drug). Compare PHYSICAL DEPENDENCE.

DRUGS PRODUCING PSYCHIC DEPENDENCE
BUT NO PHYSICAL DEPENDENCE

cocaine (no tolerance develops; severe depression and/or psychotic symptoms may accompany withdrawal after prolonged heavy use)
marijuana (insignificant tolerance develops)
hashish (some degree of tolerance may develop; some degree of physical discomfort upon withdrawal after prolonged use has been observed)
amphetamines (tolerance develops to a considerable degree, but it is selective; i.e., insomnia and hyperexcitability caused by the drug continue, while increasing doses are necessary to sustain the drug's euphoriant effects. If use has masked symptoms of fatigue, abrupt withdrawal will often be accompanied by exhaustion and severe depression)
khat (not known)
LSD (complete tolerance develops after only three days.)
psilocybin (tolerance develops rapidly)
mescaline (tolerance develops rather more slowly)
morning glory seeds (not known)

Why is it that when truth seems to be on our side we tend to use as argument things not supporting that truth (that is, we yell, we call names, discuss trivia)? There must be a use for the old meaning of the word ARGUMENT*: to persuade by rational means.*

STONE MEN TO THE CONTRARY, THE TIME TO ARGUE IS NOW

Benjamin DeMott

The authorities are misleading us about the latest crises: violence, bombings, federal worker strikes. They talk of new restraints, new laws, new security gimmicks. But the root national problems demand unprecedented initiatives on the part of government. And not a word about these problems is yet being said in public.

What are the root problems? One is the breakdown of belief in the possibility of argument, negotiations, making yourself understood. Millions of Americans are passionately conscious of corruption and meretriciousness in the national life, determined to cry damnation down on it, enraged by other people's obliviousness to evil. The millions in question, young and old, have listened hard to moral challenges thrown down to greed and hypocrisy by their leaders. How, they ask themselves as they listen, how can our countrymen endure life without hurling body and mind against the machine of contemporary *is*-ness?

Yet precisely the same sense of incomprehensibility rules the minds of those on "the other side." They are provoked to equal rage by the "inexplicable" rage directed against them. The case is that neither party, neither the protesters nor the famous silent majority, has in its possession the crudest means of escaping a locked-in world, of breaking the iron habit of referring all differences between self and others to fixed, impersonal, absolutist categories of virtue and vice. We're offered commonplaces of mockery and hate (Vice President Agnew, S.D.S.). We're teased with the falsehoods of the unity game (Forward Together), rhetorical comforters that worsen differences by choking them in fluff. But nobody deals straight. No talk, no gestures open a road out from the blankness of both sides about each other. Until such a road is begun, until explicit acts of imagination are in course —specific demonstrations of the human power at least to grasp how the opposition came into being, why it is what it is, where the growing points in its understanding can be found—reconciliation will remain a fantasy and men will go on plotting their Enemy's instant destruction with stolen dynamite in secret cellars.

There is a second root problem: it arises from mistaken assumptions about social change, assumptions that cause crazy veerings in the national psychology—from bogus "cool" at one moment to extravagant despair and apocalyptic destructiveness at the next. Certain "men of the middle," for their part, are given to mindless pliancy. They assume that only a Square would ever resist cultural change. They are eager, in the name of the Almighty God of With-It-ness, to welcome chaos as a fresh, exciting new way of life. Within hours of the New York bombings people were praising each other for their unflappableness, as though the episodes were merely another chapter in the endless American story called "The Latest." Heard the latest? Kennedy's shot. Heard the latest? Bottomless bar girls. Heard the latest? No mail today. Heard the latest? They "got" IBM.

Men at political extremes, on the other hand, assume that genuine human and social progress cannot be achieved through institutions, by working "inside the system." The general American tolerance of rapid rates of cultural transformation heightens their sense of moral possibility, enables them to conceive, for instance, the idea of altering in a generation patterns of race relations that were centuries in the making. But the tolerance of rapid change in itself doesn't supply knowledge of the molecular and definitive actions that in the day-to-day legislative and political process edge a moral vision toward substantive reality. The result is that, flayed by contradictory feelings of possibility and personal impotence, they're driven over the borders of rage.

What can be done about these problems? Public leaders and media men must begin now to clarify, openly and patiently, the bases of contemporary division, seeking to move Americans on from the jail of the single perspective, developing means of combating the trivialization of difference in American society (an end to rant about hippies, crackers, greasers, longhairs, skinheads), and pressing constantly for openings through which to show forth the genesis and meaning of conflicting views.

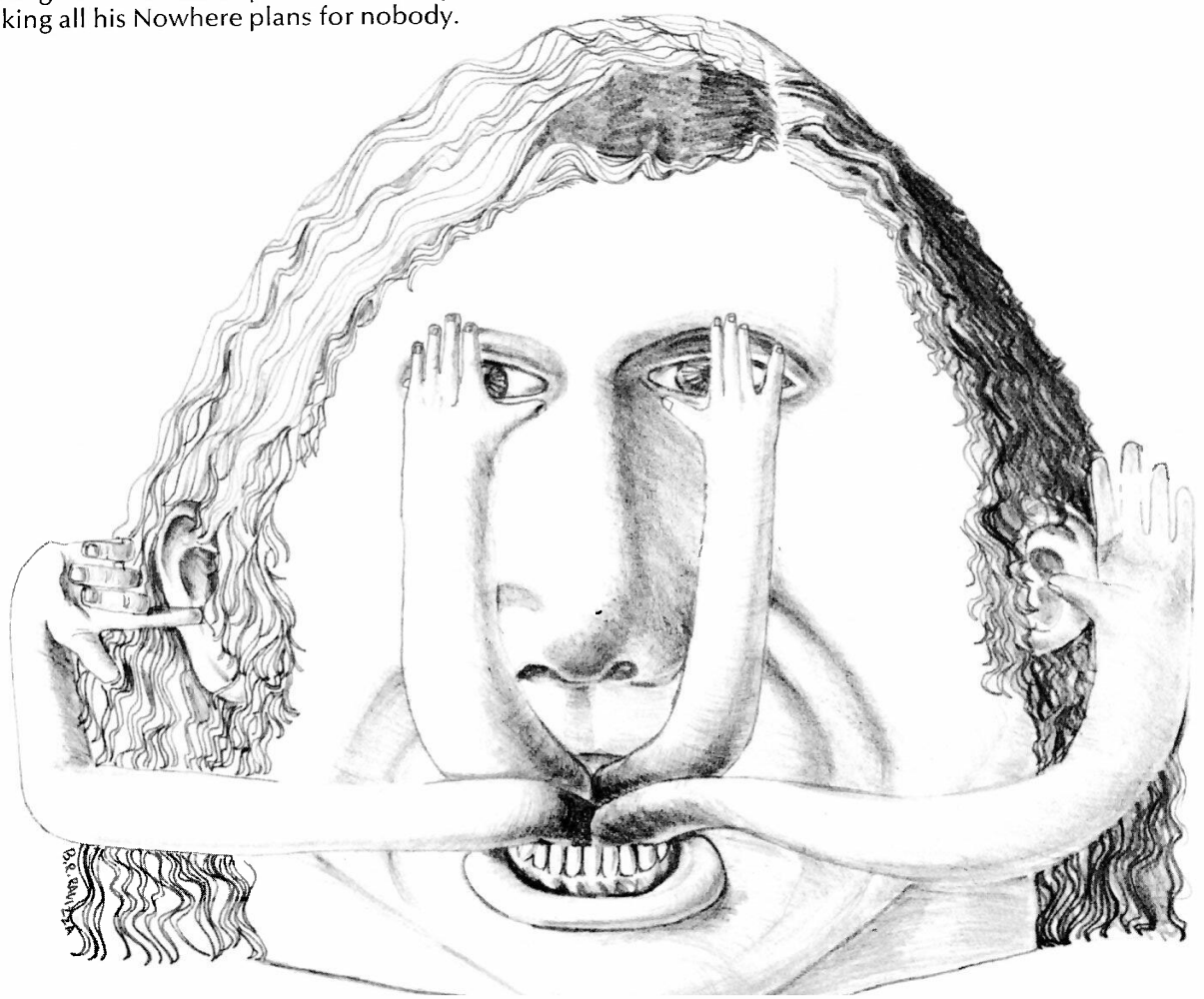
Leaders, schools, media and parents must also commit themselves to explicit treatment of major issues in social and political change. This means direct presentation of realities of revolution—modes of provocation and repression, stages in the emergence both of free and of counter-revolutionary institutions, argumentative strengths and weaknesses in the work of revolutionary theorists as well as their critics. It means the creation of honest, non-brainwashing teaching materials that demonstrate the where and how of social change in America: rates of progress in specific fields, comparative international performances, legislative timetables illustrating obstacles, devices for overcoming resistance, relationships between public agitation and governmental action.

And it means detailed consideration of steps toward alternative and competing models to the present consumer-goods-profit-oriented economy. Graduate seminars in agricultural economics regularly explore such matters as the consequences of allowing Third World nations to enter the U.S. sugar market. What exactly happens to U.S. farmers if sugar subsidies end? Are changeover crops feasible? Where, when, how? Such questions have a place in suburban junior high schools. Alertness to key variables in socioeconomic change, a feeling for the intricacy yet nonimpenetrability of problems requiring complex intellectual skills for solution—these can't be developed too early.

Are there limits to such efforts? All ideas have limits. There are men, as Sartre said, "who are attracted by the durability of stone. They want to be massive and impenetrable. . . . They want to exist all at once and right away. . . . They close up, they point out with one superb word that the time to argue has passed." The point is that an address, however uncertain or risky, to this deepest contemporary problem—this refusal to enter the contest with the stone men, this readiness to admire the no-argue gesture as attractive, fashionable, hip—cannot be postponed any longer. The country needs to imagine a new gesture, a new stance for integrity, a way out of the clichés of nonresponse. Toward that end we must open up ourselves—and the processes of self-transformation as well—to full view, aiming at penetration, complexity, honesty. There is no other way down from self-righteousness, no other way up from hate.

NOWHERE MAN

He's a real Nowhere Man,
sitting in his Nowhere Land,
making all his Nowhere plans for nobody.
Doesn't have a point of view,
knows not where he's going to,
isn't he a bit like you and me?
Nowhere Man please listen,
you don't know what you're missing,
Nowhere Man, the world is at your
command.
He's as blind as he can be,
just sees what he wants to see,
Nowhere Man can you see me at all?
Nowhere Man don't worry,
take your time, don't hurry,
leave it all till somebody else,
lends you a hand.
Doesn't have a point of view,
knows not where he's going to,
isn't he a bit like you and me?
Nowhere Man please listen,
you don't know what you're missing,
Nowhere Man, the world is at your
command.
He's a real Nowhere Man,
sitting in his Nowhere Land,
making all his Nowhere plans for nobody.
Making all his Nowhere plans for nobody.
Making all his Nowhere plans for nobody.



Joan Baez questions the very concept of flags and has said that until they are all done away with, we can't have peace and brotherhood. In other words, the abstraction we label brotherhood is negated by another abstraction—nationalism.

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nationalism isn't an abstraction - it's a gross reality - put that as a footnote by me, if you like, but it's true

Joan Baez Harris

THE LANGUAGE OF PLEDGES

AMERICAN PLEDGE OF ALLEGIANCE

I pledge allegiance to the flag of the United States of America, and to the Republic for which it stands, one Nation, under God, indivisible, with Liberty and Justice for all.

THE RIFLEMAN'S CREED[1]

This is my rifle. There are many like it, but this one is mine.

My rifle is my best friend. It is my life. I must master it as I master my life.

My rifle, without me, is useless. Without my rifle, I am useless. I must fire my rifle true. I must shoot straighter than my enemy who is trying to kill me. I must shoot him before he shoots me. I will. . . .

My rifle and myself know that what counts in this war is not the rounds we fire, the noise of our burst, nor the smoke we make. We know that it is the hits that count. We will hit. . . .

My rifle is human, even as I, because it is my life. Thus, I will learn it as a brother. I will learn its weaknesses, its strengths, its parts, its accessories, its sights, and its barrel. I will keep my rifle clean and ready, even as I am clean and ready. We will become part of each other.

We will. . . .

Before God I swear this creed. My rifle and myself are the defenders of my country. We are the masters of our enemy. We are the saviors of my life.

So be it, until victory is America's and there is no enemy, but Peace!

[1]United States Marine Corps, Parris Island, 1966.

NAZI S.S. OATH

Do you swear, like your forefathers, the knights of Holy German Empires, always to help those other Germans who are your brothers? Fearlessly to defend women and children? To be ready to help others in misfortune? To dedicate yourselves completely to the ideal of the German cause? Do you swear, in all circumstances and unto death, to be faithful to the oath you have sworn to your leaders, to your country, and to our Führer Adolf Hitler?

I promise to call the police when:

I observe a crime

I believe a crime is being committed

I believe a crime is going to be committed

I see or hear any unusual activity that makes me suspicious

IF I SEE IT — I WILL REPORT IT!

Signature of member

International Assoc. of Chiefs of Police

The pledges evoke an abstraction of loyalty; or does loyalty (or obedience) provoke pledges?

Sometimes speaking out is great. Sometimes so is patriotism. But both can lead to some pretty wierd consequences.

from MAN AND SUPERMAN

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

DON JUAN. You forget that brainless magnificence of body has been tried. Things immeasurably greater than man in every respect but brain have existed and perished. The megatherium, the icthyosaurus have paced the earth with seven-league steps and hidden the day with cloud vast wings. Where are they now? Fossils in museums, and so few and imperfect at that, that a knuckle bone or a tooth of one of them is prized beyond the lives of a thousand soldiers. These things lived and wanted to live; but for lack of brains they did not know how to carry out their purpose, and so destroyed themselves.

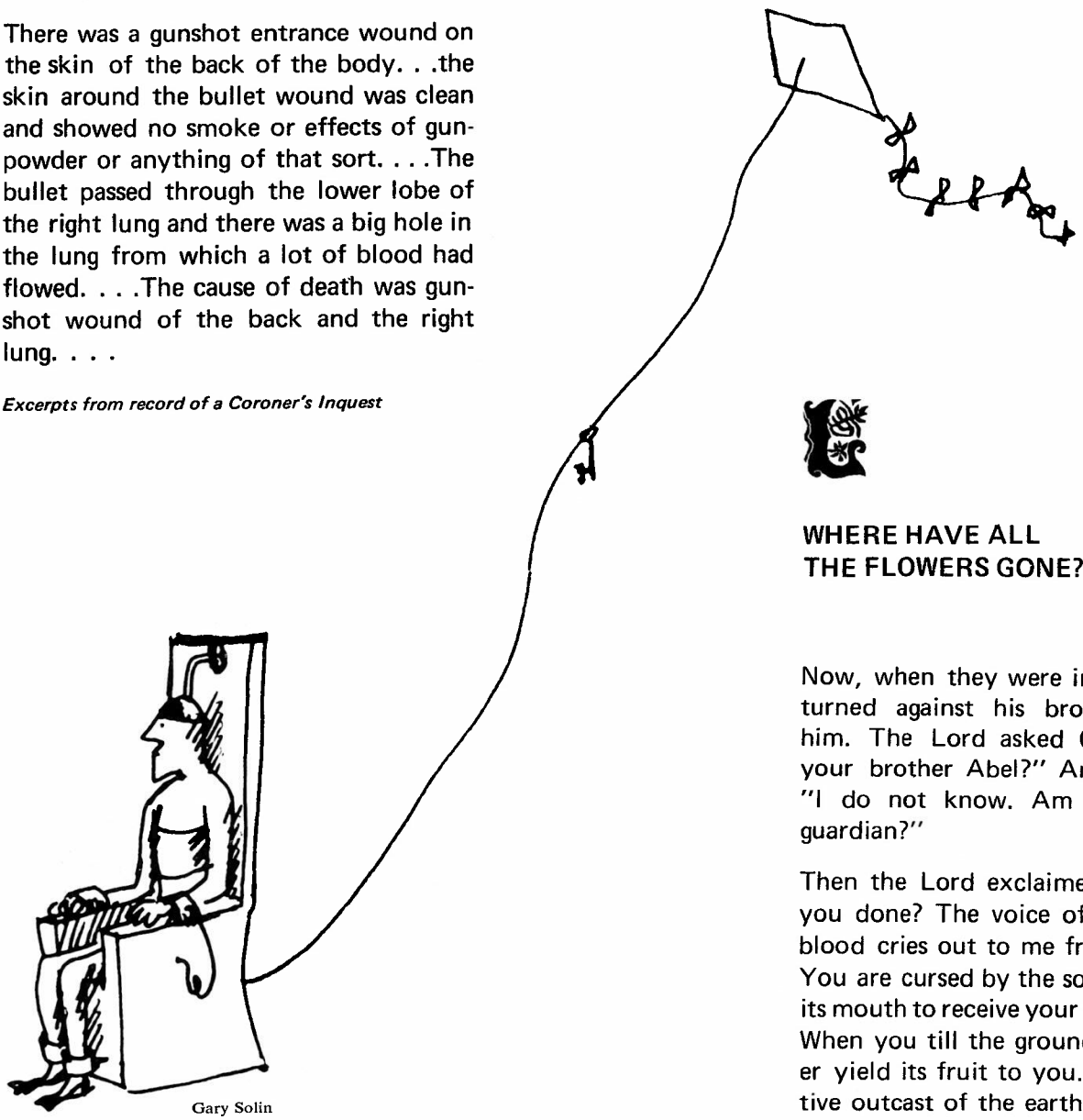
THE DEVIL. And is Man any the less destroying himself for all this boasted brain of his? Have you walked up and down upon the earth lately? I have; and I have examined Man's wonderful inventions. And I tell you that in the arts of life man invents nothing; but in the arts of death he outdoes Nature herself, and produces by chemistry and machinery all the slaughter of plague, pestilence, and famine. The peasant I tempt today eats and drinks what was eaten and drunk by the peasants of ten thousand years ago; and the house he lives in has not altered as much in a thousand centuries as the fashion of a lady's bonnet in a score of weeks. But when he goes out to slay, he carries a marvel of mechanism that lets loose at the touch of his finger all the hidden molecular energies, and leaves the javelin, the arrow, the blowpipe of his fathers far behind. In the arts of peace Man is a bungler. I have seen his cotton factories and the like, with machinery that a greedy dog could have invented if it had wanted money instead of food. I know his clumsy typewriters and bungling locomotives and tedious bicycles: they are toys compared to the Maxim gun, the submarine torpedo boat. There is nothing in Man's industrial machinery but his greed and sloth: his heart is in his weapons. This marvellous force of Life of which you boast is a force of Death: Man measures his strength by his destructiveness. What is his religion? An excuse for hating me. What is his law? An excuse for hanging you. What is his morality? Gentility! an excuse for consuming without producing. What is his art? An excuse for gloating over pictures of slaughter. What are his politics? Either the worship of a despot because a despot can kill, or parliamentary cock-fighting. I spent an evening lately in a certain celebrated legislature, and heard the pot lecturing the kettle for its blackness, and ministers answering questions. When I left I chalked up on the door the old nursery saying "Ask no questions and you will be told no lies." I bought a sixpenny family magazine, and found it full of pictures of young men shooting and stabbing one another. I saw a man die: he was a London bricklayer's laborer with seven children. He left seventeen pounds club money; and his wife spent it all on his funeral and went into the workhouse with the children next day. She would not have spent sevenpence on her children's schooling: the law had to force her to let them be taught gratuitously; but on death she spent all she had. Their imagination glows, their energies rise up at the idea of death, these people: they love it; and the more horrible it is the more they enjoy it. Hell is a place far above their comprehension: they derive their notion of it from two of the greatest fools that ever lived, an Italian and an Englishman. The Italian described it as a place of mud, frost, filth, fire, and venomous serpents: all torture. This ass, when he was not lying about me, was maundering about some woman whom he saw once in the street. The Englishman described me as being expelled from Heaven by cannons and gunpowder; and to this day every Briton believes that the whole of his silly story is in the Bible. What else he says I do not know; for it is all in a long poem which neither I nor anyone else ever succeeded in wading through. It is the same in everything. The highest form of literature is the tragedy, a play in which everybody is murdered at the end. In the old chronicles you read of earthquakes and pestilences, and are told that these shewed the power and majesty of God and the littleness of Man. Nowadays the chronicles describe battles. In a battle two bodies of men shoot at one another with bullets and explosive shells until one body runs away, when the others chase the fugitives on horseback and cut them to pieces as they fly. And this, the chronicle concludes, shews the greatness and majesty of empires, and the littleness of the vanquished. Over such battles the people run about the streets yelling with delight, and egg their Governments on to spend hundreds of millions of money in the slaughter, whilst the strongest Ministers dare not spend an extra penny in the pound against the poverty and pestilence through which they themselves daily walk. I could give you a thousand instances; but they all come to the same thing: the power that governs the earth is not the power of Life but of Death; and the inner need that has nerved Life to the effort of organizing itself into the human being is not the need for higher life but for a more efficient engine of destruction. The plague, the famine, the earthquake, the tempest were too spasmodic in their action; the tiger and crocodile were too easily satiated and not cruel enough: something more constantly, more ruthlessly, more ingeniously destructive was needed; and that something was Man, the inventor of the rack, the stake, the gallows, the electric chair; of sword and gun and poison gas: above all, of justice, duty, patriotism, and all the other isms by which even those who are clever enough to be humanely disposed are persuaded to become the most destructive of all the destroyers.

INQUEST

About [redacted] P.M., Monday, [redacted], while in the rear of the [redacted], and while struggling with his prisoner in an attempt to maintain his arrest, the service revolver of Private [redacted]., white, male, [redacted] years, of [redacted], a Colt .38 caliber, serial # [redacted] discharged, striking his prisoner, [redacted], Negro, male, [redacted] years, of [redacted]

There was a gunshot entrance wound on the skin of the back of the body. . .the skin around the bullet wound was clean and showed no smoke or effects of gunpowder or anything of that sort. . . .The bullet passed through the lower lobe of the right lung and there was a big hole in the lung from which a lot of blood had flowed. . . .The cause of death was gunshot wound of the back and the right lung. . . .

Excerpts from record of a Coroner's Inquest



Gary Solin

WHERE HAVE ALL THE FLOWERS GONE?

Now, when they were in the field, Cain turned against his brother and killed him. The Lord asked Cain, "Where is your brother Abel?" And Cain replied, "I do not know. Am I my brother's guardian?"

Then the Lord exclaimed, "What have you done? The voice of your brother's blood cries out to me from the ground! You are cursed by the soil which opened its mouth to receive your brother's blood. When you till the ground it will no longer yield its fruit to you. You are a fugitive outcast of the earth. *Genesis 4*

As in war.
(Yes, you don't get coconuts from a napalmed tree.)

All the young men may leave the battlefield, but not until the toy soldier is banished from the nursery will wars cease.—*Eli Haig*

The tragedy of war is that it uses man's best to do man's worst.—*Harry Emerson Fosdick*

You are not going to get peace with millions of men in arms. The chariot of peace cannot advance over a road littered with cannons.—*Lloyd George*

Killing one man is murder; killing millions is a statistic.—*Robert Kennedy*

In peace, sons bury their fathers; in war, fathers bury their sons.—*Herodutus*

A thing is not necessarily true because a man dies for it.—*Oscar Wilde*

What Were They Like?

1 Did the people of Viet Nam
use lanterns of stone?
2 Did they hold ceremonies
to reverence the opening of buds?
3 Were they inclined to quiet laughter?
4 Did they use bone and ivory,
jade and silver, for ornament?
5 Had they an epic poem?
6 Did they distinguish between speech and singing?

1 Sir, their light hearts turned to stone.
It is not remembered whether in gardens
stone lanterns illumined pleasant ways.
2 Perhaps they gathered once to delight in blossom,
but after the children were killed
there were no more buds.
3 Sir, laughter is bitter to the burned mouth.
4 A dream ago, perhaps. Ornament is for joy.
All the bones were charred.
5 It is not remembered. Remember,
most were peasants; their life
was in rice and bamboo.
When peaceful clouds were reflected in the paddies
and the water buffalo stepped surely along terraces,
maybe fathers told their sons old tales.
When bombs smashed those mirrors
there was time only to scream.
6 There is an echo yet
of their speech which was like a song.
It was reported their singing resembled
the flight of moths in moonlight.
Who can say? It is silent now.

DENISE LEVERTOV

Killed in Action

A Short History of Warfare

Words and music by Malvina Reynolds
© Copyright 1966 by Schroder Music Co.

Moderate
Back in the Mid-dle A-ges, The nob-les fought the wars, The
(But) when the wars got dir-ty, With can-non balls and stuff, With
worst thing that they suf-fered from was fall-ing off a horse, They
slog-ging thro the rice pad-dies and real-ly play-ing rough, With
all wore heav-y ar-mour with lanc-es and with shield, And the
ak ak and mach-ine guns, Gren-ades and all like that, The
love-ly lad-ies watched them at the de-cor-a-ted field. But
no-bles gave the fight-ing to the pro-le-tar-i-at. Of
arm-our there was lit-tle, Of chain-mail there was none, The dog-face met the
bul-lets with his o-pen flesh and bone, The big shots stay and run the wars, Get
rich-er all the time, And the one who gets the glo-ry, Pos-thu-mous-ly but
sure-ly, Is the sold-ier of the line.

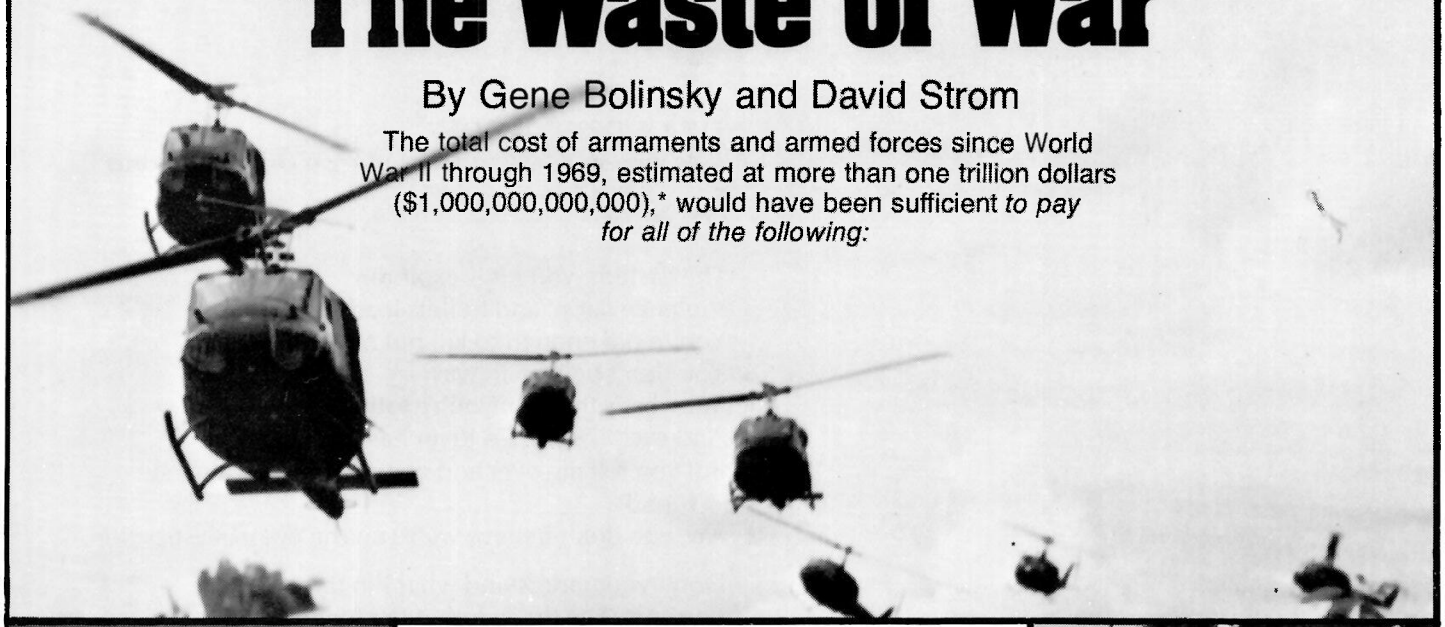
Under the sky is no uglier spectacle than two men with clenched teeth, and hellfire eyes, hacking one another's flesh; converting precious living bodies, and priceless living souls, into nameless masses of putrescence, useless only for turnip manure.

—Thomas Carlyle

The Waste of War

By Gene Bolinsky and David Strom

The total cost of armaments and armed forces since World War II through 1969, estimated at more than one trillion dollars ($1,000,000,000,000),* would have been sufficient *to pay for all of the following:*



A $20,000 house for all families living at the poverty level in the United States.

A $50,000,000 university for each city with a population of 500,000.

A $10,000,000 library for each of these cities.

A $3,000 automobile for every family in the United States.

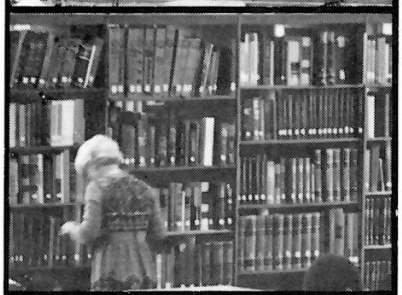
Medical expenses of up to $1,000 for every family in the United States for 10 years.

The salaries of 100,000 teachers at $10,000 per year for *100 years*.

The salaries of 100,000 nurses at $10,000 per year for *100 years*.

The salaries of *100,000 farm workers at $10,000* per year for *100 years*.

A free college education (estimated cost of $6,000) for every boy and girl between the ages of 17 to 21.



OR

A $10,000 income for each family at the poverty level for 10 years.

Gene Bolinsky and David Strom are teachers at the San Diego branch of California State University.

A state which dwarfs its men, in order that they may be more docile instruments in its hands even for beneficial purposes—will find that with small men no great thing can really be accomplished.

J. S. Mill
On Liberty

If all mankind minus one were of one opinion, and only one person were of the contrary opinion, mankind would be no more justified in silencing that one person, than he, if he had the power, would be justified in silencing mankind.

J. S. Mill
On Liberty

EVE OF DESTRUCTION
As recorded by Barry McGuire on Dunhill Records

P. F. Sloan

The eastern world it is explodin'
Violence flarin' and bullets loadin'
You're old enough to kill but not for votin'
You don't believe in war
But what's that gun you're totin'
And even the Jordan River has bodies floatin'
But you tell me over and over and over again, my friend
Aw, you don't believe we're on the eve of destruction.

Don't you understand what I'm tryin' to say
Can't you see the fear that I'm feeling today
If the button is pushed
There's no runnin' away
There'll be no one to save with the world in a grave
Take a look around you boy
It's bound to scare you boy
But you tell me over and over and over again, my friend
Aw, you don't believe we're on the eve of destruction.

My blood's so mad feels like coagulatin'
I'm sitting here just contemplatin'
You can't twist the truth
It knows no regulation
And a handful of senators don't pass legislation
Marches alone can't bring integration
When human respect is disintegratin'
This whole crazy world is just too frustratin'
And you tell me over and over and over again, friend
Aw, you don't believe we're on the eve of destruction.

Think of all the hate there is in Red China
Then take a look around to Selma, Alabama
You may leave here for four days in space
But when you return it's the same old place
The pounding of the drums the pride and disgrace
You can bury your dead but don't leave a trace
Hate your next door neighbor
But don't foget to say grace,
And you tell me over and over and over again, friend
Aw, you don't believe we're on the eve of destruction.

Footnote:

Years ago we spoke of Camelot and it had cogency. But then, alas, came November.

Cynicism, which in a way was part of Kennedy's character, became a nightmarish feature of the citizen's relation toward his government. The dreams have vanished

John F. Kennedy could, he once declared, understand a President's power to dispatch nuclear weapons or to order troops into combat or to collect taxes. But he could not fully comprehend or anticipate the power of suggestion possessed by a President, the effect of words hurled electronically around the globe. A few sentences could change the tone or outlook of an entire people. That, said Kennedy, was his greatest power—and challenge.

They are concerned about the matter of private property.

FELIX S. COHEN, DIALOGUE ON PRIVATE PROPERTY

9 Rutgers L.Rev. 357–361 (1954).

Private Property and Communism

C. Mr. Allen, do you believe in the American form of government?

A. I certainly do.

C. And do you disapprove of communism?

A. I do.

C. Then you must believe that there is an important difference between communism and our American form of government.

A. Yes. I believe there are many important differences. For one thing, we have a democratic form of government in this country, and under communism there is a dictatorship.

C. That is certainly an important difference, but it would be just as applicable to Fascist or feudal dictatorships as to a communist dictatorship. Can you be any more specific as to the important differences between our American form of government and communism which would not apply equally to other types of dictatorship?

A. I suppose that the most important point of difference is that we in the United States recognize rights of private property and communism abolishes private property.

C. You don't mean that communism is incompatible with private property in toothbrushes or other consumer goods?

A. No, I was thinking more of factories and railroads and such things, which are owned by the state under communism.

C. May not the state own factories or railroads or canals under our American form of government?

A. Yes, but that is exceptional under our form of government and normal under communism.

C. Would you say, then, that here in the United States we have a large degree of private property in capital goods, and that this is not generally the case in communist countries?

A. Yes, I think that would be a fair statement.

C. Certainly it would be a fairer statement than the statement we started with, that the United States recognizes and communism abolishes private property. In fact, any difference is clarified when we can reduce it to a question of degree, which is the starting point for measurement. Now it seems to me that we have come to a very important conclusion. We seem to be agreed that one of the significant facts of life today is that here in the United States we have a great deal of private property in capital goods.

C. Is there any dissent from this conclusion? Now, Mr. Black, do you really think that the existence of private property in capital goods is one of the facts of life? Or are you just being polite and agreeable in not objecting to our conclusion? Might it be that the existence of private property is just a matter of theory or words or semantics? Or to be more specific, suppose we took a factory that is owned by the United States Steel Corporation, and took another Are there some objective facts by which you could determine that one of these factories is private property and the other is not private property?

B. I suppose that in the United States Steel Corporation plant some individual would have the right to dispose of the products of the plant, and in the case of the Russian factory, the government would make these decisions.

C. Well, now, in both cases, some individual or group of individuals will decide what happens to the product, where the raw materials will be secured from, what wages will be paid to what employees, and so on. And in both cases there will be certain general laws or directives limiting these decisions of management. You say in the one case the individuals who make these decisions will be acting as private individuals, and in the other case they will be acting as government officials.

B. Yes, I suppose it comes down to that.

C. Now, suppose we call the board of directors of the United States Steel Corporation a Commissariat for Heavy Industry, and suppose we call the Russian Commissariat for Heavy Industry the board of directors of the Soviet Steel Corporation. Would that mean that Russia would be capitalistic and that the United States would be communistic? Is this difference that we are searching for purely a matter of words or semantics or theory, or is there some underlying objective fact that will persist, no matter what words we use to describe the individuals who make these decisions?

B. I think there is more to the distinction than just a matter of words or theories.

C. Let me read to you what Walton Hamilton says about property: "Property is a euphonious collection of letters which serves as a general term for the miscellany of equities that persons hold in the commonwealth." That is what Walton Hamilton says in his article on property in the Encyclopedia of the Social Sciences. Mr. Black, would you say that Walton Hamilton is a euphonious collection of letters?

B. No, I think he is a real individual.

C. And you also think that private property, in so far as it distinguishes our American form of government from the Russian form of government, is more than just words, or theories, that it reflects some basic reality, perhaps some basic differences of attitude and social organization and legal structure?

B. Yes, I think it does.

C. And you think there is a real difference between the American factory and the Russian factory even though the difference would not show up in a photograph?

B. Yes, I think there is.

C. Does anyone disagree with that conclusion? If not, it seems to me that we have come to a second important conclusion; namely, that there are some legal facts which are not just matters of words or definitions or theories, but which are objective in the sense that the facts remain no matter what kind of language we use to describe them, and

we might as well be talking about contracts, or crimes, or constitutions, or rules of law. Or we might be talking about mathematics or music. Here we are dealing with realities which have their origin in human institutions, but they are objective facts in the sense that we have to recognize their existence or else bump our heads against them.

Does Private Property Exist?

Now, let us see if we can get a clearer notion of the kind of facts that we are dealing with when we talk about property. We have all agreed that there is such a thing as private property in the United States, but suppose we run into a sceptic who refuses to accept our agreement. What evidence, Mr. Black, can you produce to show that private property really exists?

B. Well, here is a book that is my property. You can see it, feel it, weigh it. What better proof could there be of the existence of private property?

C. I can see the shape and color of the book very well, but I don't see its propertiness. What sort of evidence can you put forward to show that the book is your property?

B. Well, I paid for it.

C. Did you pay for your last haircut?

B. Yes.

C. And did you pay for last year's tuition, and last month's board, and your last railroad trip?

B. Yes.

C. But these things are not your property just because you paid for them, are they?

B. No, I suppose not, but now you are talking about past events and I am talking about a material object, a book, that I bought and paid for, which is something quite different from last year's tuition, or last night's dinner.

C. You could cite in support of that distinction, the definition of property given by Aigler, Bigelow and Powell: "Human beings . . . have various needs and desires. Many of these relate to external objects with which they are in some way associated. . . . The law of property may be looked at as an attempt upon the part of the state, acting through its courts and administrative officers, to give a systematized recognition of and protection of these attitudes and desires on the part of individuals towards things."

B. Yes, I think that clarifies our idea of property.

C. But is the copyright to a song a material, external object?

B. No, I suppose not.

C. And what about a mortgage or a patent on a chemical process or a future interest? These things can be property without being material objects, can't they?

B. Yes, I suppose they can.

C. Then what makes something property may be something intangible, invisible, unweighable, without shape or color?

B. I suppose that may be true in some cases, at least with respect to certain forms of intangible property.

C. Well, let's take the simplest case of tangible property, a piece of real estate, an acre of land on the outskirts of New Haven that you, let us assume, own in fee simple absolute. Would you say that the soil and the rock and the trees are tangible?

B. Yes, they certainly are.

C. But if you cut down the trees and sell them for firewood, the real property is still there on the outskirts of New Haven?

B. Yes.

C. And if you cut the sod and sell that, and dig up the top soil and sand and gravel and rock and sell that, the real property is still there on the outskirts of New Haven and you still have your fee simple absolute?

B. Yes.

C. Then a fee simple absolute is a sector of space in time and no more tangible than a song or a patent?

B. I see no way of avoiding that conclusion.

C. But you are not happy with this conclusion?

B. No, your questions seem to make property vanish into empty space.

C. Perhaps that is because you are assuming that reality always has a position in space. It seems to me that you and Aigler, Bigelow and Powell, are all prisoners of common sense, which is usually the metaphysics of 500 years back. In this case the current common sense is the metaphysical doctrine of Duns Scotus, William of Occam, and other 14th and 15th century scholastics, who held that all reality is tangible and exists in space. That idea runs through a great deal of common-law doctrine. Take, for example, the ceremony of *livery of seizin,* by which in transferring a possessory estate in land you actually pick up a piece of the sod and soil and hand to the grantee; or take the old common-law rule that a mortgage consists of a piece of paper, and if this piece of paper is destroyed, the mortgage disappears. Why should we assume that all reality exists in space? Do our differences of opinion exist in space? Why not recognize that spatial existence is only one of many realms of reality and that in dealing with the law we cannot limit ourselves entirely to the realm of spatial or physical existence?

"The old culture, when forced to choose, tends to give preference to property rights over personal rights, technological requirements over human needs..."

From the days of the earliest treaties, Indians were shocked at the white man's attitude toward land. The tribal elders laughed contemptuously at the idea that a man could sell land. "Why not sell the air we breathe, the water we drink, the animals we hunt?" some replied. It was ludicrous to Indians that people would consider land as commodity that could be owned by one man. The land, they would answer, supports all life. It is given to all people. No one has a superior claim to exclusive use to land, much less does anyone have the right to fence off a portion and deny others its use.

Vine Deloria, Jr.
We Talk, You Listen

Assuming for a moment that almost all elected officials, as well as all other people in a position to do something, are trying to alleviate problems facing our country, why aren't more solutions forthcoming?

TROUBLES IN RIP-OFF CITY

By Nicholas Von Hoffman

I BELIEVE that at this time instead of talking only about and primarily about what is wrong about America, it is time to stand up and speak about what is right about America. Because, you see, what is right about America enables us to correct those things that are wrong about America.

—PRESIDENT NIXON

★ ★ ★

IT'S EASY to talk about what's right in America if you don't live here. To the visitor the good things stand out because they're new and astonishing; the bad things are the same everywhere so a foreigner doesn't pick them out. To a touring Russian this must be one helluva fabulous country, but that ain't sayin' much.

Our Presidents are resident aliens so they also get very enthusiastic about the place. They should, the way they live.

If a President wants to toot up to New York city for a little visit, he has helicopter taxi service from his backyard to the airport. His plane gets immediate takeoff and landing priority. No hour and 20 minute holding patterns over La Guardia for him, which is why the flight controllers' squawks don't seem so important at the highest levels of government.

He never has to face rush hour traffic on the way in from the airport. It's moved out of the way for him—a vehicular parting of the sea—so he can roll into Manhattan at 60 miles an hour. Not only that, but they literally sweep the streets for him so that urban litter is an abstraction as he drives toward the best hotel suite in the city.

That's not just this President; that's all Presidents, and it's why they, and the people around them who live lives almost as un-American, look so confused when somebody squiggles in the door to tell them what's not right with America. Presidents don't look at America in the same way the natives do.

★ ★ ★

OUR PRESIDENTS know more about what's going on in Saigon than in New York. They don't know what it's like to get an apartment in New York, the biggest, most important city in what's right-with-America.

Recent real estate ads in the New York Times show that even a family making $20,000 a year can't afford to live there. Here are price quotations for small apartments located on the Upper West side of Manhattan in a neighborhood so famous for heroin and speed shooting, it's referred to as "the needlework district": Three rooms in an elevator building, $240 per month; garden apartment with modern kitchen, $375; one bedroom apartment with air conditioning, $310 a month.

New York has had rent control for 27 years, and while it has kept the rents down for some people, it's also destroyed landlord incentive to maintain the housing stock in good condition.

★ ★ ★

RECENT example is of the out of town young woman who had the misfortune of getting a job in New York. The living room floor in one, tiny, single bedroom apartment going for $320 a month that she looked at buckled up so high it looked like the housing of an automobile transmission.

"I'm ashamed to show it to you," the real estate agent said. "I wish the landlord would come here and rent them, but he couldn't look you in the eye. It's not all his fault though. These places are all built with union labor. You know what that means. It means that if you want the job done right you have to bribe the foreman to stand over them every minute and see they don't do sloppy work, which they'll do anyway, so then it has to be ripped out and done over again while you get charged overtime. To do it right would mean doubling the costs."

He was talking about the hardhats, the construction workers. This is the kind of work they do, but you can't blame them overly. George Meany is their leader; they live in rip-off city where they see everybody else getting his; they're lied to by Agnew-like politicians, driven paranoid, and told it's all right to steal so long as they support the foreign policy.

★ ★ ★

THE PRESIDENT should get on the Metroliner, preferably in one of those unfunctioning air-conditioned cars, ride up to Penn Station where his luggage will be stolen by a guy promising to get him a non-existent taxicab, and once there in the Big Apple, better he should take a bite. Then he'll find out there's a worm in it.

WE TALK, YOU LISTEN
By Vine Deloria, Jr.

We Talk, You Listen presents strong medicine and boldly unconventional thought from Vine Deloria, Jr., a Standing Rock Sioux and brilliant Indian spokesman who turns his penetrating vision toward the disintegrating core of American society.

Author of the best-selling *Custer Died For Your Sins,* Deloria writes in his Introduction: "There are a great many things happening today that can be related to ideas, movements, and events in Indian country—so many that it is staggering to contemplate them. American society is unconsciously going Indian. Moods, attitudes, and values are changing. People are becoming more aware of their isolation even while they continue to worship the rugged individualist who needs no one. The self-sufficient man is casting about for a community to call his own. The glittering generalities and mythologies of American society no longer satisfy the need and desire to belong. American society is undergoing a total replacement of its philosophical concepts."

If America is undergoing a philosophical, economic, and social revolution, tribalism, according to Deloria, may well be its salvation. His solution to the legacy of genocide, imperialism, capitalism, feudalism and liberalism centers around a uniquely Indian idea: that group identity and real community development are a kind of modern neo-tribalism, and the elements of American society—blacks, Indians, Mexican Americans, hippies—are in reality a collection of tribes.

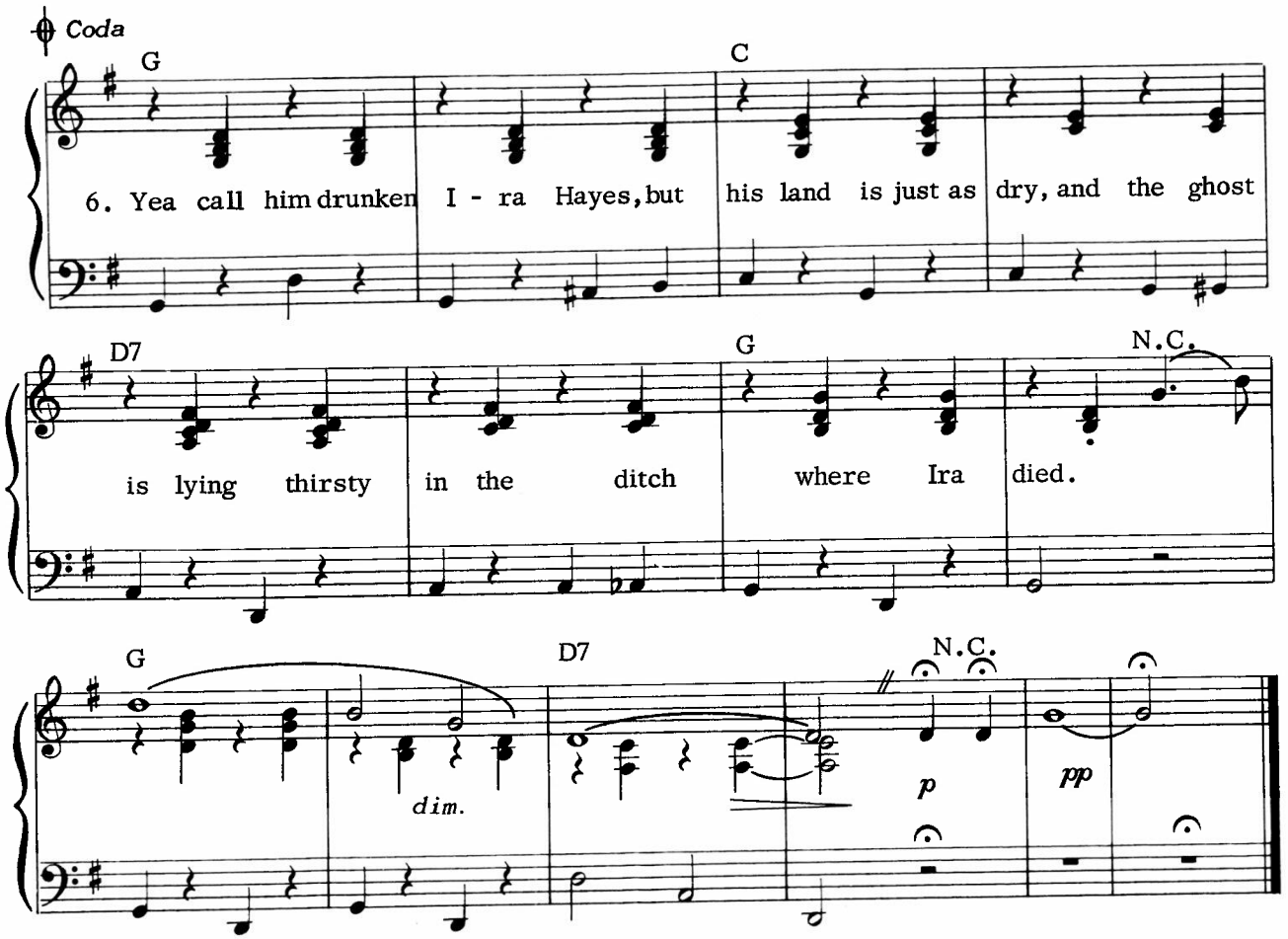
My hair and my clothes
And the sandals on my feet
Are just like what my parents saw
in the movies
When they were kids
Why didn't they see what I see?

J.B.H.

We're beginning to appreciate not the melting pot which suggests that we all become one, but the beauty of our diversity. Black is beautiful; Chicanos are winning respect; the Indian tribe may be a more fruitful form of government than we now endure.

THE BALLAD OF IRA HAYES

Freely
Peter La Farge
G
C
I - ra Hayes. I - ra Hayes. Call him
Chorus
Moderato
G D7 G F♯ G C
drunk-en I - ra Hayes, He won't an-swer an - y more; Not the
D7 Am D7 G C G
whis-key drink-in' In-dian, Not the ma - rine that went to war.
Verse 1-5
G Recitation C D7
D7 G Last time Coda D.S. 𝄋



Verses 1-5 *(Recitation)*

1. Gather 'round me, people; there's a story
I would tell,
About a brave young Indian you should
remember well;
From the land of the Pima Indians, a proud
and noble band;
Who farmed the Phoenix Valley in
Arizona Land. (D.S. 𝄋 Chorus.)

2. Down their ditches for a thousand years the
waters grew Ira's people's crops.
Till the white man stole their water rights and
their sparklin' water stopped.
Now Ira's folks grew hungry and their land grew
crops and weeds.
When war came Ira volunteered and forgot the
white man's greed. (D.S. 𝄋 Chorus.)

3. W'ell, they battled up Iwo Jima Hill—
two hundred and fifty men,
But only twenty-seven lived—to walk back
down again;
When the fight was over—and Old Glory raised,
Among the men who held it high was the
Indian—Ira Hayes (D.S. 𝄋 Chorus.)

4. Ira Hayes returned a hero—celebrated thru
the land,
He was wined and speeched and honored—
everybody shook his hand;
But he was just a Pima Indian—no water,
no home, no chance;
At home nobody cared what Ira done—and when
do the Indians dance? (D.S. 𝄋 Chorus.)

5. Then Ira started drinkin' hard—jail was often
his home;
They let him raise the flag and lower it—as you
would throw a dog a bone;
He died drunk early one morning—alone in the
land he'd fought to save;
Two inches of water in a lonely ditch—was the
grave for Ira Hayes. (D.S. 𝄋, then to Coda 𝄌.)

Who (or what) started it all, the unrest, the dissatisfaction, the confrontations? Some say it's the deteriorating quality of life in these United States. Some say it's the way we were brought up.

Effect, n. The second of two phenomena which always occur together in the same order. The first, called a Cause, is said to generate the other—which is no more sensible than it would be for one who has never seen a dog except in pursuit of a rabbit to declare the rabbit the cause of the dog.

Ambrose Bierce

One of the most dynamic characteristics of man, distinguishing him from other species and giving him pretensions to be more than merely a machine, is that, faced with an environment which threatens his self-development, his instinct is to change it. This instinct is sustained by his ability to sense—as he meshes the logic of his past with his intuitions of the present—the future implications of his actions. Expression of this instinct has brought the word *revolution* into currency.

Richard Kean,
Preface to *Dialogue on Education*

When I got home she wanted to know how come
And I said "Jimmy Taylor started it."
She said "Tell me."
Paul Lay said that Jimmy thought he could whip me
But I knew he couldn't
So I had Paul Lay set it up for us to meet in the darkroom
I got there about noon and it was dark
But Jimmy was already there
And his eyes were accustomed to dark
So he hit me pretty hard
Somehow I dragged him out where I could see
And we fought awhile
Later on Jimmy and I were friends again
And he wanted to know who started it
I said He did
And he said No I did
So we had another fight over that.

The Outside Agitation Myth

SYDNEY J. HARRIS

It has long puzzled me why authorities seem to feel that a bad situation can be made to look better by blaming it on "outside agitators." What does it really matter where the agitation comes from?

In most cases, of course, the allegation isn't true. When a demonstration erupts, or a riot explodes, it's usually because the pressure has burst from the inside, and no safety valve has been provided.

Agitators can agitate successfully only when the community supplies no realistic alternatives. Communists have been agitating in the U.S. for 50 years, and have not succeeded in recruiting as much as one percent of the population into party ranks.

★ ★ ★

INDEED, one of the great testimonials to the loyalty and basic trust of the American Negro was the fact that he—who might have been thought to have the least to lose and the most to gain—never succumbed to Communist enticements even during the darkest days of the Depression. Here was a pure "proletariat," and it did not respond.

It was not until the Negro realized that America's promises outran its performance that he changed his name to black, and took on an air of militancy. And, even here, the Marxist influence is negligible.

When the blacks, or the students, or any other group, begin to engage in civil disobedience, the first reaction of the authorities is to blame those "outside agitators." The implication being that without such inflammatory aliens, the natives would be happy and passive.

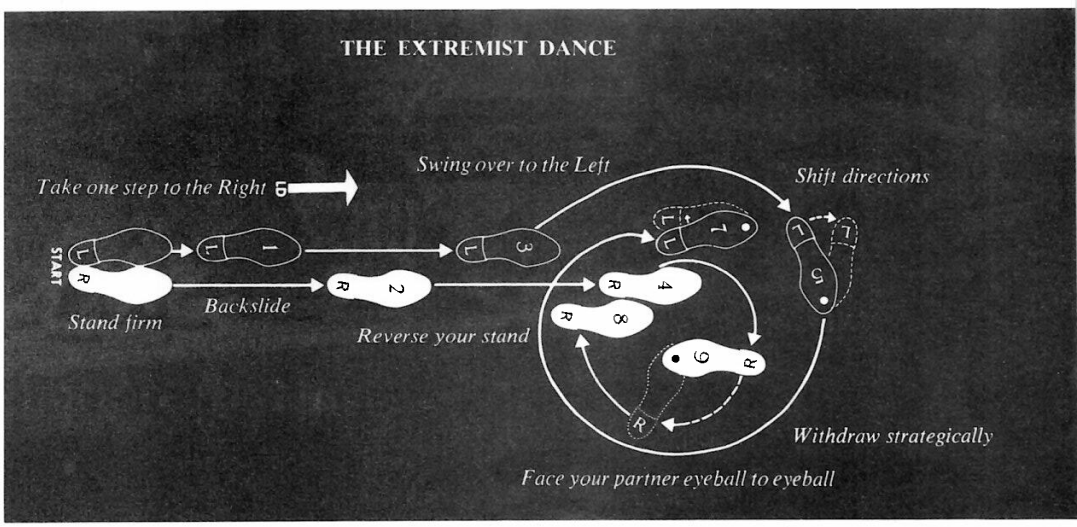
Obviously, that is a lot of hogwash. If strangers can come into a community and incite the residents to social action, all this means is that the fuse was there waiting to be lit.

★ ★ ★

IF I WERE A MAYOR or a governor, I would be ashamed to admit that a few bedraggled orators were able to lead my constituency into militant opposition; it would imply that I have done a rotten job of tending to their needs, responding to their complaints, and assuring their rights.

A good and decent administration would inoculate its people against such agitators—not by banning or jailing them but by making sure that grievances are promptly and justly taken care of, that lines of communication are open, that the instruments of law are equally available to all segments, not used by one group against the other.

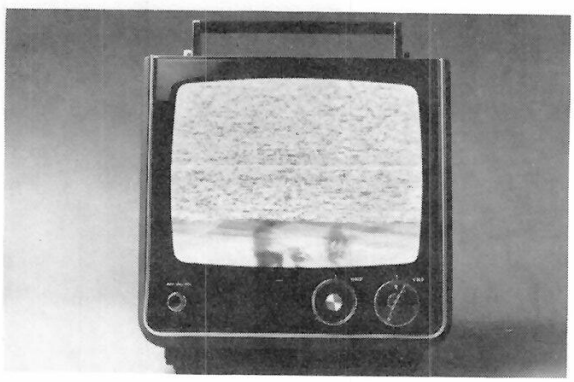
When peaceful alternatives are available, nobody but a nut will listen to the voices of violence.



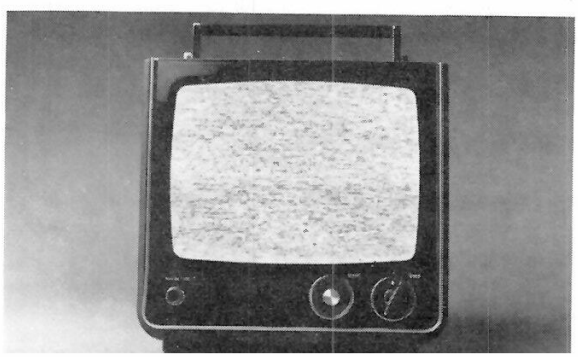
People just like to watch color and motion. Color + motion have plenty of meaning in themselves. If we are not careful, the new generations won't listen to anything that isn't colorful + moving, which would eliminate the U.S. Government.

The real
The news media, both broadcast and print, continue to be the center of controversy. Have they gone too far or aren't they going far enough?

The very heart of a democracy is an open free-flow of information. Without it, our system of government cannot exist. A non-informed electorate is no electorate at all. Without freedom to investigate and report the news from every angle, the members of the press become corporate and government spokesmen. We must keep the channels of communication open to all, even when it hurts.



The ideal
An open society in which information is passed freely back and forth.
The more we know, the better off we are.



AtlanticRichfieldCompany

Are we killing ourselves by creating too much life?

THE AGE OF OVERBREED

SIR JULIAN HUXLEY

Unless he chooses to mend his reproductive ways, man is heading for the greatest disaster in his history. Why is it that we—the human species—have not yet become fully alive to this frightening fact? Partly because of the common human tendency to put off facing disagreeable facts until the last possible moment, but largely because people have not learned to think in terms of human processes and trends rather than of material mechanisms and systems. They have not learned to think of man as both a product of and an agent in the over-all process of evolution, and in particular, they have not bothered to think quantitatively about this basic process of population growth and have failed to realize how it is threatening to change the entire quality of human existence for the worse. It is exerting disastrous pressure on all our resources and eroding the bases of civilized existence.

It is becoming clear that if we do not act soon, man will become the cancer of the planet, destroying its resources and eventually his own future self.

Let me begin with a few figures. World population is now, in 1965, nearly 3¼ billion and is multiplying at a compound interest rate of about 1¾ percent a year, which is producing an increase of over 60,000,000 in the present year—the equivalent of the whole population of the U.S. in three years. When I last wrote about population two years ago, the annual increase was estimated at about 55,000,000; the rise since then is partly automatic — an increasing population will give a bigger increase each year—but it is partly due to faulty estimation. As census figures improve, earlier estimates of increase have always proved too low.

This means a daily increase of 160,000, the equivalent of one of our British New Towns every day through the year—and of over 110 every minute, the equivalent of 11 baseball teams complete with manager. (And yet there are people so quantitatively illiterate that they talk of shipping our surplus population to other planets!)

Next year the absolute net increase will of course be greater, even if the rate of increase stays the same, but actually the *rate* is increasing, too—in other words, population increase is accelerating. For most of man's history, the compound interest rate must have been below one tenth of one percent per annum. It reached one percent in the early years of this century, is now about 1¾ percent and is almost certainly still going up.

It took the human species, Homo sapiens, at least 100,000 years to reach two thirds of a billion. This was in 1650—the first period for which we have even approximately good figures. From this date, it took nearly 200 years for world population to double itself once, but the second doubling took only 100 years. It has more than doubled itself again in the 64 years of the present century and will certainly double itself still again within the next 40 years.

Barring accidents like a nuclear war, what about the future? By the year 1999 (which I choose rather than 2000 for the same reason that shopkeepers price an article at $1.98 rather than $2), world population will certainly have reached six billion, and may well be nearer seven billion. If the present rate of increase still continues, by 2050 A.D. world population will be around 20 billion, and by 2500 A.D. (and half a millennium is a very short time in the perspective of evolution) there will be only one square yard of dry land for every human being.

Which, of course, as Euclid would say, is absurd. No population, human or animal, can continue to multiply geometrically, by compound interest, because this involves unlimited increase, and the environment and its resources are limited. This is true even if the rate of increase is very low, as Darwin pointed out for elephants. But during the last hundred years, our rate of increase has become very high—high enough to cause what has properly been called the Population Explosion.

Ironically enough, this sinister and threatening phenomenon has been caused by the beneficent and praiseworthy activities of medical science and public health in preserving life. It is the result of death control. Mortality has gone down, especially infant mortality, which not so long ago in many countries accounted for the deaths of a third or even a half of all babies born, before they had reached the age of one. The expectation of life of a Roman citizen even at the height of the Empire was only 30 years; in tropical countries less than a century ago, it was often only 20. Today it is rising everywhere, and in some Western countries is over 70.

Everyone will agree that in itself death control is desirable and good. It is good that babies should not die in infancy and that men and women should enjoy longer life. But death control can itself get out of control, and then its results are undesirable. Death control has posed us with the disastrous problem of overpopulation. To this, there is only one desirable answer—birth control: the balancing of birth rate against death rate. There is, however, an alternative but undesirable answer which I may call death de-control: reversion to nature's crude methods of balancing birth and death through famine, disease and killing.

Man, n. An animal so lost in rapturous contemplation of what he thinks he is as to overlook what he indubitably ought to be. His chief occupation is extermination of other animals and his own species, which, however, multiplies with such insistent rapidity as to infest the whole habitable earth and Canada. *Ambrose Bierce*

red tide

John W. Campbell

Every so often, for some reason or combination of reasons, a variety of nanoplankton of the dinoflagellate type, start reproducing wildly. The "nanoplankton" embraces varieties less than five microns in diameter; they're small. For years they slipped through the fine-meshed nets marine biologists used in collecting plankton, and were thought to be rare and unimportant. They're not unimportant; when they go into one of those population explosions, quintillions of the wee beasties build up a high population density. Their metabolic wastes aren't particularly toxic under normal conditions—but when that immense population, in a high density, starts living in the sea—practically everything else dies. And, of course, they die too, presently, for no organism can live in a medium of its own by-products.

The resultant "red tide"—the seas are tainted red with their immense numbers—kills millions of fish, and Florida in particular has a serious health problem. Millions of dead fish on the beaches and in the shore waters give off their own form of toxins. Despite the herculean efforts of pelicans, gulls, and assorted shore creatures, the garbage disposal division of the ecology gets overloaded.

It isn't that the dinoflagellates are particularly poisonous; they aren't. They live normally in harmony with all the other forms of sea life; it's only when they undergo the population explosion that such a high density of the algae overloads the living zone with by-products.

A great deal has been said and written about the human population explosion—and currently a lot is being said about pollution control. But it hasn't been adequately pointed out that the two problems are intimately and directly related.

When our ancestors settled in America, and first started building their homes in the primeval woodlands, they dumped all their sewage in the local streams, and they had no pollution problems. Somewhat later, as villages grew up, they started using outhouses and cess pools, and had no troubles.

Well, if it was good enough for grandpaw, how come it ain't good enough for grandson?

Partly because our Colonial Period great-great-grandfathers had ten children, who had eight or nine kids each, who had . . .

It isn't a different kind of problem—it's just a much greater density that makes the trouble. Like the phytoplankton red tide, it's the density, not the organism, that causes the trouble.

Conservationists and pollution fighters talk in terms of pollution by industrial sources. They're worried about the by-products of the metabolism of a human society—which would cause no trouble at all, if the quantity weren't so immense. And the quantity is immense solely because there are too many living human beings.

Usually the problem of population explosion is discussed in terms of the starvation of the immense numbers because it's impossible to grow enough food. The anti-Malthusians answer that improving technology will solve that problem by growing more food.

One of the most important—if not the most important—causes of the death and destruction of lakes and ponds, the killing off of fish in streams, is mankind's oldest industry—farming.

Plant forms, particularly the algae, are limited in their growth by numerous factors—predators such as herbivorous marine animals do a fine job of keeping the population down under normal conditions. But there is a much more fundamental limitation on their growth—starvation. It's a bit hard to realize that an algal life form, that synthesizes its metabolic needs from the seawater it floats in, carbon dioxide and sunlight, can suffer starvation—but they do.

The area of the earth's seas that has the densest population of living things is *not* in the tropics. The tropic seas are practically deserts. Far and away the most life-filled waters are the antarctic seas, and the great ocean currents, leading from the antarctic, such as the famed Humboldt Current, off the west coast of South America. Those waters teem with life.

All food chains on Earth start with photosynthesizers, the plant forms that can trap solar radiation and build up fats, starches and proteins, and give off oxygen. Animal life can live where there are plants to support it. And where herbivores thrive, carnivores cluster.

The plant forms thrive best in the icy waters of the antarctic—which sounds insane. In the coldest waters of the planet, where sunlight is, at the very best, dilute, and totally missing for weeks at a time, *there* is the best place for marine plants?

It is, because there they don't starve for minerals.

All life forms on Earth depend on that complex molecule adenosine triphosphate for their energy-transfer needs. Plants use chlorophyll to trap solar energy, and transfer it to adenosine triphosphate, which then transfers it to complex proteins to build starches and sugars and fats. Adenosine triphosphate is one molecule

that no living cell on Earth can exist without.

And not even plants can synthesize phosphorous atoms. They've got to have mineral phosphate—or drop dead. Abundant CO_2, water nitrogen, sunlight, and all the other minerals of seawater are useless without phosphate.

The difficulty is that mineral-rich seawater tends to be denser than mineral-poor water—it tends to sink toward the bottom. Moreover, bottom water everywhere in the oceans is cold, because water reaches its maximum density at about 4°C. Once chilled to that temperature, it sinks, and stays sunk because the top water, which is warmer, acts as an insulating blanket to keep it cold. In the tropics, the blazing sun can't warm the deep waters—which hold the life-necessary minerals.

So the tropic seas are deserts.

But in the antarctic seas, the top water gets cold—colder even than the 4° bottom water—as the polar winds drive it toward freezing. The frigid top water is now not appreciably different in density from the deep water. This, plus strong currents, causes mixing that brings the mineral-rich waters up from the deep realm of eternal darkness into the upper realm of the polar half-light.

The polar seas swarm with life like no others.

It's been some time now since men discovered that putting phosphate and nitrate materials on their fields would cause their crops to grow faster, better, and produce more food. A large part of the technology that has made it possible to support that ever-increasing population of human beings is the technology of fertilizers.

The only trouble is, the rains that make crops possible also wash out the fertilizer molecules, into the lakes, ponds and streams where the algae have, all these ages, been living on the brink of mineral starvation.

A sort of red tide effect sets in. Algae are plants, oxygen producers; it seems impossible that they should kill fish by oxygen starvation when they start growing wildly—but they do. In part, it's algal by-products that become toxic in high concentrations made possible by fertilizers. But in large measure it's because algae aren't immortal as individuals—only as a species. Billions die and leave trillions of descendants which die and leave qua-drillions of cells which . . .

The dead algae sink out of the sunlight, and assorted bacteria start carrying out their garbage disposal role. But these bacteria, in consuming the dead algae, consume oxygen. Most of the oxygen the algae produce while living escapes into the atmosphere; the gas isn't very soluble in the relatively warm water of ponds and rivers. Presently the consumption of dead algae has used up all the available oxygen—and the fish start dying.

Now when oxygen-consuming bacteria ferment organic wastes, the odor produced, as various gases escape, is quite mild and not annoying—about like fresh dishwater. But when the supply of oxygen is exhausted, a different crew of bacteria moves in—the anerobes. They don't need elemental oxygen; they can use the oxygen in H_2O, which is a neat trick, but noisome. They're the ones that make a stinking swamp stink.

Adding to the problem of agricultural fertilizer runoff is the runoff of sewage containing modern detergents. Oh, they're biodegradable now, of course—but just about the most effective of all detergent formulations requires phosphates. Calcium pyrophosphate, for instance, is the basis for a detergent that will clean glassware sparkling clean, even in extremely hard water, where ordinary dishwasher detergents leave cloudy spots and streaks. The laundry comes out white and sparkling, thanks to complex phosphates. You'd be surprised how really potent a good household laundry detergent is; try soaking a piece of greasy, painted machinery in a bucket of hot water and your wife's laundry detergent. It'll take the grease off beautifully—and the paint will come off in sheets, too. And the steel won't be corroded in the slightest, of course; they're strongly alkaline, and steel won't rust in alkali.

Meanwhile, back at the farm, even the farms in Asia, changes are being made. For the first time in history, southeast Asia has a surplus of rice for export this year—so much so, it's worrying a lot of Asian governments. Japan's got the stuff overloading their storage facilities, and now that they have a lot to export—they can't because everybody else in the area has, too!

That's thanks to the Philippine development of the new super-high-producing strain of rice called IR-8. It yields three to four times as much rice per acre.

If, that is, the fields are fertilized properly. Phosphates and nitrates are needed, naturally, as the old strains didn't . . .

O.K., so we have a technology that produces more food so we can breed more people.

But it is also destroying the ecology of the planet.

Conservationists howling about phosphates destroying fish in streams and lakes may possibly get away with attacking Mama's highly effective detergents, and forcing her back to second-rate detergents. But what chance do they have of making the agricultural industry stop using fertilizers? And still feed the human "red tide," that is.

Moreover, note that producing those phosphates and nitrates requires immense quantities of energy for mining, transporting, grinding, processing, and reducing the phosphate rock. That rock is stubborn enough to make it practical to recover the phosphorus needed by breaking it loose as elemental phosphorus in electric furnaces. It takes *energy* to break the insoluble and chemically unavailable phosphate rock down to compounds that plants can use.

Now there's nothing wrong with automobiles; they didn't cause any pollution problems for years and years. An automobile still isn't a serious pollution problem. *An* automobile. It's the 90,000,000 or so metal monsters that constitute the largest source of atmospheric pollution.

Currently California has the most stringent laws on automobile pollution controls; new cars sold in that state have to have reasonably effective pollution-control devices installed.

But as every California driver knows, *an* automobile isn't going

to cause any trouble. And the pollution-control devices slightly decrease the efficiency of the engine, somewhat reducing maximum power output and gas mileage. And they have to be maintained, of course, and the engine adjusted, or the device is, presently, practically useless.

So quite a few annoyed car owners have simply removed the devices from their own cars. After all, they know perfectly well that one automobile isn't dangerous, and "Mine's only one."

O.K., friends—is that a typically human reaction?

And the current widely popular philosophy of the young that no man should be forced to do anything he doesn't want to means that such rejection of pollution control is perfectly proper and moral, doesn't it?

This makes it much more popular to attack the great, greedy, villainous Power Industry, because electric power plants are second only to the automobile as pollution sources. Few other industries even approach the electric power companies as atmosphere polluters.

Yeah, sure—because the others are all buying their energy from the power companies, thereby not having to use fuels themselves. Like the phosphate producers that use electric furnaces to reduce phosphorus. See, it's the power industry that makes all that pollution!

Incidentally, I saw Walter Cronkite, on CBS TV fall for a propaganda gag that was a honey. Somebody had told him that sulfur dioxide in air gradually turns to sulfuric acid. And that all living things contained sugar. "And now," said Cronkite, "watch what sulfuric acid does to sugar," and somebody in a white lab coat poured some sulfuric acid onto some sugar in a beaker.

As any chemist knows, the result was a fizzing and bubbling, and the sugar rapidly turned into a horrible mess of jet-black foam.

Spectacular—but somebody was pulling a propaganda hoax on Cronkite; that was totally irrelevant to the problem of pollution. Cronkite would have been a better reporter if he'd inquired a little more into what was going on.

It's based on the fact that pure sulfuric acid—H_2SO_4—is one of the most fantastically active dehydrating agents around. It has a ferocious hunger for water; it'll yank it out of chemical combination even, to get H_2O to produce the hydrated form $H_2SO_4.H_2O$—plus a lot of heat. Drop pure H_2SO_4 into water, and each drop hisses like a hot iron because of that powerful hydration reaction.

Sugar, as a carbo-hydrate, falls into the general formula $C_n\ H_{2n}\ O_n$—carbon plus water. Sulfuric acid simply grabs the water loose, and leaves the carbon as a black foamy mass.

To do this, the sulfuric acid has to be very forcefully pried loose from the water it normally has with it. Battery acid, for instance, won't do any such trick—it already has a decent amount of water.

And sulfuric acid in the air satisfies its needs by absorbing humidity to make a very dilute solution.

It might be interesting to show what happens to living cells when there was no "sulfuric acid" around. Since all living tissues must have some sulfur containing amino acids, an organism totally deprived of sulfur sources would obviously die. This proves sulfuric acid is good for you?

Pollution is a real problem, with no simple solutions. Cheap propaganda tricks, such as that Cronkite presented, are no help; they confuse the issue—and it definitely doesn't need any more confusion than is inherent in it.

It doesn't need the confusion produced by attacking the power companies that are burning fuels efficiently so that thousands of other industrial plants won't have to burn them inefficiently.

And recognize that if really good electric batteries are developed, and good electric cars become available—the power plants will immediately be the Number One Producers of Pollution. They'll be burning the fuel to produce the electricity stored in your pollution-free automobile. Then people can *really* scream about those awful power plants.

As a matter of fact, the pressure currently to make power companies use fossil fuel plants, not nuclear plants, is a magnificent example of misdirected high-minded idealistic Conservation.

Fossil fuels release carbon dioxide and monoxide into the atmosphere—as well as the sulfur the living organisms needed in their life processes, before they were fossilized—and they therefore directly affect the biosphere. The huge tonnage of CO_2 can have some interesting effects on climate—though meteorologists and climatologists, as of now, don't know enough to predict whether it'll bring on an ice age, or lead to melting the glaciers we now have. They're pretty certain that it will do something.

The only type of energy source that does not have to interact massively with the biosphere is nuclear energy. Hydroelectric power . . . ? Oh, but remember what dams can do to change the ecology of a region! Of course, if you can find an adequate natural cataract—a Niagara Falls, or Victoria Falls—in a convenient location . . . but then, people don't want the beautiful Niagara Falls turned off just to keep their air conditioners running, do they?

The whole thing, complex as it is, boils down to a simple proposition.

We can solve the whole sticky problem by getting rid of about eighty percent of the human population of the planet.

Earth is suffering from a "red tide" of human population explosion.

See how simple the solution really is?

Hard work and thrift will take anyone to the top. Won't it?

Points of Rebellion

WILLIAM O. DOUGLAS

The specter of hunger that stalks the land is likely to ignite people to violent protest.

Families that make less than $3,000 a year number 13 million.

Families making less than $2,000 a year, 11 million.

Families making less than $1,000 a year, 5 million.

The condition is not peculiar to any particular State, but is nationwide. Of course, a rural family making in the neighborhood of $3,000 a year may be relatively well-off—if it has a cow, chickens, and vegetable garden. But, as the poor are driven from the land by the technological revolution in agriculture and pile up in the urban centers, these statistics on our "poor" become ominous.

The federal food program is not responsive to that growing need. It is designed by the agro-business lobby to restrict production, keep prices high, and assure profits to the producers. That lobby controls the Department of Agriculture, which as a result has made feeding the poor a subordinate and secondary function.

In one year Texas producers, who constitute .02 per cent of the Texas population, received 250 million dollars in subsidies, while the Texas poor, who constitute 28.8 per cent of the Texas population, received 7 million dollars in food assistance.

Of the thirty million poor, less than six million participate in either the national food stamp program or the surplus commodity program.

A pilot food stamp project was established in two counties of South Carolina in 1969. If a poor family makes under $360 a year, it gets food stamps free under that pilot project. A poor family making more than that but less than $1,000 a year pays for food stamps, even though the family income is not sufficient to meet family necessities. Nationwide, 17 per cent of the family budget goes for food—*on the average*. The poor who buy food stamps pay much more.

A family of four makes, say, $1,000 a year and pays $40 a month for food stamps that are worth $70. That helps; but the families still cannot afford it. Moreover, these food stamp programs do not exist as a matter of right. While the federal government pays some of their costs, the state or local government, not Washington, D.C., must initiate the food stamp program.

What do local people think of their poor? That they are a worthless lot? That hard work and industry would cure their lot? That if the local poor are well-fed they may stay; but if they are left on their own, they may emigrate and settle down in some metropolitan ghetto?

The local agencies also determine what families are "eligible" for food stamps. Their word is the law, for there are no procedures and no agency or surveillance to make sure that people are not made "ineligible" because of race, creed, or ideological views. Retailers who may receive food stamps and turn them into the local bank for cash have prescribed remedies if they are discriminated against. But the faceless, voiceless poor have no such recourse.

The hungry people have to go to the County Courthouse to be processed for "eligibility." This chore, an easy one for the sophisticated, is very nearly a barrier to the illiterate poor. Getting to town, some thirty or forty miles away, is one difficulty. Standing in line a day or more and being interrogated on personal affairs by complete strangers is another barrier. If the food program is to be effective, the agency people must take it into the hovels of the poor.

One aspect of the hunger problem concerns school lunches, originally started to help dispose of surpluses and thus protect the producers against declines in the market. They are now part of a "feeding the hungry" project. Official reports give glowing accounts of the progress made; and there has been some. But, again, whether there are school lunches in any community depends on the local school board. In schools where there are few poor students, the poor are fed. In schools where most children are poor, the school board often does not supply enough money to feed them all.

The person who must pick those allowed to eat on the limited budget is the principal. The result is that some hungry children go without lunches—80.8 per cent in Virginia, 70.4 per cent in West Virginia, 73.5 per cent in Pennsylvania, and 86.8 per cent in Maryland. Overall, the national figures show that at least two out of three needy children do not receive school lunches.

Yet, the total number of school children from families at the rock-bottom poverty level is six million.

We do not know how the two million is chosen from the six. But we do know that at times the principal disqualifies a hungry child based on his judgment of the moral character of the parents, not on the child's need.

And there is no way for the parents or the child to review that ruling of the principal.

Ninety-nine of the 253 counties in Texas took no part in the federal food program in 1968. Texas has the largest farm subsidy total in the nation but denies food aid to more poor people than any other State.

In Tuscaloosa, Alabama, forty-nine producers divided $605,000 for not growing crops, while 21,409 poor people had no access to the federal food program.

Some States—notably New York, Louisiana, Massachusetts, and South Carolina—contribute to the cost of school lunches. But in the other States the local contribution is minor. The federal government pays about one-third of the cost of lunches (if donated food is included); the children pay the rest.

No matter what the propagandists say, hungry school children who have had lunches, in the main, either pay for the food themselves or are beneficiaries of the meager amount the federal government has put into the program.

In 1968 when Resurrection City was erected in Washington, D.C., there were Congressional hearings on this problem. An American of Mexican ancestry testified:

"We are here with brothers of other races, here in unity, in love for each other. We are all poor. We speak for the oppressed, for the hungry thousands that exist in this country, to the tortures of many kinds that have been applied to us.

"We have become immune and still exist, because our pride and honesty keep us going. We are the ghosts, the sons of chiefs, gods, kings and revolutionists, here to haunt you for what is rightfully ours—the human right to exist. We come here with the same problems and the same objectives. We are a proud race of people in a racist society. We look, we feel, we eat sometimes, we sleep, we walk, we love, and we die the same.

"If we are to be heard here and across the country today —it has taken a long time for you to hear the complaints up to now but don't forget we Mexican-American people have waited four hundred years to be heard—if you intend to help us, do so now. Don't pass the buck or stall any longer."

The problem of hunger—like the ghetto problem and the racial problem—has festered for years. The Puritan ethic that hard work and thrift will take anyone to the top has conditioned much of our thinking and has made us slow to deal with the problems of hunger and ghettos. Those problems suddenly loom large and ominous because of the mounting population and the growing dependence of people on government.

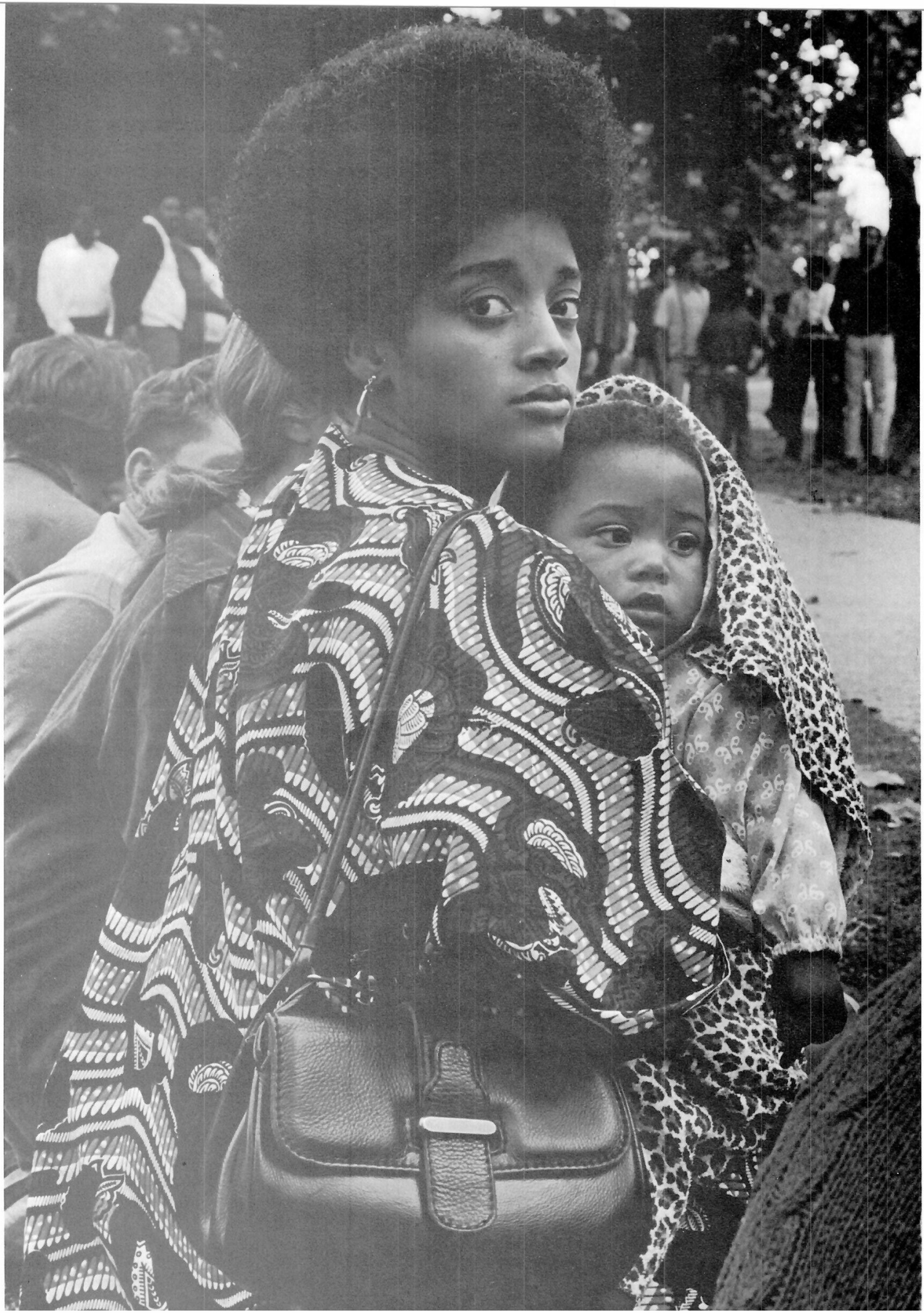
Property has assumed a different form. To the average man it is no longer cows, horses, chickens, and a plot of land. It is government largesse—farm subsidies, social security, veterans' benefits, unemployment insurance, old-age pensions, medicare, and the like. Even business has a towering stake in government largesse, as witness the $80 billion dollar budget of the Pentagon.

The political struggles ahead are for increasing shares of government largesse. The opposed forces are numerous. On one side are powerful lobbies such as the industrial-military complex, the agro-business lobby, and the highway lobby. These have powerful spokesmen. The poor, the unemployed, and the disemployed are opposed—and they are not well organized.

The use of violence as an instrument of persuasion is therefore inviting and seems to the discontented to be the only effective protest.

Our key problem stems from the fact that we have made the value of a man synonymous with the economic value of the toil he performs: we fail to recognize that people should have a claim on resources even if they do not toil. The measure of destruction of our values is, I believe, shown in the fact that those living in an industrial society find it natural that people do not receive an adequate amount of food, clothing, and shelter even though there is surplus food in storage and the possibility of producing more housing and more clothing if we gave people the money to buy them. We can contrast this view with that of the so-called primitive societies; in many of these it was literally impossible to starve unless the whole community was starving. George Peter Murdoch, the celebrated anthropologist, described the reaction of one group of natives when he tried to explain the problem of the poor in Western countries. There was stark disbelief: "How can he have no food? Does he have no friends? How can he have no house? Does he have no neighbors?"

Robert Theobald,
An Alternative Future for America



Two Little Boys

Have you seen the skinny little boy
That chases the white ghost at night?
Face puffed up/tracks in his arm and his mind blown
His momma somewhere drinking
And talking about survival
Pop's in jail or downtown at the Y.
The little boy chases the white ghost with his friend
And they get HIGH/and they get HIGH
Like cloud nine
Where everything is fine

Have you seen two little boys running past you
With a lady's purse?
The stole a black woman's purse
The other day
Yesterday/today/tomorrow
Face puffed up
Tracks in their arm
Eyes popping out of their skulls
And their minds blown
And they get HIGH/and they get HIGH
Talkin' 'bout trippin/talkin' 'bout flyin'
Talkin' 'bout getting HIGH/gettin' HIGH

Have you seen two little guys sitting in Sylvia's
Stuffing chicken and cornbread down their tasteless mouths?
Trying to revive a dying heart
Shrinking lungs and wasted minds
Have you seen the sickness of our people?

And all the while we parade around
In robes of our ancestors
And wisdoms of the universe
And all the while there are children dying
Chasing the white ghost
Whitey is dying and his f------ ghost is killing us

Oh beautiful black hands
Reach out and snatch the death out of the youth of our nation

Oh beautiful black minds
Create, create the world for children to play with life
And not with death
Oh beautiful black brothers and sisters
Come together and create life
Come together and create love
Come together and create, create
Come together and create, create

AT LARGE

Kenneth Rexroth

Ever Gone Hungry?

This piece is being written in the lull between massacres on the campus and holocausts in the black ghettos. By the time it is published something awful is sure to have happened; but in the meanwhile, all is calm — at least here in our little cottage in the midst of its overgrown, disheveled garden. Peacocks cry off in the middle distance before dawn. Crows fly away cawing to each other at sunrise. Where to I've never known. The cat goes out and hunts mice and gophers, usually successfully. Towhees go over the ground scratching busily. As soon as the sun is well up the hummingbirds begin their rounds. Most flowers seem to produce honey about every two hours. The jays show up at mealtimes and beg for food. The woodpeckers send the same Morse code messages of love and territorial claims over and over and over. Nothing happens here. We are walled away from the world by cypress and pittosporum hedges that are now 30-foot trees. The only intruder is a black labrador that tips over the garbage can. Turn off the radio, turn off the Tv, stop the newspapers and magazines, disconnect the telephone. The human race in its crisis vanishes.

Earth Read Out comes in the mail. They've moved to Las Vegas, New Mexico, in the foothills of the Sangre de Cristos. They say there isn't enough water to go around even now. With rational exploitation and balanced use there is enough for less than two billion people. I take a daily bath and water the garden every day. Do swallows smell water? Whenever the sprinkler starts they show up, otherwise I never see them. In the slums of Brazil, it says, people stand in line for hours to get a couple of quarts of water.

It's easy to see why most people don't understand what's happening. How many Americans have ever gone hungry for a day? In fact, how many have ever gone two days without toothpaste? How many have ever met anyone who had been in jail or smoked marijuana? How many people can recognize a homosexual man unless he swishes and uses lipstick and mascara? How many have ever had that proverbial Negro home to dinner? How many have an honest, undistorted memory of their own childhood and youth? How many ever come in contact with actual poverty? How many San Franciscans have ever been to Hunters Point? How many customers of the chop suey joints and gewgaw shops in Chinatown have any idea of how the people upstairs are living?

This is the silent majority, who if they are well informed read *Barron's Weekly* and *Reader's Digest*. It is for them that the sports' pages, the stock market quotations and the funny paper are printed on a green or pink sheet—they can pull it loose and that's all they read, while Mom reads the recipes and society and fashions.

Social critics are always talking about America as the land of mass man, yet no people live more locked in upon themselves. Every day a typical Frenchman socializes for a while on a café terrasse. Italian life is organized around the piazzas of the cities. Even Germans spend considerable time in bierstubes, clubs and walking with their friends in the parks and countryside. Go to Golden Gate Park on a Sunday and keep your eyes and ears open. Most of the people strolling about have foreign accents or are colored. Polo is one of the most exciting of all games to watch. How many people will you find sitting in the free seats at the Polo Field?

Americans socialize in bars. Do they? They socialize in gay bars and they sexualize in pickup bars; otherwise they seem to go there solely to get drunk, and each drinker resents bitterly any intrusion. It seems to me a very expensive method of lonely drinking. Why not take a bottle home? Maybe it's a kind of exhibitionism. The typical American drinker spends all that money just to show other lonely drinkers how drunk he can get.

Try talking — if you know anything about it yourself — to your friends, or your associates at work about the actual personal life and problems of a college student, a Negro, an agricultural worker, a mother on welfare—not their stereotyped sociological or economic problems, but the real, personal, human, day to day facts of their lives. You'll discover that even in the most liberal circles you meet total incomprehension, and answers of empty formulas.

It's no better on the other side. Black militancy has led to an upsurge of frankness which has revealed that most blacks have fantastic ideas of white life. They are completely unaware that it differs hardly at all from their own. Theirs is just more old-fashioned because it's southern. They are always complaining about prejudice and discrimination when what they mean is the way everybody treats everybody else. Jerry Rubin's notion of the mores of the Establishment is a childish nightmare. Even my students have the most profound misconceptions of the motives and activities of their own parents.

Vietnam is far, far away, and tiny yellow men and great helmeted monsters in outlandish uniforms are doing horrible things. It's all a science fiction film, something happening on the planet of another sun.

I prune the ivy and feed the jays and read the Prajnaparamita Sutras. I'll tell you a secret. I have never had an affair with a typical, straight, square, American woman, and only two dates, one in high school. I wouldn't know what to say or what to do, or how to do it. □

San Francisco Magazine

By trying, we can easily learn to endure adversity. Another man's, I mean.

Mark Twain

Bread!

I've had to walk around with the sole of my shoe flopping,
And it didn't help when someone patted my head and said,
"You're a good boy"
I've been hungry
And I didn't feel any better when they told me
"Honesty always pays"
But
I did feel better when I stole some penny candy out of
Laddy Churchill's grocery store,
Tell me, just when do the meek inherit the earth?
And what'll be left when we get it?

J.B.H.

However mean your life is, meet it and live; do not shun it and call it hard names. It is not so bad as you are. It looks poorest when you are richest. The fault-finder will find faults even in paradise. Love your life, poor as it is. You may perchance have some pleasant, thrilling, glorious hours, even in a poorhouse.

Thoreau

foreword to "The Plum Plum Pickers"

The president of a multi-million-dollar grower-packer-shipper citrus farm in Florida once declared: "Migrants are the scum of the earth. Anything they get over forty cents an hour is gravy."

—quoted from "The Slaves We Rent" by Truman Moore, Random, 1965.

Written by EARL CONRAD

Raymond Barrio's "The Plum Plum Pickers" should cause a stir all along the Monterey Peninsula and a storm in Santa Clara County for the way in which the horrendous living conditions of the prune pickers are pictured.

The Santa Clara writer tells the story of Manuel and Lupe Gutierrez, Mexican migrants, and their children.

As he recounts the drama of their lives he alternates their story with hard-hitting shots at the "agricombines" that import the chicanos, oppress them, and defend themselves against the organizing pressures and aspirations of the Mexican and Indian-Mexican farmhands.

You meet a cast of characters like Turner, the company owner; Morales, the Spanish-speaking stooge-overseer; and Quill, the general manager of the Western Grande fruit plantation, as the figures come into conflict with a phalanx of migrant fruit pickers imported from Texas.

The story is at its best when it depicts the migrants in all their human warmth, victimization, and desperate yearning for better living.

Barrio, who knows his county and its inhabitants better than the sheriff, limns his fruit pickers against the beautiful mountainous background, the big Bay, and the California skies.

All the more wretched therefore is their denial in the congested camp conditions where they are consigned to live in squalid cubicles.

This picture of social conditions is a reminder of the earlier school of social and proletarian literature, but once more it seems valid and necessary.

There are millions of Spanish-speaking people in the United States, and many of these exist on the migrant-unemployed-disadvantaged level.

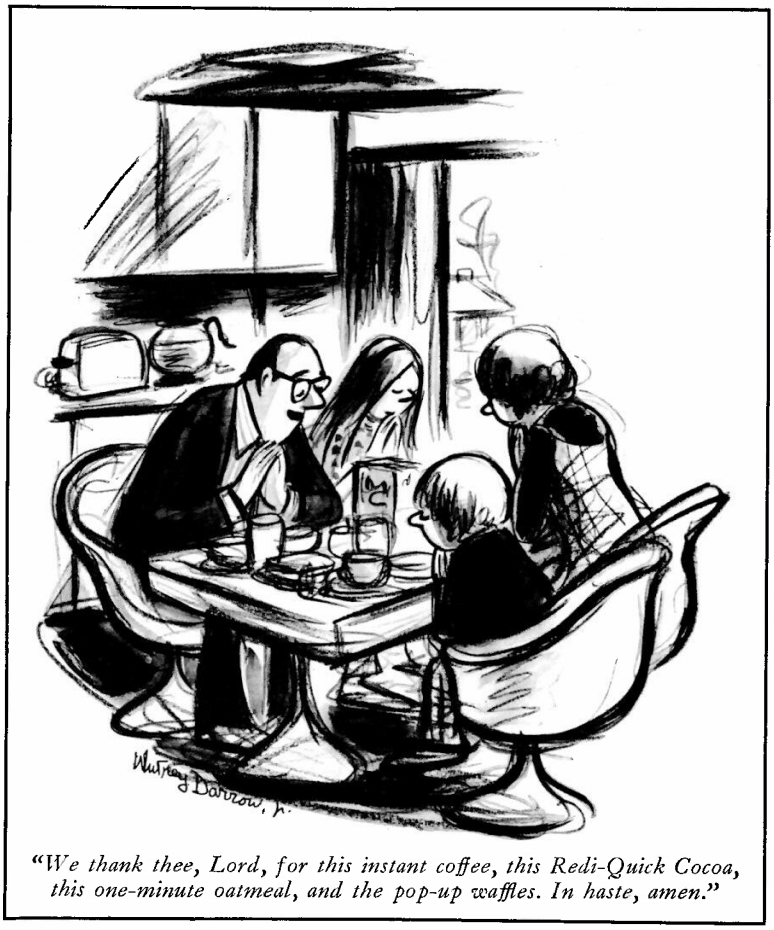
Barrio's novel speaks in a substantial way to that interest.

There are some beautiful scenes as the chicanos toil in the orchards, try to make do in their squalid camp lives, dream of better days to come, and look to the Mexican and Aztec heroes of the past for inspiration, so as to get on and above the level that they are now condemned to.

The novel is strongest when it pictures a mass of people unknown to their better-living neighbors in the expensive communities of the San Francisco Bay Area.

Seasonally these fruit pickers come into the news, then they are dropped out of it. Barrio gives us the year-around picture.

Human beings shouldn't have to live in the denied way we have consigned these dreamy, hardworking, hardliving, beautiful people to do.



"We thank thee, Lord, for this instant coffee, this Redi-Quick Cocoa, this one-minute oatmeal, and the pop-up waffles. In haste, amen."

Isn't it fantastic that everything that happens everyday is exactly an hours worth of news?

We've lost the sense of community - we're afraid of long-term commitments or deep involvements. After all, maybe someone will expect something from us.

COMMENTARY Quote Commitment Unquote

An awful lot of worrying was done in the Fifties about whether people were able To Love or not. . . . all that talk about "commitment" and "permanent relationships" . . .

Philip Roth, "Marriage a la Mode *American Review #18*

Roth's way with the capital letter and the quotation mark suggests that he writes with an amused backward glance, as if the terms *able to love, commitment,* and *permanent relationships* were artifacts as remote as the series of Hogarth paintings from which he has drawn his story's title. This cool posture is a little demode. The language Roth calls Fifties-feminese is back in style—for both sexes—and sneer at your own risk.

The term *commitment* is the operative one, for it is widely supposed to be the key to the other two: *Love without commitment is just fooling around; love with commitment is (or inexorably leads to) a permanent relationship.* A lot of people find it hard to think in any other way about love or permanent relationships. A mystique of committedness has taken hold and grabs everybody by the lapels to inform them of its imperatives.

I am irritated by the number of times per day this word breathes on me. I have begun to shrink from it, to view it with suspicion, as though it were propaganda for some unnamed special interest. I am wondering if people know what they mean by it, or if they are dupes.

"I believe in being able to commit myself to another person." What does that mean? A contract? Why not say so? My friend the speaker allows that *commitment* and *contract* have in common certain implications of the long haul and of voluntary giving over—"but, uh, it's more than that." It would have to be more than that to have the power it does, but an explanation of the more is hard to elicit. As far as I can tell, my friend's primary attachment to *commitment* is that it has become a value-loaded word and *contract* hasn't. A contract is something one either does or does not enter into, as suits one's purpose; as yet, no halo radiates from the brow of the person "able" to sign papers for auto insurance payments. But ah, *commitment*: it carries with it the virtue of committedness, the so-called ability to commit oneself. In fact, like other virtues on which people preen themselves, committedness, despite its literal meaning, is often found to exist without an object. ("I'm a very committed person.")

"Sorry, but I don't want any heavy commitments right now"—a familiar male (and maybe increasingly female) kiss-off. The kissed-off is thrown into a hell of excruciating vagueness: what exactly is it that is not wanted? The burdens feared by Paul, the Prince Charming figure in Donald Barthelme's *Snow White* ("her responsibilities of various sorts . . . teeth . . . piano lessons. . . .")? Then why not break up with clarity? ("Sorry, but I don't want to have to: pay your bills/ talk to you/ make love to you every night/ ever see you again/ other.")

But mystiques do not thrive on clarity. The entire point of a word like *commitment* is its maddening vagueness. One is simply supposed to have a "sense" of what it signifies. That vagueness serves to reinforce the mental and emotional laziness of those who succumb to the mystique ("Commitment—or togetherness or masculinity, etc.—is just a natural thing, it doesn't need to be taken apart and analyzed") and to discomfit those who reject it ("How can I reject something so nebulous? What am I rejecting? Maybe they're right—maybe there's something to it").

It was this sort of discomfort that sent me to my dictionaries. Commitment has been used in English since the 1400s, mostly with reference to such loveless matters as war and politics, prisons and madhouses, storage and burial ("to engage as opponents; to charge with a duty or office; to consign officially to confinement; to consign for safekeeping or disposal"). The definition nearest the sense of the commitment cant one hears around is this: "to give in trust; to put into charge or keeping." *Webster's Second New International Dictionary* points out that the word used this way "may express merely the general idea of delivering into another's charge . . . or may have the special sense of an absolute transfer to a superior power or final custody." But nowhere is it suggested that such delivery or transfer is a virtue.

The Latin *committere* makes current usage seem downright deformed. None of the Latin definitions implies virtue, and some are negative ("to incur a punishment; to sin"). Most of the others do not even suggest permanence, stability, or duration, but something very nearly the opposite: "to begin; to set on foot; to venture; to risk oneself." These do not imply contracts, custodies, or eternities, but, in Noel Coward's phrase, "something a little less binding": beginnings, chances, first steps.

Obviously our words acquire the meanings we need them for. Why did a word once used for venture and risk come to imply that there is virtue in handing oneself over to a future decided in advance? Perhaps because "commitment" makes life easy. It relieves you of the difficult businesses of venture and risk, autonomy and choice. It protects you from trusting or testing yourself by providing a handy external coercion to make you do right. It absolves you of responsibility for your actions—you were, after all, only following through on a "commitment." Without this prop, there would be troublesome evaluations to be made at every turn and you would be forced to reconcile conflicting feelings and beliefs (hard work ahead there), or even live with the fact of the irreconcilable. Easier to give yourself over to *another's charge,* to *a superior power,* to *custody,* for *confinement, storage,* or *disposal.*

A "commitment" also provides you with many convenient excuses. Your failures can be explained in comfortingly global terms. (Your love affair did not collapse because you were a liar or ate with your feet on the table but because you were "unable to commit yourself.") You can use your "commitment" to justify your fears. ("Sorry, I can't take up this offer because I have another commitment.") You can use it to rationalize your promiscuities. ("I deserve some fun because of this dreary commitment I've gotten myself tied to.") You can even use it to get power over other people. ("We've committed ourselves to each other, so I have a weapon to hit you with when you don't do what I want.")

One of the more practical aspects of "commitment" is The Rule That Dare Not Speak Its Name. No one will admit this, but you do not actually have to abide by a "commitment" unless you feel like it. Although people who use "lack of commitment" as an excuse for passivity like to pretend that a "commitment" is as difficult to extricate oneself from as a military engagement or a mental ward, that is not true. A "commitment" applies until it no longer applies. Of course, bolting for this exit involves a massive exercise in bad faith, but many people find that a small price to pay for the advantage: taking the dread out of permanence.

"Commitment" is especially useful to institutionalized power, which cannot afford to trust anyone. A group of "committed" citizens is less threatening than a group of citizens who have not abdicated their ability to make judgments. The witnesses before the Senate Watergate Committee were the most "committed" individuals in recent history. "Commitments" keep your toe to the line; without them, a madman like you might do most anything—blow a whistle, change direction, take a chance.

Perhaps we are afraid to trust ourselves. And so we agree that "commitments" are natural and good and hand ourselves over to them like washing machines whose futures are set by the inflexible terms of a contract. Till death or the Department of Consumer Affairs do us part.

—Veronica Geng
New York, N.Y.

REFLECTIONS
The American Condition-II

Today, some speak of the community of nations, the community of free men, and even the community of Christian souls—a once lively place now suffering from a severe population decline. At best, such abstractions reflect a vague inclination to believe that a lot of people are in the same boat. So enlarged, the concept of community is destroyed. What seems to be only a lax use of language is an aspect of a more general destructive force—the drive toward systems of thought and organization so comprehensive that they have as their consequence the dismemberment of organic wholes. No individual can make personal contact with such immense constructions; one cannot see, touch, or explore them. Thus, the effort to create larger unities brings about the atomization of human life. The smaller components become important not for themselves but only as a part of some larger whole. Since the larger structure cannot provide a substitute connection, individuals are set adrift, to turn into strangers to each other and to themselves.

Aristotle tells us that the ideal state is one whose entire territory can be surveyed from a hilltop. Even during the great world empires—the Macedonian, the Roman, and the British—most of life was centered in a small community. From a remote capital came armies to devastate or protect, new governors, despoiling collectors of revenues, but though an ultimate power might reside in Rome or London, most aspects of everyday life were regulated by the community. Men ordered their affairs according to local custom and local law. Among neighbors and in a familiar landscape, they developed the identity that sustained them—found satisfaction in the knowledge that their acts and labors had human consequences. No empire of the past conceived of exercising a central authority as blanketing and diverse as that which flows daily from Washington or Moscow or from the massive institutions of the modern economy. "I am a man . . . of Tarsus . . . a citizen of no mean city," said St. Paul in Jerusalem. Shakespeare was the Bard of Avon, not of England. And the word "city"—not "state" or "nation"—was until yesterday the metaphor for human society, from St. Augustine's City of God to William Bradford's "city upon a hill."

The community essential to freedom is small and palpable. It must exist within an area that can be comprehended by the senses—a place whose roads and shops, landmarks and physical hazards each inhabitant can know. It can be part of a much larger whole, as older city neighborhoods were, but it must nevertheless be distinguishable to its inhabitants. All the immaterial benefits of a community derive from this physical base. That is why Greek philosophers were concerned with establishing the area and population of the ideal community—a concern that has now been transformed from a problem of philosophy into one of engineering. Compare this account of life in Renaissance Florence, written by a contemporary, with the end of the rush hour in New York, Chicago, or Los Angeles: "Now at Florence, when the air is red with the summer sunset and the campaniles begin to sound vespers and the day's work is done, everyone collects in the piazzas. The steps of Santa Maria del Fiore swarm with men of every rank and every class: artisans, merchants, teachers, artists, doctors, technicians, poets, scholars. A thousand minds, a thousand arguments; a lively intermingling of questions, problems, news of the latest happening, jokes; an inexhaustible play of language and thought, a vibrant curiosity; the changeable temper of a thousand spirits by whom every object of discussion is broken into an infinity of senses and significations—all these spring into being, and then are spent. And this is the pleasure of the Florentine public." Florence, of course, was not a democracy.

Community is a corner of society in which the individual can feel some confidence of acceptance on fairly honest terms and can maintain a continuing association with others, whose familiarity is comforting. Community provides a mooring for the spirit, for community is a restraint that liberates. It relieves us of the need continually to prove our worth or to seek reassurance of that worth. It diminishes the destructive social process of judging and being judged, which cripples our capacity for thinking and acting freely and with honesty. Members of a community may not be friends, but they are not strangers.

The relationships of community also provides that sense of shared purpose and shared concerns which is elemental to the concept of society itself. All the other components—culture, language, ideology, economic process, political structure—have crystallized around this nucleus. In an agricultural community, for example, most people have a stake in the size of the harvest. And those few whose income is independent of the crops tend to share the common concern. Here, where I am writing, in Kingfield, Maine, skiing is the most important business, and everyone discusses the prospects for snow; even those who may be inwardly indifferent feel obliged to express concern. The residents of a city neighborhood may be dissatisfied with transportation or with police protection or with the kind of education their children are getting. What characterizes a community is not that many individuals are dissatisfied but that they share dissatisfaction, can discuss it, and may at least contemplate shared protest or action. Within a community, there is room for common aspirations and achievement—better schools or a new sewage system. This can take place only on a human scale. As the source of discontent and the possibility of constructive action become more distant, community cohesion dissolves. When the trees are cut by indirect order of the Federal Highway Administration, when the river is polluted a hundred miles away, when the new school awaits a decision in Washington or in an equally remote city hall, then community is not possible. Individuals can be said to share their worries and desires only when they share in responsibility and power.

Bigot, n. One who is obstinately and zealously attached to an opinion that you do not entertain.

Ambrose Bierce

I never did give anybody hell. I just told the truth, and they thought it was hell.

Harry Truman

I think they should have a minutes silence, 60 seconds of nothing, After some subjects on the news. Some news needs to sink in or be commented on At least they A minutes silence between Viet Nam + the sports

A DREAM DEFERRED

Langston Hughes

What happens to a dream deferred?

Does it dry up
Like a raisin in the sun?
Or fester like a sore –
And then run?
Does it stink like rotten meat
Or crust and sugar over –
like a syrupy sweet?

Maybe it just sags
like a heavy load.

Or does it explode?

Today, in every domain, all forms of imagination are rampant—except in those spheres where our historical life goes on, stifled, unhappy and precarious, like everything that is out of date. An immense gulf separates the man of adventure from humanity and our societies from our civilization. We are living with ideas of morality, sociology, philosophy, and psychology that belong to the nineteenth century. We are our own great-great-grandfathers. As we watch rockets rising to the sky and feel the ground vibrating with a thousand new radiations, we are still smoking the pipe of Thomas Graindorge. Our literature, our philosophical discussions, our ideological conflicts, our attitude toward reality—all this is still slumbering behind the doors that have been burst open.

Louis Pauwels and Jacques Bergier, *The Morning of the Magicians*

Thunder is good, thunder is impressive; but it is lightning that does the work.

Mark Twain

Do we have it better than we think we do?

when serpents bargain for the right to squirm
and the sun strikes to gain a living wage—
when thorns regard their roses with alarm
and rainbows are insured against old age

when every thrush may sing no new moon in
if all screech-owls have not okayed his voice
—and any wave signs on the dotted line
or else an ocean is compelled to close

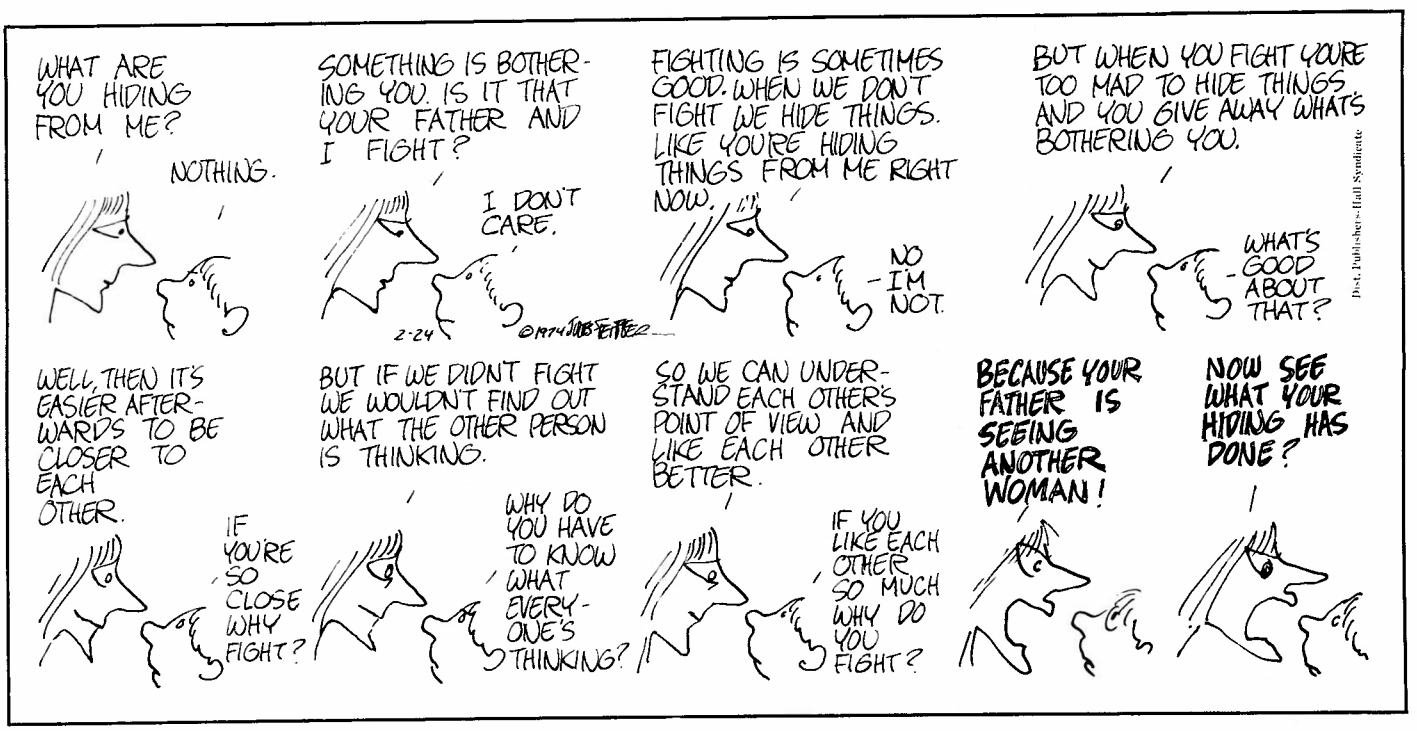
when the oak begs permission of the birch
to make an acorn—valleys accuse their
mountains of having altitude—and march
denounces april as a saboteur

then we'll believe in that incredible
unanimal mankind(and not until)

e. e. cummings

I think I could turn and live with
animals, they are so placid and
self-contained,
I stand and look at them long and long,
They do not sweat and whine about their condition,
They do not lie awake in the dark and
weep for their sins,
They do not make me sick discussing their duty to God,
Not one is dissatisfied, not one is demented with the
mania of owning things,
Not one kneels to another, nor to his kind that
lived thousands of years ago,
Not one is respectable or unhappy over
the whole earth.

Whitman, *Song of Myself*


WHAT ARE YOU HIDING FROM ME?
NOTHING.
SOMETHING IS BOTHERING YOU. IS IT THAT YOUR FATHER AND I FIGHT?
I DON'T CARE.
2-24
FIGHTING IS SOMETIMES GOOD. WHEN WE DON'T FIGHT WE HIDE THINGS. LIKE YOU'RE HIDING THINGS FROM ME RIGHT NOW.
NO - I'M NOT.
BUT WHEN YOU FIGHT YOU'RE TOO MAD TO HIDE THINGS AND YOU GIVE AWAY WHAT'S BOTHERING YOU.
WHAT'S GOOD ABOUT THAT?
Post Publishers-Hall Syndicate
WELL, THEN IT'S EASIER AFTERWARDS TO BE CLOSER TO EACH OTHER.
IF YOU'RE SO CLOSE WHY FIGHT?
BUT IF WE DIDN'T FIGHT WE WOULDN'T FIND OUT WHAT THE OTHER PERSON IS THINKING.
WHY DO YOU HAVE TO KNOW WHAT EVERYONE'S THINKING?
SO WE CAN UNDERSTAND EACH OTHER'S POINT OF VIEW AND LIKE EACH OTHER BETTER.
IF YOU LIKE EACH OTHER SO MUCH WHY DO YOU FIGHT?
BECAUSE YOUR FATHER IS SEEING ANOTHER WOMAN!
NOW SEE WHAT YOUR HIDING HAS DONE?

In the face of tensions and fears, deprivations and excess, our reactions are varied. We become angry, despondent, legislate for reform, try to create utopias. And depending on where <u>they're</u> coming from, the powers-that-be have different reactions to <u>our</u> reactions.

The Case for Bottling Up Rage

by Leonard Berkowitz

Dear Ann: I was shocked at your advice to the mother whose three-year-old had temper tantrums. You suggested that the child be taught to kick the furniture and "get the anger out of his system." I always thought you were a little cuckoo. Now I'm sure.

My younger brother used to kick the furniture when he got mad. Mother called it, "Letting off steam." Well, he's 32 years old now and still kicking the furniture—what's left of it, that is. He is also kicking his wife, the cat, the kids, and anything else that gets in his way. Last October he threw the TV set out of the window when his favorite team failed to score and lost the game. (The window was closed at the time.)

Why don't you tell mothers that children must be taught to control their anger? This is what separates civilized human beings from savages, Dummy.

—Star Witness.

Dear Star: You, like some others who wrote to criticize, ignored the most important part of my answer. I did not condone destroying furniture. I suggested that a punching bag or an old chair, specifically set aside for the purpose, be the object of the child's hostility. And P.S.— the most important part of my answer went like this: "Youngsters should be taught to vent their anger against things—not people."

—from an Ann Landers column

"If a person suppresses aggression (which is thus not at his disposal) . . . if he bottles up his rage, we have to find an outlet. We have to give him an opportunity of letting off steam. Punching a ball, chopping wood, or any kind of aggressive sport, such as football, will sometimes work wonders."

—from Fritz Perls, *Ego, Hunger and Aggression.*

"So-called polar disease, also known as expedition choler, attacks small groups of men who are completely dependent on one another and are thus prevented from quarreling with strangers or people outside their own circle of friends. From this it will be clear that the damming up of aggression will be the more dangerous, the better the members of the group know, understand and like each other . . . The man of perception finds an outlet by creeping out of the barracks (tent, igloo) and smashing a not too expensive object with as resounding a crash as the occasion merits."

—from Konrad Lorenz *On Aggression*

THESE THREE QUOTATIONS illustrate a widely shared belief: that it is desirable and necessary to let out one's aggressive feelings. A popular newspaper columnist, a very influential psychiatrist, and an eminent ethologist urge us to express our emotions freely, to discharge our pent-up anger (or our accumulating aggressive drive) by displaying our feelings, or by attacking someone or something.

I call advocates of this popular view "ventilationists," because they insist that it is unhealthy to bottle up feelings. Many go further and argue that if we could overcome our inhibitions and show our emotions, we would eliminate disturbing tensions, conquer nagging aches and pains, and promote "deeper" and "more meaningful" relationships with others.

I have put the various ventilationists into a single camp even though there are important differences among them. For example, they don't always trace aggression to the same roots. Some writers—such as Konrad Lorenz, Alexander Lowen, and Fritz Perls—believe that emotional display releases one's accumulating instinctive energy, although they disagree about the exact nature of this conjectured instinct. Other ventilationists, who are closer to the American psychological tradition, such as Arthur Janov and George Bach, think that anger stems from earlier frustrating or painful experiences. Nor do these theorists propose the same way of discharging the "dammed-up" emotional state. Still, there is sufficient commonality among the ventilationists so that we can view them, for present purposes, as a single culture. There are even geographic similarities. Although there are small colonies scattered throughout the United States, most ventilationists are located on the East and West Coasts, but particularly in California; I regard them as part of California's contribution to the American Dream, along with Hollywood and Disneyland.

Matter Over Mind. One notable feature of this culture is its rejection of the intellect. Most of the ventilationists contend that our society has overemphasized intelligence and planning and neglected feelings and spontaneity. They deny that intelligence is the culmination of human development and the major characteristic that separates man from other animals. Indeed many of the movement's leading voices tend to go to the opposite extreme, deriding the intellect as they exalt emotion and sensual experience. Fritz Perls, founder of Gestalt therapy, has stated this attitude quite explicitly in *Gestalt Therapy Verbatim:*

"Each time you use the question *why*, you diminish in stature. You bother yourself with false, unnecessary information. You only feed the computer, the intellect. And the intellect is the whore of intelligence. It's a drag on your life."

Many ventilationists also extol the overriding importance of the present, the "here-and-now." "Now," they say, "is all that exists. The past is over and the future is not yet." So they encourage the individual to become more aware of his present sensations, to show his immediate feelings. As participants in the therapy, encounter or sensitivity groups confront each other, they neglect much of the past (their occupations, statuses and roles, family backgrounds) and minimize the future (what will happen outside the group, their responsibilities to others, and

the like).

This emphasis on the here-and-now deflects attention from the question of transfer effects—i.e., how the individual acts in situations outside the therapy or encounter setting. I think this question is particularly important in the case of aggressive behavior. Expressing anger or acting out aggression might have one set of consequences in the immediate therapy situation, but very different outcomes at later times and in other places. But many therapists and trainers do not consider possible long-term effects.

How to Let Go. Ventilationists use a variety of techniques in their attempts to purge the individual's emotions. Sometimes they encourage him to fantasize his aggression. Perls gives us one example of how this might be done. According to Perls, the drive to destroy originally gratified our need to eat, and found "its natural biological outlet in the use of the teeth." This being so, the best way to discharge aggressive energy is supposedly through biting or imagined biting:

"If you are afraid to hurt people, to attack them, to say 'no' when the situation demands it, you should attend to the following exercise: imagine yourself biting a piece of flesh out of someone's body . . . If, in your imagination, you are able to bite right through, can you experience the proper 'feel' of the flesh in your teeth? You might condemn such an exercise as vicious and cruel, but this cruelty is just as much part and parcel of your organism as it is the animal's in its struggle for life."

Other ventilationists recommend slightly more realistic behavior. In his "bioenergetic" approach, Lowen maintains that dammed-up energy resulting in chronic muscular tensions is best released through overt action. For example:

"A woman subject is given a tennis racket and directed to beat the bed. While doing this she is asked to make an appropriate verbal statement such as 'I hate you,' 'You bitch,' 'Son of a bitch,' or 'I'll kill you.' The group, observing the subject's actions, interacts with her in the following ways. One, it encourages her to be more aggressive, to let go, to let it out. Two, it comments on any disparity between the words used and the expression of the subject's face . . ."

There are a number of theoretical and empirical approaches that stand in opposition to the ventilationist's view. Even contemporary psychoanalysis generally sees little value in emotional release per se, even though much of the ventilation therapies' current popularity can be traced to the influence of the early Freud. For example, psychoanalyst Edward Bibring argues that any benefits that derive from the emotional reliving of earlier experiences stem from the objective insights the patient attains.

The Skeptics' View. But most of the opposition comes from experimental research, a culture that provides an entirely different point of view. Here we have a questioning, intellectual approach, and one that sees potential danger in the unrestricted show of aggression.

Experimental psychologists, by and large, are skeptical of the energy theory that underlies the ventilation therapies. More and more investigators of animal and human motivation—such as R.A. Hinde, R.C. Bolles, and C.N. Cofer—believe that traditional energy notions don't hold up under close scrutiny and, as a matter of fact, that they often lead to incorrect predictions. Ventilationists invoke the idea of energy as a kind of descriptive shorthand when they don't know enough about the behavior in question to specify the controlling factors. Most systematic analyses of aggression, on the other hand, rest upon a general behavior theory that encompasses associative, cognitive, reinforcement and incentive concepts.

For example, while here-and-now therapists ignore the long-term effects of the individual's expressive actions, behavior theory indicates what may happen. Depending upon the circumstances, a person's inhibitions might be lowered or his aggressive behavior might be reinforced, increasing the chances that the person will again act aggressively outside the therapy situation.

Seymour Feshbach demonstrated this clearly in an experiment years ago. Young boys who were initially low in aggressive behavior significantly increased their overt hostility after a series of free-play experiences with aggressive toys. Instead of "draining" pent-up anger, the aggressive make-believe evidently lowered the youngsters' restraints against aggression. They might have felt better, much as Lowen's bioenergetically treated patients presumably feel better, because their disturbing anxieties were extinguished. But the boys were also more aggressive afterwards. S.K. Mallick and B.R. McCandless found similar results in a better controlled study.

In addition to reducing inhibitions and anxieties, ventilative therapies typically reward aggression. The therapist or group members usually approve the patient's display of aggression. As a number of researchers have shown, these rewards heighten the likelihood of subsequent violence. R.H. Walters and Murray Brown gave seven-year-old boys intermittent rewards for punching a Bobo doll. When the boys competed against peers several days later, they proved to be more aggressive than control-group boys. The occasional rewards had done more than strengthen the playful punching; they had also strengthened a broad variety of aggressive responses.

Rewarding Rage. Extreme ventilative therapies ask patients to attack someone or something physically with everything from tennis rackets or teeth to styrofoam swords. A more common procedure calls only for verbal "discharge," urging the patient to scream and curse, with or without a specific target. Here too, the other persons in the room approve the patient and spur him on to more intense outbursts of anger. R.D. Parke, William Ewall and R.G. Slaby, and C.A. Loew before them, have demonstrated that rewarding the use of aggressive words encourages an individual to attack available targets later.

Onlookers aren't the only source of reinforcements for aggression. Angry persons who want and expect to attack someone are frequently gratified to learn that their intended victim has been injured. If they think the individual they wanted to "get" has been hurt, whether by themselves or through someone else's action, there is a fairly good chance that they will experience a pleasant reduction of tension and even a lessened desire to attack the victim further. Many experiments have demonstrated this in the laboratory. But there are later consequences too. The information that one's enemy has suffered is rewarding, and acts in the long run to strengthen the angry person's aggressive habits. G. R. Patterson, R.A. Littman and William Bricker found that children who see their victim's defeat and submission are *more* likely to act aggressively again, not less so.

Most of my own research has focused on the associative determinants of impulsive violence. That is, stimuli that are associated with aggression (the deliberate injury of others) are capable of evoking hostile reactions from a person who, for one reason or another, is ready to attack someone. Such stimuli can evoke associated words—curses, perhaps, or threats—as well as aggressive acts. Whatever else it may do, violence on the movie and television screen often stimulates reactions that facilitate aggression. I

An emotionally aroused person doesn't necessarily have any "real" underlying emotion.

have spent more than a decade doing careful laboratory research, which consistently has shown that a person who watches violence is much more apt to become aggressive himself, whether he is angry at the time or not. He is not purged of angry impulses.

Provoking the Passive. Further, this heightened stimulation to violence occurs whether the individual passively observes the aggressive stimuli or actively constructs these stimuli in his thoughts and fantasies. Leigh Minturn and her associates have obtained direct evidence to support this point. In one of their studies they asked undergraduates to write stories in response to pictures of aggressive exchanges. Afterwards, the students evaluated the experimenter. The subjects were significantly more hostile to the experimenter after they had written stories about verbal aggression than after writing emotionally neutral stories. This difference existed both for subjects whom the experimenter had previously angered and for those whom the experimenter had treated in a neutral manner. In a later experiment the subjects read stories with violent themes and then rated them. Here too, subjects who had been provoked into anger and who read aggressive stories became more hostile toward the experimenter than were similarly provoked students who had read neutral stories.

One may argue that aggressive fantasies can also arouse anxiety or even moral repugnance, and that these feelings might restrain violent tendencies. But the safe, accepting, nonjudgmental atmosphere of the therapy situation is apt to lessen or even eliminate such anxiety and guilt. As a result, one learns to act on aggressive fantasies without fear.

Curses vs. Comments. Let me speculate. The stimulus-response model suggests an important distinction between *verbal aggression* and *talking about one's feelings*. When a person attacks someone verbally (for example, when he curses "you bitch," or screams "I'll kill you," as Lowen recommends for his patients) he provides aggressive stimuli to himself and to his listeners. These stimuli, in turn, can evoke further aggressive reactions. However, if he merely describes his own emotion (saying, for example, "I'm boiling mad"), his remarks constitute somewhat less of an attack upon the other, except through implication, and might therefore be less likely to stimulate other aggressive acts.

Telling someone that one is angry can be informative and perhaps beneficial. You let the other person know how he has affected you, and this might cause him to make amends or change his behavior. You give him *cognitive* feedback so that he is less likely to hurt you inadvertently again. With this knowledge, or better, with learning that he hadn't meant to attack you, you might even feel happier yourself. In the Mallick and McCandless experiment, angry children who learned that the person who frustrated them hadn't wanted to hurt them became less aggressive later, whereas expressive play with toy guns had no such beneficial effect. Cognitive learning of this sort is important in human interaction. It is very different to vent one's anger and to attack an annoying person.

I have suggested that the individual should report his feelings to others. Frequently, however, especially in therapeutic situations, others tell the person what emotion he is supposedly displaying. (Lowen notes that "often group members describe the subject's feelings more accurately" than he or she senses it.) This kind of interpretation has a way of making the diagnosis come true. As Stanley Schachter found, an emotionally aroused person doesn't necessarily have any "real" underlying emotion. He can act in very different ways, showing either fight or flight, euphoria or anger, depending on what those around him are doing and how they define his arousal. If his group insists he is "really" angry and he accepts this interpretation, he may well become more inclined to act aggressively in conformity with this view.

Fears of Feeling. Do the ventilative procedures produce any benefits? Expressive therapies are undoubtedly popular because many persons are highly anxious about their aggressive inclinations. According to R.D. Palmer's survey of over 500 hospitalized psychiatric and nonpsychiatric patients, the feature most characteristic of the psychiatric group was conflict "involving a fear and inhibition of aggressive feelings." These persons apparently often want to lash out at others but feel guilty or anxious about their anger. It is not that they walk around with rage boiling constantly within them. Rather, they are easily provoked for one reason or another, and *when stirred up* they become anxious and tense with internal conflict. Because of this anxiety, they may even deny that others anger them.

Ventilative therapies can have positive benefits in treating such neurotic conflicts over anger. When the therapist encourages a person to vent his feelings, he helps reduce the tension-producing guilt—or anxiety. The patient learns that he isn't going to be punished for showing his hatred or for making hostile remarks. He can now admit to himself that certain persons make him angry, and he is no longer bothered by this awareness. In the course of expressing his emotions, he might also gain insight into the effects he has on others; he understands how and why they respond to him. With this knowledge he can steer his behavior more effectively. He might even learn to be more assertive and drop the submissive, retiring manner that contributed to his frustrations.

But I do not think it is necessary to *act out* one's hostility to achieve these benefits, which probably arise from the display of feeling rather than the show of aggression. We can talk about our feelings and describe our emotional reactions without attacking others verbally or physically, directly or in fantasy.

Stanley Schachter, and others who have studied the psychology of affiliation, clearly demonstrated that individuals are frequently drawn to others who undergo the same emotional experiences, even when aggression isn't involved. Human beings don't have to divert "aggressive energy" into emotional bonds, as Lorenz claimed, for ties of friendship and affection to develop.

The Best Intentions. Ventilationists believe that their patients, who are overly inhibited to begin with, can "loosen up" in therapy without being indiscriminately aggressive in other settings. But can we be sure that aggression will always be kept within "proper" bounds? Violence has a way of getting out of hand and breeding still more violence. And even if many patients can keep themselves from attacking inappropriately, surely there are many others who require stronger rather than weaker inhibitions. In general, as we encourage aggression, we increase the chances that more and more persons, the attacker as well as his victims, will be hurt.

In the long run, our social and human problems can be solved only with intelligence. If society hasn't recognized that there is a time and a place for emotion, it is because we aren't smart enough. If untrammeled technology brings pollution and mechanization, it is because we weren't wise enough to anticipate these difficulties. The evidence dictates now that it is unintelligent to encourage persons to be aggressive, even if, with the best of intentions, we want to limit such behavior to the confines of psychotherapy.

We may try to escape into nostalgia—a backward look and longing for the thirties, the forties, or even the fifties—given the state of life in the present.

THE UTOPIAN URGE: You Make the Future Today

Everyone harbors some individual image of what constitutes the Good Life. Raised to a higher order of magnitude, this image becomes the vision of an ideal society, a world constructed according to the geometry of personal principle. Most of us, of course, see no more than a few isolated features on our ideal landscapes, and we are not especially attracted to the gargantuan task of imagining all the details. Usually it's enough to realize that life could be other than it is without attempting to map fully another way it might be.

In fact, we have a profound distrust of the grand vision that marks the classic utopian. This century has seen too many crimes committed in the name of idealism to welcome visionaries who speak of bringing society to its perfect state. Indeed, we are inclined to look on the classic utopian as a jailer who would lock us within a single set of assumptions—his rather than ours. Years of dystopian literature have impressed on us the message that perfection is built on tyranny. Knowing the intractability of the world, we confront the utopian with the discoveries of Freud and Darwin and weigh him down with the failures of the Great Society, so recently at hand.

Yet there is still that space between what is and what might be, and it still gives rise to the utopian urge. Despite the twentieth century's rush to be realistic, and despite a pervasive skepticism about idealistic schemes that frequently collapses into cynicism, utopianism appeals strongly to an aspect of the American character. After all, this country was nourished on the idea or progress, and it has always turned toward the future with a resoluteness bordering on obsession. It is hard, therefore, to abandon the twin notions that where we are headed is better than where we've been and that what we expect of the future largely determines what we will get. We are proud that many of the social/political/economic arrangements and institutions around us were once figments of utopian imagination; indeed, the framers of the Constitution borrowed from Harrington's *Oceana* many of the principles for their ideal/actual commonwealth. True, we have grown away from the idea that to be American is to be utopian. But somewhere below the reach of current pessimism lies the assumption that it is impossible to achieve a better world without first imagining it in some detail—and the closer to ideal the expectation, the closer the eventual reality.

Caught in this crosscurrent between idealism and realism, optimism and pessimism, Americans channel the utopian urge in a distinctive way. Through a kind of cultural alchemy, we seem to have arrived at a utopianism of means rather than ends.

This is not to say that the large-scale visions have disappeared; they have simply become technological rather than philosophical. A contemporary equivalent of More's *Utopia*, for example, could be the 1964 New York World's Fair. Each was an imaginative exercise designed—one for the citizen, the other for the consumer—to represent a perfect but closed system toward which one could aspire. Where More contemplated ends—the values of an ideal polity—the fair orchestrated means—how to hold the future in your hands. One dealt in ideas, the other in process.

So with most of the current activity we would be inclined to call utopian. Paolo Soleri's giant arcologies, designs for massive cities of ingenious compression and efficiency, provide blueprints for a wholly different way of living. With other less ambitious planners, architects, and founders of new towns, Soleri assumes that form is the way to content, that better structures for living are the way to better life.

At another scale entirely, the utopianism of means is also evident in the communitarian movement that has grown over the past decade. These small communal groups come together around some sense of commonality—whether defined politically, religiously, sexually, socially, economically, or simply as convenience. But the majority of them seem more concerned with practices than principles. They are possessed by few absolutes, and their members are distinctly less concerned with philosophy than with the transformations of their own daily experience—which makes possible a loose bond of fraternity among groups of widely varying types and composition.

In many respects, these communities represent a retreat from social vision to a personal vision that has as its compass a sense of family, or at most tribe. The group is a manageable compromise between "myself" and "everybody." Within it, the individual functions in a system of embodied ideals: his transgressions are never abstract, they are against his friends. Yet despite the obvious differences, there remains the echo of the technologist's utopianism. The environment—in this case human—supplies the impulse to perfection. The assumption can be stated the same way: that form is the way to content, that better structures for living are the way to better life. Both approaches are fundamentally experimental compared to classic utopianism, for both assume perfection is a function of living process, not of abstract ideas.

THE PRECARIOUS EDEN

A few years ago I was obliged to look continuously at television commercials for an entire week, and I soon began to understand that I was looking at an image of an ideal world. It is an image that resembles a vast mosaic in which thousands of tiny fragments fit together to form a dream of paradise. The dream is corrupt and banal, but it is utopian in character, and it promises infinite happiness to anybody with the price of a new car or two weeks in a Caribbean resort hotel.

The commercials assume that the mass audience seeks to escape from an everyday reality of meaningless routine, and so the idyllic vision always appears in melodramatic contrast to a reality conventionally represented by people suffering from nervous disorders, headaches, lack of money, ignorance, indigestion, low social status, and a general failure to recognize themselves as anything but helpless chattel in a society they cannot hope to understand.

What surprised me was the standardization of the utopian image. No matter what the product being advertised, no matter what the sales talk or the camera angle, the geography of the illusion remained consistent. At the end of the week I compiled a list of the principal points of interest, as if I were taking notes for a guide to tourists:

Location: Indefinite, but part of the real instead of the mythical world. Within reach of the scheduled airlines.

Metaphysical type: Classical and Arcadian rather than Christian. Attainable by anybody with the minimum economy fare: no requirements having to do with virtue, moral worth, good works, etc.

Climate: Tropical on the seacoast; temperate inland.

Time of day: Either dawn or sunset. The sun low and red on the horizon, the landscape suffused in a flattering half-light.

Land area: About the size of North Carolina or Belgium.

Population: Less than 100,000. No large cities; no crowding.

Topography: A pleasant coastline similar to the French Riviera; picturesque fishing villages, and harbors deep enough to accommodate large yachts. Behind the sea a landscape recognizable as that of the American historical past; the frontier, Marlboro Country, charming New England towns.

Roads: Superhighways and shaded country lanes. No traffic lights, no heavy traffic, and no speed limits. Nobody ever gets killed in an accident.

Purgatory: None. All transformations instantaneous, within minutes of swallowing the tablet or spraying the wax or applying the cream.

Faith: Limited to the empirical; what a person can see, taste, feel, or smell.

Time: Meaningless.

Children: Confined to a woodland glade in which they are forever playing ball, riding bicycles, and catching frogs. They never intrude.

Wishes: All granted. Whatever anybody wants is good for him.

Waiters, chauffeurs, and gas-station attendants: Delighted to be waiters, chauffeurs, and gas-station attendants.

Architecture: Suburban American. Everybody's house the same size and construction.

Money: Unnecessary. All major credit cards acceptable.

Churches: Irrelevant.

Merchants: Never suspicious.

Plumbing and household appliances: Forever being improved upon.

Appearance of the inhabitants: Beautiful, young, anonymous, and predominantly white. Nobody is ugly, old, crippled, poor, or in pain. To acquire any of these characteristics, or to become in any way unlikable or unhappy, will result in being denounced and driven out.

Art: None. To make it presupposes pain, which is a reason for expulsion.

Love: None. For the same reason.

Erotic play: Limited to only two kinds. Either complete promiscuity, in which event there is an infinite repetition of identical affairs with identical partners, none of whom ever gets bored. Or infinite suspension of the romantic illusion, in which event nobody ever gets laid.

Marriage: A subject for light opera or science fiction.

Popular amusements: Similar to those at a well-run European or Florida resort. At the gambling tables the winners are allowed to keep what they win; the losers get their chips back.

Polite conversation: Comparable to that among strangers on the first night of a Caribbean cruise.

Serious conversation: The same.

Freedom: Total permissiveness; liberty understood in a pagan rather than a Christian sense. The license of a sailor on shore leave.

The history of Western civilization: An amusing bedtime story. Nobody can ever quite remember what happened exactly, but it doesn't make any difference.

Dinner a la Corp.

Some of the world's largest conglomerates are responsible for the food we eat via the farms and food processing plants they own.

Recently the Food Action Campaign, coordinated by Jim Hightower, presented to the Monopoly Subcommittee of the Senate Select Committee on Small Business the following menu which highlights how major corporations have wended their way onto the consumer's dinner table:

Appetizer: Sauteéd mushrooms by Clorox, wrapped in bacon by ITT.

Salad: Tossed salad of Dow Chemical lettuce and Gulf & Western tomatoes.

Entrees: Turkey by Greyhound, ham by Ling-Temco-Vought.

Vegetables: Carrots by Tenneco, artichokes by Purex, apple sauce by American Brands.

Beverages: Wine by Heublein, beer by Philip Morris, tea by Unilever, orange juice by Coca-Cola.

Desserts: Chocolate cream pie by ITT, pudding R. J. Reynolds, ice cream by Unilever, almonds by Tenneco.

Occasionally an Establishment member sides with the young people.

from Night Thoughts of a Police Chief

Joseph Paul Kimble

Although the police are the subject of a great deal of attention by young people, the rest of the community is not exempted from their scrutiny. One of their loudest blasts is directed against the categorization of people and institutions. Too many Americans have succumbed to the dangerous practice of stereotyping. In rebuttal, young people reply that:

¶ Not all people of "hippie appearance" are degenerates, thieves, addicts, or even hippies! (particularly in California).

¶ Not all policemen are racist, Fascist, honky, pig cops; not all policemen are biologically, physiologically and intellectually inferior; not all policemen want to marry your daughters.

¶ Not all governmental institutions are insensitive, inappropriate or nonresponsive; not all critics of government are effete snobs.

¶ Not all wars are good simply because we happen to be involved in them.

¶ Not all young people who are trying to change the Establishment are intent on destroying it.

¶ Law and order, without reason and justice, denies the best of our system.

¶ There is no generation gap; there is a communication and an image reality gap.

¶ People over 30 can be trusted; it's sad, however, that people over 30 attach so little importance to that trust.

Young people point out that we are, in too many ways, a violent country. We have never viewed violence as a monopoly of the state, but see it in general as the logical solution when all other solutions fail. During the last decade we have experienced an almost uninterrupted level of domestic violence, and have now apparently reached the point where we are willing to tolerate it, if not excuse it, as an unavoidable side effect of a stress society. Eons ago man crept from his cave as he overcame his fear of his environment. Now, it appears, the violence of our world is forcing him back inside. If you think this a metaphor, I suggest you visit the nearest "total security" apartment complex, "total security" retirement community, or "total security" vacation spa.

Unfortunately, stereotypes become stereotypes because enough people fit them.

SOME CALL IT DISSENT

CONGRESSMAN BILL CHAPPELL

On December 6, 1967, San Francisco State College erupted into a state of chaos. Rioting students and off-campus militants broke into buildings, smashed property, and beat students and newsmen. Some called it dissent.

In Washington, several weeks ago, four thugs ran out from a darkened building, surrounded an elderly lady, robbed her of the fifty cents she had on her person, and bludgeoned her into unconsciousness. Some excused their behavior as dissent.

On April 4, 1969, shots rang out in Memphis, Tennessee, and Martin Luther King was dead from the unlawful use of an assassin's gun. Minutes later, thousands of people marched into the streets of Washington and for five days they burned and looted like invaders from another land. Fire after fire lighted the night. One . . . then another . . . a total of 711 were reported. 645 buildings were damaged or completely destroyed, while people wandered at will into the broken store fronts and walked away, weighed down with their plunder. Over one thousand people were injured, eleven were killed and property damage cost $24,000,000. Some excused the assassin's act and the mob's behavior as dissent.

A few months ago, the Black Panthers in San Francisco handed out coloring books to little Negro children. The book portrayed blacks shooting and knifing policemen, with the caption: "The only good pig is a dead pig." Should such action be excused as lawful dissent?

In Los Angeles, drug addicts Charles Manson and his cohorts are awaiting trial for the brutal slaying of Sharon Tate. Last week, Manson threw a copy of the United States Constitution into the waste basket in defiance of law and order. His supporters called it dissent.

What do *you* call it when a man robs another, when he steals, when he burns a building, when he threatens another with a gun, when he murders, when he teaches others to burn and to kill? I call it crime.

Crime . . . and the paralyzing fear of crime . . . has exploded into one of the most serious threats to America today. And if we are going to correct this problem, then we must understand a few of the reasons behind the rising crime rate.

Many in this country have come to regard the Supreme Court with such reverence that they believe it can do no wrong—even when it hands down irresponsible decisions that cripple the police in their efforts to prevent crime, detect criminals and prosecute them. Its rulings on mob marches, riots, pornography and subversive activity are all contributing to the crime wave.

One of the great deterrents to crime is realistic penalty. A criminal law without an enforced realistic penalty is no law at all. Yet, the courts have encouraged criminal irresponsibility by handing out light and unrealistic sentences.

During the past forty years, one man has been arrested fourteen times—seven of them for violent crimes—but he has served only thirty days in jail on five convictions. Recently convicted of a serious gambling violation in connection with the dice operation he was running with a payroll of over $350,000, he is still free while appealing the length of his sentence—obviously unaccustomed to a realistic one.

Rulings by the courts on subversive activity in this country have left the door wide open for these groups to continue their activity.

The Students for a Democratic Society flaunt their disregard for any bounds to their subversive speech, press and demonstrations. Last year, their national secretary told his organization: "Our primary task is to build a Marxist-Lennist revolutionary movement." They followed up by sending hundreds of students to Cuba for training in the ways and methods of Communism.

Too often we underrate the influence of the New Left in creating chaos in our midst. J. Edgar Hoover says that many of our disturbances and campus riots are caused by a "steadily increasing degree of hard-core Communist influence."

The Constitution guarantees to every American the right to lawfully dissent, to speak his piece, but not to do as he pleases. Our forefathers gave us one of the most powerful methods of dissent that any country has ever known—the ballot box, a free press, the right to lawfully assemble. But when the courts ruled that certain disruptive marches were in order because of their own sense of social reform, the destruction and riots that followed must be laid at the judicial doorstep.

In the city everyone is a stranger . . . and the criminal is the first to take advantage of the fact that he's just another "face in the crowd." He feels more secure in escaping detection for his acts. And, of course, mob looting and violence, the latest scourge of the urban area, seems to be the easiest of all; a riot-type situation is natural camouflage for law breakers of all sorts. But we hear the tongues of permissiveness echoing the voice of the courts—such is the right of the underprivileged to express their dissent. Since when did being poor give reason for being a criminal? It is not so. Witness the Depression when crime was much less prevalent. Look at the poor in European countries—Britain, France, Germany—their crime rates are far lower than ours.

Pornography and smut peddlers certainly benefit from Court rulings which allow them to publish and profit from their filth. Surely they contribute as much to the crime problem as does television violence. Yet, they continue their $2 billion-a-year smut operations unhindered.

Another factor in the alarming crime rate is the very institution which is supposed to rehabilitate criminals. FBI reports show that 46% of persons arrested for serious crimes have been previously convicted. The parole practices and bonding procedures are often so lax and ineffective as to encourage lawlessness of the paroled or bonded offender.

In June, 1967, a twenty-four-year-old parolee was killed by gunshots after he had committed armed robbery at a District of Columbia store. It is interesting to note that he was:

1 on parole for auto theft;
2 free on bond for a 1966 robbery;
3 on probation for housebreaking; and
4 free on a $2,500 bond posted the day before on charges of shooting a high school student who had tried to remove him from the school grounds for yelling profanities at girl students.

Could it be, however, that the reasons for our high crime rate spring from even deeper rooted causes than smut peddling, subversive groups, outmoded penal practices and too-lenient Supreme and lower Court rulings? The very prevalence of these conditions are brought on by the type of society in which we live today.

America has never cradled a more permissive society than she does now. Parental, educational and religious guidance and governmental enforcement have all permitted and encouraged the individual to "do his own thing," even to the extent of participating in civil disorders, and of selecting the laws which he will or will not obey. As Americans, we find ourselves virtual prisoners within our own walls . . . with the criminals in control of the streets.

Our society leans over backward in an apparent effort *not* to influence and discipline our young people toward our ideals and hopes, lest we spoil their personalities. How alienated and unloved many of them must feel!

Police in New York City were able to identify Diana Outhton by the tip of a finger found in the wreckage from a sensational blast. According to news reports, this young woman was killed as she helped manufacture powerful dynamite bombs to be used in terrorist raids on Columbia University. Teachers admitted they knew of the planned bombing, but didn't want to "interfere." The sister of the dead girl was quoted as saying that her

father "never, never told the girl she was wrong," and that he would never condemn her or her sister for their actions. This young woman's actions included sit-ins, a trip to Cuba, an arrest for inciting mob action in Chicago, participating in the Moratorium, working actively as a Weatherman in the S.D.S., and living in a commune in Ann Arbor, Michigan.

Permissiveness by the parents of America spreads its tentacles into the courts, into our churches, and imbeds itself deeply in our schools. It encourages our young people to form revolutionary groups, stimulates illegal sales and uses of drugs, fosters organized criminal activity and heightens every area of crime.

Consider how we let organized crime flourish behind its facade of respectability.

The syndicates of organized crime have both the power and money to control such operations as global smuggling of heroin and cocaine and other dangerous drugs. Young people throughout the country have been their victims. This is a challenge which we must meet as parents, as citizens, as lawmakers. Loan sharking, gambling, labor racketeering are other sources of income to them, although they do not limit themselves to these areas. They seek more money and power while they hide vast sums of money in Swiss bank accounts, as they continue their prey on our society.

Those of you familiar with the problem, realize that illegal traffic in drugs is an important factor in the rising crime rate. As much as 75% of the street crime is attributed to the drug addict, and juvenile arrests involving the use of drugs rose 800% in the United States between 1960 and 1967. There isn't much the drug addict won't do to support his $100-a-day habit.

Crime has risen over 120% since 1960—11% alone in 1969. While most crime previously has been in poor and ghetto areas, the largest increase now is in suburban and even rural areas. The cost of crime zoomed past $31 billion in 1968. And one of the most heartrending statistics we have noted is that 75% of the serious crimes are committed by the under-twenty-five age-group.

There can be no doubt that our nation is in the grips of a wave of lawlessness and subversion which can only be combatted by immediate action against those who would act wantonly without regard for the just laws and ideals of order upon which this country was founded.

Crime certainly will not fade away by itself. Everyone has his share of responsibility—the federal government . . . the state government . . . and the local government . . . as well as every individual citizen.

Let us look at some of the things being done to combat this staggering wave of crime.

The Law Enforcement Assistance Administration of the Department of Justice provides funds to police to cut down on street crime, furnishing $63 million in 1969 for police training, community relations, new electric alarm systems in high burglary rate areas and statewide teletype networks. It also created a federal-state racket squad in New York City to combat organized crime with the coordinated efforts of both governments. If this proves successful, it will pave the way for more cooperation in the crucial fight against organized crime.

The new appropriations for the Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs provides $35 million for the Bureau's enforcement operations and to train 22,000 state and local law enforcement officers in the latest and most effective ways of combatting the drug problem. The illegal Gambling Business Control Act directed against organized crime, additional penalties for people who use guns in the commission of crime, and anti-smut measures are pending bills which we hope to pass to help cut crime.

Too often, however, we find people looking to the federal government as a cure-all for their problems. Even now, there are those who are suggesting a federal law enforcement system. We hope no American really wants this, for only local law enforcement can be both creative and flexible enough to respond to the particular needs of a community. None of us want a federal police.

All the federal legislation in the world won't help this country if its citizens are not aware of their invaluable function to keep our communities safe. Many of you are aware of some strange trends which have developed in this country. There are people willing to overlook crimes which imperil us each and every day. Many shirk their responsiblity for the crime rise by "scapegoating" the police and other law enforcement officers. But I believe all responsible people will agree that the accusing finger has been pointed at our nation's law enforcement officers too long. It is the local law enforcement officer who stands between the law abiding citizen and the criminal . . . between the looter and the shopkeeper . . . between the child and the molester . . . between the Students for a Democratic Society and the targets of their storm trooper tactics . . . between anarchy and violence and the peace and security of the United States. And too often he has stood alone.

How long will we permit the tacit acceptance of criminal acts just because some thug was raised in a poor environment, or some murderer had an unhappy childhood? There are always those who are ready to explain the "motivation" behind criminal activity . . . but are unwilling to lift a hand to protect the innocent against a killer or rapist.

In our schools, we must teach with greater emphasis respect for and obedience to law and order. Let us demand that teachers get back to the job of teaching and leave the changing of the social order to other forces.

Let us return to our law enforcement officers the power to enforce the laws.

Let us join together in support of our Crime Control Committee in the Fourth District. Already citizens are offering their pledges and suggestions for ridding our area of crime.

We must bring crime under control in order to preserve the freedoms guaranteed by the Constitution. Whenever we allow conditions to exist that permit people to select the laws they will or will not obey, we have surely created anarchy.

The law abiding citizen must not be stifled by fear of the lawless. Americans can again know the peace and

security that comes from obedience to the law. The strength we gain . . . the peace and security we have . . . is up to each of us.

Let us, the citizens of the Fourth District, lead the way. We can make the Fourth District of Florida a shining example of what can be done to control crime.

Each of us has a job to do—

First, a turn-around on permissiveness . . . in the home, school, church or court. Quit coddling criminals; insist courts do their job; deal more firmly with subversives; teach our own child respect for discipline.

Second, work for community safety through street lighting campaigns, as a volunteer police "aide" by reporting suspicious loiterers, by helping organize anti-delinquency programs, by offering job opportunities to released prisoners under proper supervision.

Third, support measures to cut down the drug trade.

Fourth, enlist the positive aid of young people. The 95 percent of our college youth who support the American way, need to know how to help our institutions back to order.

Fifth, show respect for our law enforcement officers and support research for crime control techniques.

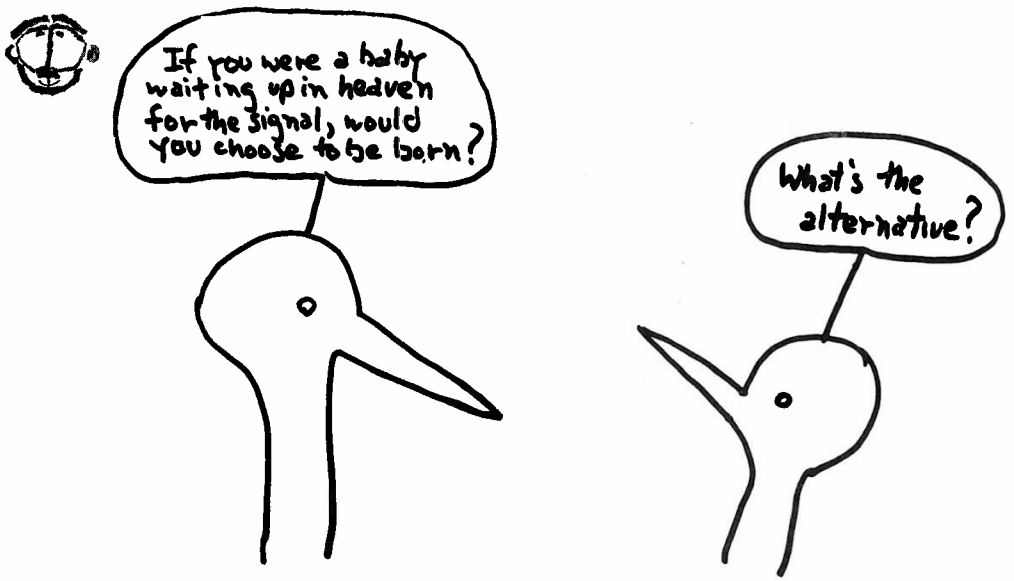
Within each of us, then, lies the power to control crime. Let us use that power wisely and for the good of all. Let us, by our actions, transmit to future generations a clean and lawful land.

According to some people, it always seems like we're doing too much; according to others, not enough.

"I think that protest is becoming too comfortable, like everything else in America. . . . We can protest anything now using the same old procedures, writing on the same old cardboards with detachable handles. If you want to bring an end to the war—then work to elect men who agree with you and mount that political campaign this fall that we know was successful before. If you are still insistent on racial equality, then go where you are needed—to register blacks, to assist with their arguments in court, to offer your services to their cause. If you care about poverty, go live it. Teach the children, work with the addict, help them in their community programs. . . . In short . . . act in a way meaningful to someone other than yourself."

(*Senator Edward Kennedy—From the* New York Times Magazine)

But is there ever a final word? Are we as good as we once thought we were—or as bad as many of us now feel we are?



You have to take chances for peace, just as you must take chances in war. The ability to get to the verge without getting into war is the necessary art. If you try to run away from it, if you are scared to go to the brink, you are lost.

John Foster Dulles

There are dangers in judging from superficial indications, but psychiatrists and anthropologists tell us that in many ways our appearance is a communication we make about ourselves to the outside world. Here is how we as a nation look to a well-wishing outsider.

Editor of the Times:

As a Danish exchange-student I have been confronted with several questions concerning Europe and its relations with the United States. Some questions puzzled me in particular. They were never put as questions but rather as suggestions or even straight answers:

"I bet you were really looking forward to spending a year in this 'Great Country of Ours'?"

"I guess you want to stay here forever?"

"It must be pretty scary to live that close to Russia?"

All of these "questions" were born from the profound belief that seems to have conquered most American minds. And that is:

"The U.S. today stands as the leader of the Free World, a country where all democratic idealism has become reality." As such it would only be natural for Europe and Europeans to love everything in the U.S.

Americans should wake up! If it weren't for them and a few foreign influential government-leaders, nobody would love the U.S.

To the Europeans, America represents the most anxious and the most powerful challenger of world peace. The Europeans are more than unsympathetic towards the U.S., they are afraid. Fear is a feeling that easily leads to hate.

Why these feelings of fear and hate?

The foreign politics are of course the most obvious reasons: Vietnam and the Southeast Asian conflict, Korea, the Israelian crisis and NATO (generally looked upon as American imperialism in Europe).

Then the domestic politics, especially the economic aspect of these: the lack of adequate social help to the aged, the unemployed and the poor (America—the richest country in the world), racism and the housing problems (the ghetto v. the white suburbs).

A third feature of America has become more and more dangerous, leading to the previous mentioned problems: The plastic god, or the adoration of all that is fake (in contrast to what is true: humanity).

The plastic god is buried deeply within the structure of the American way of life. It dates back to the depression where most people could but think of themselves and their families before anybody else. But the plastic god has grown in strength, resulting in merciless competition, anti-Christian selfishness and concepts such as "The Silent Majority" and "The All American Boy."

If I thought America to be that evil then why did I choose to go here?

I wanted to experience it, to see it with my own eyes. And I found that America lived up to all the rumors I had heard.

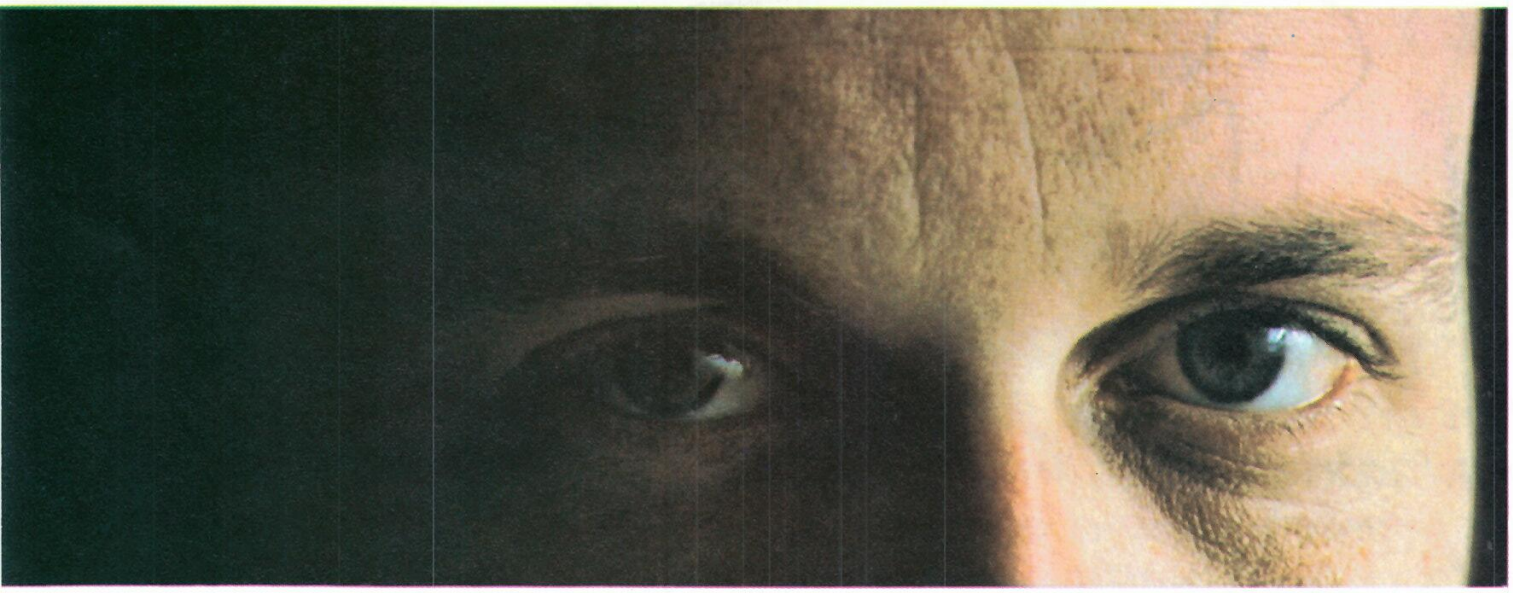
But I found something else too. People. Warm people with hearts and human feelings. Lots of them. In fact, I found America was crowded with people more friendly and more open-minded that I would ever have thought in my wildest dreams.

I want to end with a question to Americans:

With a population so human how did America turn out to be so frightening inhuman?

CHRISTIAN FRIIS,
727 De Soto Drive,
Palo Alto.

Here's how it looks from inside.



I have died
in Viet Nam.

But I have walked
the face of the moon.

I have befouled the waters
and tainted the air of a
magnificent land. But I have
made it safe from disease.

I have flown through the
sky faster than the sun. But I
have idled in streets made
ugly with traffic.

I have littered the land with
garbage. But I have built upon
it a hundred million homes.

I have divided schools with
my prejudice. But I have sent
armies to unite them.

I have beat down my enemies
with clubs. But I have built
courtrooms to keep them free.

I have built a bomb to destroy
the world. But I have used it
to light a light.

I have outraged my brothers
in the alleys of the ghettos.
But I have transplanted a
human heart.

I have scribbled out filth and
pornography. But I have elevated
the philosophy of man.

I have watched children starve
from my golden towers. But I
have fed half of the earth.

I was raised in a grotesque
slum. But I am surfeited by
the silver spoon of opulence.

I live in the greatest country
in the world in the greatest
time in history. But I scorn
the ground I stand upon.

I am ashamed.
But I am proud.
I am an American.

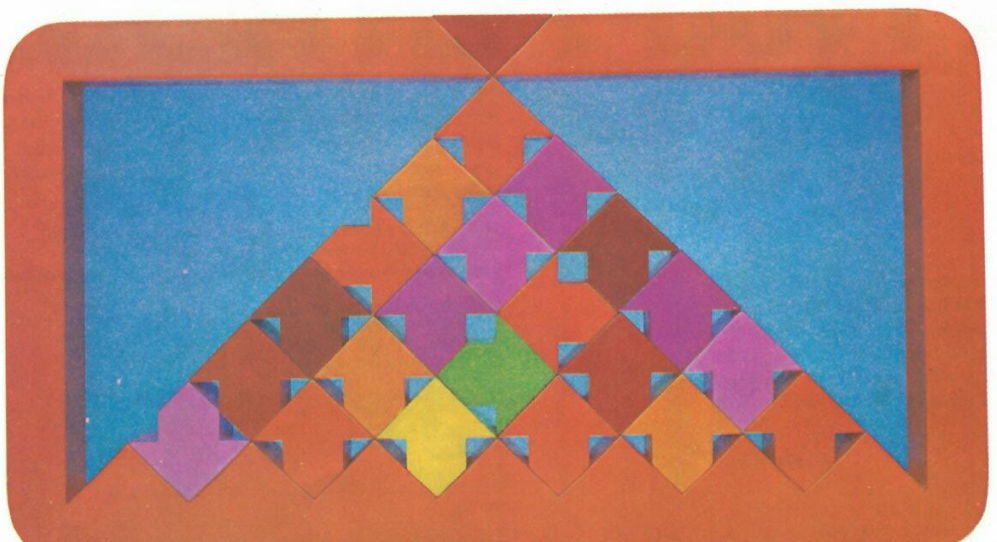
MacManus, John & Adams Inc., Advertising : Bloomfield Hills, New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, Twin Cities, Toronto, Zurich, London

photographer: marty evans

The real

Our election laws and traditions reflect the country as it was decades ago. The time has come to ask some basic questions.

How long should elected officials serve?
Is there still a need for the electoral college?
Should taxpayers foot the bill for election campaigns?
Does our present system truly provide one vote for each person?
Is our political structure so big that officials are too far from those who elect them?



artist: per vollquartz "government: triangle and people"

The ideal

A nation in which those elected truly represent the will of those who elected them– for the good of all.

AtlanticRichfieldCompany

IT CAN'T HAPPEN HERE!

OR CAN IT?

"In Germany they first came for the Communists and I didn't speak up because I wasn't a Communist. Then they came for the Jews, and I didn't speak up because I wasn't a Jew. Then they came for the trade unionists, and I didn't speak up because I wasn't a trade unionist. Then they came for the Catholics, and I didn't speak up because I was a Protestant. Then they came for me—and by that time no one was left to speak up."

Pastor Martin Niemoller

For 50 years, the American Civil Liberties Union has had as its sole purpose the preservation and strengthening of the freedoms guaranteed under the Bill of Rights: free speech, free press, free assemblage and other civil rights. ACLU defends these rights for all Americans.

Now, ACLU needs your support: moral and financial. We need you. So we'll be ready if you need us.

50TH ANNIVERSARY
AMERICAN CIVIL LIBERTIES UNION
156 FIFTH AVENUE, ROOM 621
NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10010

Here is my contribution of $_____ to improve the condition of our liberties in ACLU's 50th year.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____State_____Zip_____

Please make check payable to: ACLU Fiftieth Anniversary

DESIGN : SUTTER & GELLER, INC

OPINION

by John Cogley

DEMOCRATIZATION AND CULTURE

Many of the nation's present difficulties arise from its past successes. We are in trouble today not because the democratic system has failed but in large part because it has succeeded in breaking down the class, religious, and racial barriers of the past, thereby creating expectations unknown to earlier generations. If there is widespread discontent among the poor, it is not because their hopes have been extinguished but because they have been enlarged. If there is growing militancy among the minorities, it is because their natural thirst for justice is becoming an ever more driving force in their lives. If there is rage among those who, for one reason or another, feel oppressed, it is because the notion of personal dignity has been kept alive and over the years has been expanded.

There is a kind of paradox, then, in our situation. The "system," which has been bitterly blamed for the injustices in the land, has also remained vital enough to cast up the critics who make the strongest charges against it. For the saving fact is that democracy's shortcomings are, in the final analysis, measured by the principles of democracy; the democratic deed is judged by the democratic creed; when the deed is found wanting, the standards are derived from the notion of equality. To paraphrase G. K. Chesterton, we have to account for our weaknesses not by proclaiming that democracy has failed but by admitting that in given instances it has not yet been tried. What was said long ago remains true, the only cure for a sick democracy is more democracy.

Of course in some circles it is fashionable at the moment to affect a kind of despair about the American experience and to read the nation's history as little more than a triumph of hypocrisy. And, it must be acknowledged, there is evidence to sustain the charge that the soaring rhetoric of the founding fathers often turned out to be empty. For example, a nation which tolerated slavery for half its history and legally countenanced racial segregation throughout most of the other half cannot be said to have really meant the solemn proclamation that all men are created equal; the Other America, which Michael Harrington discovered a few years ago but was there all the time, provides dramatic testimony to the fact that equal opportunity for all is yet to be achieved. For all that, however, the democratic idea has somehow remained a vital force throughout our history; it has always been there to be invoked, especially by those who have had the grace to think of the "system" not as a frozen establishment but as a permanent revolution.

In this sense, the "system" has really worked. Progress has been made, always too little progress and always coming too slowly, to be sure, but enough to belie the notion that the American experiment with self-government has been a hoax. When we look back, it seems clear enough that the nation has steadily moved ahead on the road to freedom. Those who are tempted to deny this ought to ask themselves whether they would be more free if they

were to be miraculously turned into one of their own great-grandparents. Very few of us would even be willing to change places with a grandparent.

Of course there is a danger in saying something like this. Taken one way, it can lead to complacency and self-satisfaction and might even suggest that we are already living in the best of all possible worlds; rather than spurring us on to greater effort, it might imply that there is no urgency about righting the ancient wrongs that have turned the American dream into a nightmare for those who have been left behind. At a time when hopelessness has become such an acceptable posture, ironically most conspicuously among people who are themselves sleek and comfortable, it may, nevertheless, be necessary to run that risk. Downgrading what has been accomplished in the two centuries of American life can be as mischievous as proclaiming that everything has turned out just fine. To leave no doubt about it, then, let it be said straight and clear: while we are definitely not living in the best of all possible worlds, we are living in a world notably more tolerable than it would be if the American effort to improve the lot of mankind had never been made.

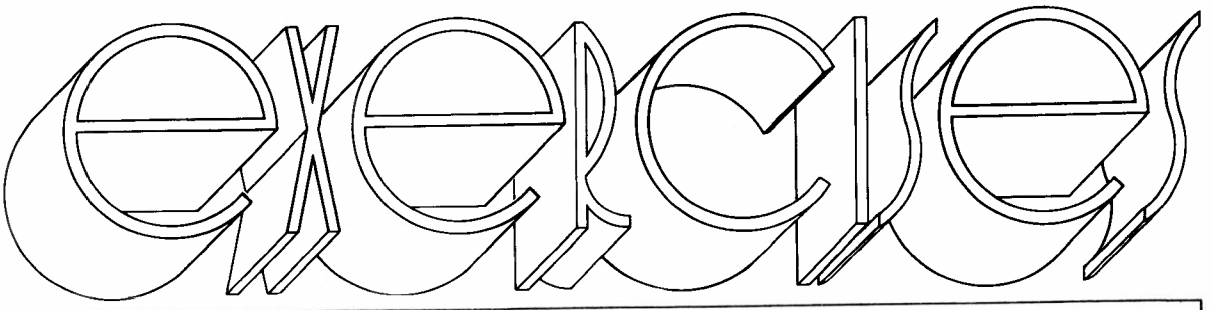
Only a dolt would deny that American institutions are under strain. Still, it is worth considering that the strain, at least in part, can be traced to the fact that the nation is no longer as elitist as it once was. It would be easier to maintain our colleges and universities, for example, were they still attended, as in the past, only by privileged students whose social and professional futures were generally secured by the accident of birth. The millions of first-generation collegians now crowding the nation's campuses come with fewer cultural attainments, and are less well-prepared for college work; they have clearly upset the equilibrium of the more genteel academic past. But if this is the price that has to be paid for putting higher education within the reach of the sons and daughters of the working classes, it is well worth the cost.

Again, America's cities might be more tranquil places if they were still dominated by solid middle-class folk with generations of experience in urban amenity behind them. If the great metropolitan centers were not having to cope with a massive influx of long-exploited rural people who moved to them in search of something better, life in New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, or Detroit might be less hazardous than it now is. Again, a price tag is attached to greater democracy. The cities have to face up to the problem of how to survive with a population of newly urbanized people who have been given a mild taste of freedom and are sometimes obstreperously demanding more — a characteristic, by the way, that is quintessentially American.

There was a time when mass communications were confined to the printed page. Though the lurid dime novel and scandal-mongering newspaper were not unknown even then, general publishers had a more limited, more cultivated clientele to please than the millions upon millions who now make up the audience for television. The network managers would undoubtedly find it easier to strike a higher cultural note if their only viewers were the kind of people who watched the recent production of *Long Day's Journey Into Night* — which landed at the very bottom of the Nielsen rating sheet the night it was shown on television. But even a public which prefers Archie Bunker to Eugene O'Neill is better off than one whose lives were confined to their own narrow rooms, as was true of millions of non-elite Americans in the past.

The point of course is that an increasingly more democratic society cannot enjoy the tranquillity and high cultural level that were available to American society when it was managed by, and largely for, a ruling elite. The more democratic the common denominator, the lower it is likely to be. This is a fact of life in present-day America. It has to be taken account of by educators, politicians, journalists, broadcasters, and everyone else appealing to the public. Inevitably, it does not sit well with those who once enjoyed the benefits of elitism and remain haunted by the memory of a time when only the privileged had to be considered and standards could be set high for that favored few.

No doubt the elitism of the past had its charms, but there is also much to be said for the greater democracy of the present. The disadvantages attached to it need not be permanent. Popular tastes can be elevated. With a little more daring on the part of the custodians of popular culture, they will be. Mass education can be improved. With a little more imagination on the part of the academic community, it will be. In the meantime, we can welcome the growing democratization of America, whatever the apparent cultural setbacks it has led to.



DECEPTIVE THINGS

materials: *list.*

Make a list of things and objects that are deceptive . . . i.e., plastic that looks like marble, simulated wood-grain printed on paper, optical illusions, make up, colored glasses, coin with two heads, trap doors, travel posters, plastic surgery, sarcasm, perfume, first impressions, quicksand, elevated shoes, counterfeit money, mirages, thin ice, consumer packaging, flattery, theatre, prisms, memories, etc.

variations: (1) make a list of things made more beautiful or better by age. (2) make a list of things found inside the drawer of your desk. (3) list the first 25 sounds you hear from a given moment.

DO YOU EVER REALIZE YOU SPEND ONE SEVENTH OF YOUR LIFE ON TUESDAY?

PEOPLE WALL

materials: ***magazines.***

Each student brings a photo or illustration of faces or heads clipped from a magazine. Each student also brings a quote, statement or advertising slogan or claim, cut from a newspaper or periodical. The pictures are fixed to the wall arbitrarily. The quotes are then tacked to the pictures, at random. Strange things happen. Sometimes the quotes match perfectly when linked to the facial expression. At other times they clash. Many times they create amusing and unusual situations.

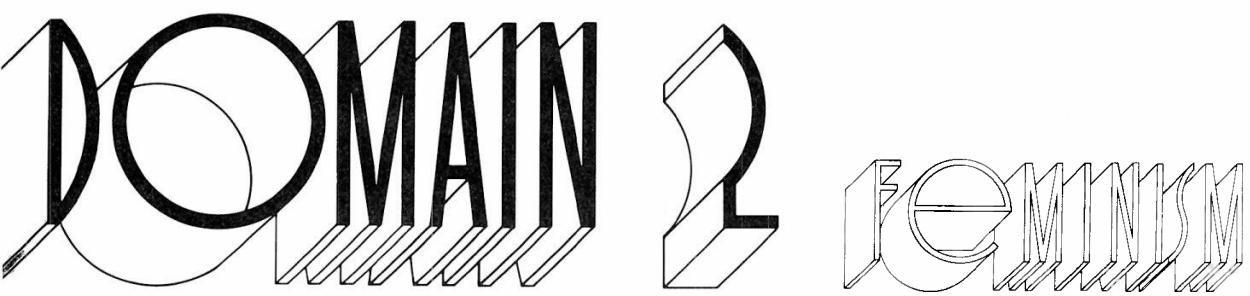
SEE: *"color of the day" (a film distributed by* VISUAL EXTENSION SERVICE, UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA)

GRAPHICS

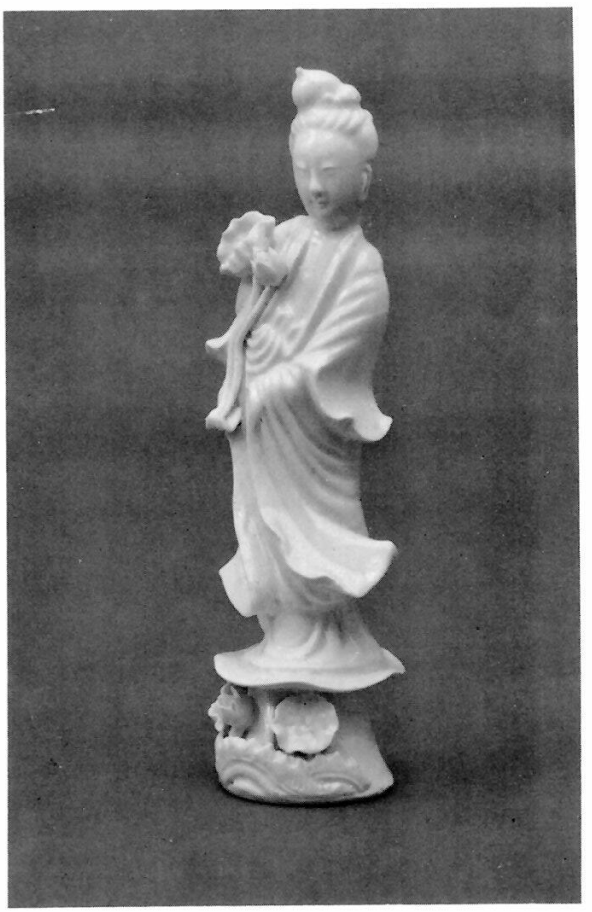
Look at all the material in the Graphics classification.

1) Write a short analysis of either the way the graphic approach is used in each unit (and what it adds) or of the way the total pattern of graphic communication is developed through the eight domains.

2) Summarize and discuss communication in graphic form.


DOMAIN 2
feminism

But women aren't supposed to be great chefs. And they certainly aren't supposed to be great artists. And name one who is a great novelist. (George Eliot?) One of the more fascinating approaches to literature, especially in Western literature, is to follow the way women are portrayed in major works. Start with the Beowulf era. Woman would have to be a dispenser of gifts or a queen, otherwise she would not be important enough to mention. In Sir Gawain she is a temptress. In TAMING OF THE SHREW, she's a shrew. In THE REVOLT OF MOTHER, she takes a stand. But now she demands.



Aphra Behn was a novelist before England was supposed to have a novel. Odd, isn't it?

Aphra Behn

Male chauvinism is everywhere. When Kate Millett recently took to task D. H. Lawrence and Henry Miller as prime exemplars of authors who have indicated that woman is fine as long as she keeps her place, she overlooked a glaring example of bias that she must have encountered in other literature classes. Wasn't she, like the rest of us, taught that Defoe became the father (no mother was needed, evidently) of the English novel with the publication of *Robinson Crusoe* in 1719? Unless she went to a very unusual school, she was probably told that psychological realism entered fiction with Samuel Richardson's *Pamela* in 1740. (Of course, students are also left with the impression that the notion of the noble savage broke unannounced from the mind of Jean Jacques Rousseau; and we must also venerate Harriet Beecher Stowe as the first significant novelist to deal with the unfair treatment of the African black in the New World.)

All of the foregoing "facts" are open to question. If proper credit were given, much of it would go to Mrs. Aphra Behn, the first Englishwoman to earn her living by writing. But unless you were looking up "beheading" in the *Encyclopedia Britannica* and went blindly on to the next entry or were determined to delve into the depths of English literature, you probably have never heard her name. Certainly the texts used in most English introductory courses don't give much space to her—a few lines at most.

Maybe the authors of these texts thought that trying to discuss Mrs. Behn would merely lead to confusion. Certainly much of the data available about the details of her life is of dubious accuracy. Not only was the 17th Century somewhat lax in keeping records, but Mrs. Behn seems to have *tailored* her autobiographical information (for reasons of convenience, propriety, or to make a sale) almost as often as a Hollywood star or a nervous politician. This doesn't help those who would like to clarify matters and fit her into a neat academic pigeonhole.

On some matters there is agreement. It is generally accepted that she was born in England in 1640. She appears to have travelled to Surinam (South America) and lived there until the Dutch took over in 1658. Her subsequent marriage to a Mr. Behn, a merchant of Dutch descent, enabled her to lead a socially active life in Europe for some time.

When her husband died in 1665, she was left penniless. She tried being a secret agent representing Charles II in Belgium. It was work that was successful in every respect except financially. (Either the pay scale for female spies was inadequate or the concern of her employers extremely slight—she served a term in debtor's prison before she received money owed her by the government for her spying services.)

According to V. Sackville-West (the best known of her rare biographers) when Mrs. Behn emerged from that ordeal she became "an inhabitant of Grub Street with the best of them, . . . a phenomenon never seen and . . . fiercely resented." Still, some of the most distinguished of her contemporaries—among them Dryden and Otway—thought highly of her.

At first Aphra Behn wrote poetry for pleasure, plays (some 19 of them) for money. Toward the end of her life she turned to novel writing. She died in 1689 and was buried in the Poet's Corner of Westminster Abbey.

The novel on which much of her reputation must rest is *Oroonoko, or The Royal Slave,* published in 1688. The story at first catalogs the life in an African court, dealing in particular with the hero, Oroonoko, grandson of an African king, and with Imoinda, his beloved. The rivalry between Oroonoko and his grandfather for the hand of Imoinda results in both of the young people being shipped off to slavery in Surinam. For a time Oroonoko is resigned to his fate. Eventually, however, his dim prospects and the duplicity of the white Governor and some of the slave owners cause Oroonoko to plan a revolt of the slaves. He

is overwhelmed and captured, only to escape a second time. This time Oroonoko takes his lovely Imoinda with him, finally murdering her (with her consent) to save her from the hands of the savage whites. Half-fainting, he stays beside her corpse for several days until he is found and put to death by the slave owners.

While the bare outline of the plot may seem overly melodramatic, it was better than much of what had gone before, and it gave later authors a fairly high mark to shoot for. The diction in which the tale is told is brisk, and the characterization excellent. The unfortunate hero and his wife may appear slightly larger than life, but the reader can believe in and sympathize with them. Much of the narrative is in the first person, the lady who befriended the hero making the reader see the scene through her European—and supposedly impartial—eyes.

The connection between this novel and the belief in the noble savage of later romantic philosophy is apparent on first reading. Less obvious, perhaps, is the attitude Mrs. Behn took toward the enslaved African. While she sympathized with the mistreated black as much as Harriet Beecher Stowe, she was not writing a treatise on the evils of slavery. After all, as she showed in the opening chapters, the blacks were used to emploving such a practice themselves. What she seems to have been advocating is a notion much more basic, but perhaps more advanced: people should be respected and treated in accordance with their own nobility rather than in accordance with their color or status. Oroonoko, who could not conceive of a man giving his word and then breaking it, was of more worth than the deceitful, cruel colonial administrator.

Granted, the mere fact that Aphra Behn earned her living by writing (even as a woman in 17th Century England) might not qualify her for mention in English survey courses. But someone competent and popular in three genres, one of the first writers of novels, someone whose ideas on the noble savage predate those of Rousseau, author of a novel that predated *Uncle Tom's Cabin* by nearly two hundred years, author of a novel that pictured the African as having a full-fledged culture in his native land—for such a person to be passed over with only a sentence or two seems somewhat strange.

Admittedly Edward Wagenecht in his *Cavalcade of the English Novel* mentions her at length—and gives her some praise. Others ignore her almost entirely or (as in Baker's *History of the English Novel*) pass her off as though she were a good example of what Dr. Johnson meant when he equated an educated woman with a dog that has been taught to walk.

Why is her genius not more widely recognized? According to Wagenecht "The answer must be that, unlike Defoe, she uses none of her talents very consistently, nor, indeed, very intelligently." To substantiate that statement Wagenecht offers the following evidence:

"In *Agnes de Castro* (1688) the analysis of emotion is fine and moving, while the trick by which Constantia is made to believe Agnes unfaithful is the most transparent artifice in the world." He admits that in *The Adventure of the Black Lady* the local color is perfect and the outlined psychology singularly advanced for the 17th Century. But he discounts the novel because of the "long arm of coincidence" that reunites the novel's lovers.

In order to avoid argument, let us say the accusation is true. But did similar faults prevent Sir Walter Scott from being acclaimed a major English novelist? Did Mr. Wagenecht complain of the "coincidences" that fill the novels of Hardy? (Hardy is quoted as saying "it is not improbabilities of incident but improbabilities of character that matter.") These are rhetorical questions, of course, since the answer is obviously "no."

Perhaps the fitting summation can be found in Kunitz and Haycraft: "She was a pioneer of feminism, a woman who did not merely claim the right to live her own life and earn her own living by the gifts nature had given her, but quietly went ahead and did it, in the face of almost insuperable obstacles." Couldn't the Women's Lib movement use a patron saint?

HDP

Today's women don't care for the position they've been relegated to.

LET NO MAN WRITE HER EPITAPH

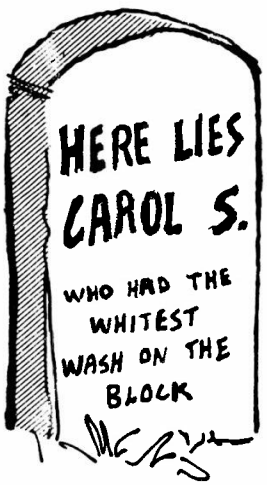
JOAN JACKSON

"My epitaph will say: 'Here Lies Carol S., An Excellent Housewife.' But I want more than that."

"When I die I want to leave a legacy. And a legacy of four children isn't enough. Not for me. I want to be remembered as more than an excellent housewife."

The woman speaking is "for real." She is a 28-year-old San Jose housewife, mother of four, blonde and pretty, with a nice home and an adoring husband.

And yet she says, definitely, "I want to stand on the rooftop and shout it: I am not happy, not satisfied, being just a housewife."



The startling truth is that this woman is not such a rare bird, after all.

Go down Any Avenue, San Jose, and knock on Any Door. Talk with Mrs. Any Body and don't be too surprised if she raps your neat little ideas about the Great American Housewife all cuckoo.

She will tell you about the "problem that has no name." In her spic and span split-level home, in all its dustless, odorless, children-filled glory, she will sweep her hand, encompassing it all, and say, "There's got to be more than this."

As the 28-year old housewife asked, "After all, who am I? Nobody, that's who. Somebody's mother. Somebody's wife. But I'm me, too."

It is a peculiar problem, this search for identity. To pin point it—to say this and this and this is what is wrong—is nearly impossible. And no woman who was really a loving good wife and mother would say such things until . . .

. . . Until women around the country broke out under the banner of Women's Liberation. In all its ban-the-bra, ban-the-family, ban-the-man headline grabbing ballyhoo, women's lib also has some serious points to make. And women's lib, too, has given women like Carol S. the nerve to finally say, "I am grateful for my home and family and a chance to care for them, but my life can't stop there. It is a relief to know that I'm not an oddity, and I can stop being ashamed of wanting something more."

Carol complains that the only happy housewives she knows are "the ones with money enough to go shopping and buy whatever they want, and the ones who are very involved with their children. They just get their identity through their children."

"The homemakers say that with all the turmoil going on in the world, they are keeping something special—a good strong family unit—secure in a loving home. I can't argue with it, and I'm not saying they are right or wrong. I just don't believe your kids are going to be happier or more secure just because you are at their beck-and-call every moment of every day," she maintains.

A 50-year old Los Gatos woman, divorced after 25 years of marriage, echoes that. "I spent my whole marriage taking care of my children. While I was taking care of them, my husband was in his own world with his career. When the children left home, my husband and I had nothing in common. He had his outside interests; I had nothing."

"Now," she says, "I'm alone with no outside interests, and no education with which to get an interesting job." The mother, looking at her daughter who, at 27 years old, is crusading for the liberation of woman, says, "I'm so happy you realize these things now, and not when it's too late like I did."

Just what is it that gets a woman down, being at home day after day? Everything and anything and nothing at all, say the women—it is, indeed, "the problem that has no name."

"It is the expectation of something that never takes place," Carol attempts to explain. "You keep on waiting for something to happen. It just never does. From one day to the next, you keep expecting something. So what do I get? I get chronic diarrhea. I get chronic headaches. I get cranky. I get claustrophobia. I don't leave this house except to go to the grocery store."

"So, you take up a hobby like playing the guitar. Right in the middle of music, someone comes in and says, 'Where's my clean underwear?' How often can you pursue a ball of dust under the couch and feel like you are doing something relevant? I don't get any satisfaction from a shiny kitchen floor, and my husband couldn't care less. If the housekeeper did the floor, I would feel just as satisfied," Carol says.

It takes a pluckish honesty for her to admit, "Love and children and home are good, but they are not the whole world, even if people want to pretend they are. Why should women accept this half-life, instead of a share of the whole world?"

And to impress her point—her search for "who-am-I-ness"—she says again, "I want my epitaph to say more than 'Here Lies Carol S., An Excellent Housewife . . .' "

Many are the offenders. But none are more offensive than ad writers, and Madison Avenue irritates them the most.

ZEROING IN ON MADISON AVENUE'S AMERICAN WOMAN

DALE BRYANT

In the Madison Avenue version of life American style, a husband gets up in the morning, puts on his business suit and takes off for his job in a world full of people.

He closes the front door of his home and leaves behind him locked inside, a wife living in a world full of freshly laundered shirts singing, "Ring around the collar; ring around the collar."

Washing machines are very important in the woman's world, according to television and magazine advertising. Does a woman do her family laundry with enzymes or bleach or does she use a super detergent that does the job of both?

Lately, there's been some agitation about the washer-woman image of the American woman . . . and the agitating isn't coming from the washing machine.

Advertising which puts women in the housewife stereotype as well as the sex object stereotype has been labeled by the women's liberation movement as offensive. The movement to fight this Madison Avenue tactic is just getting started on the West Coast, but is a full-fledged movement in New York City where women, weary of their image as the cleaner-uppers, have vowed to clean up the advertising business. It is not uncommon these days to find ads on New York City buses and subways stamped (quite literally) with stickers which say, "This Exploits Women," and "This Ad Insults Women."

The women's liberation movement wants to know why television's women have to be so dumb. Why do six women trying to guess the secret ingredient in a deodorant all stumble and stammer, hem, haw and giggle trying to say the big scientific name? And why is it always an understanding male who tells them, "It's aluminum chlorhydrate."

Putting a woman in HER kitchen and then bringing in a man to help her out of a crisis is just rubbing dirty dishwater in the wound, complained a member of the South Bay Chapter of the National Organization of Women (NOW) during a recent meeting. "The women are not only stereotyped into homemaker roles in these ads, but they are always so stupid they can't solve any problem for themselves."

In television commercials, men aren't expected to wash dirty laundry, prepare meals, scrub dirty floors, walls or toilet bowls. But let the cleaning problem get a little difficult (whereupon the housewife becomes typically emotional) and she has to be rescued by the Man from Glad, the White Knight and wonderful Mr. Clean. There's even a little guy sailing around in her toilet helping her solve those cleaning problems.

Men don't polish furniture in television commercials, but they show women how to do it. "Week after week, women polish their furniture until they end up polishing the polish." Then he shows them the right way.

Women, says Madison Avenue, should make a career of housework because of the immense satisfaction it brings. "Will he notice the wonderful smell the fabric softener left in his clothes?" Of course he will. And that will just make her day.

There are numerous ways in which a woman can achieve fulfillment, say the commercials. She can find the proper deodorant which will keep the neighbor's children from laughing about her "housitosis." She can play detective while she sniffs out the source of offensive odors in her kitchen and bathroom; she can clean the window to shine like glass; she can see to it that her furniture can pass the "white glove test."

It seems foolish for women to want something more out of life. Women who want to become doctors and lawyers and business executives are probably just frustrated because they haven't cleaned their homes well enough to realize how rewarding it can be.

"Why should a woman slave all day in the kitchen preparing HIS favorite dish?" Simple. So he will give her a big fat kiss on the cheek.

All of which leads to the subject of sex. Contrary to the beliefs of some overly defensive males, womn's liberation is not a movement to do away with sex. The movement simply opposes the stereotype that shiny hair, fragrant perfume, false eyelashes and padded bras are all a woman needs to find a man. They also oppose the stereotype that the only goal in a woman's life is to trap a man.

In television land, the mousy spinster follows her mother's advice, adds 1/16 inch of padding to her bra and finds a husband. An ad in a fashion magazine says, "This is the way we look for men, look for men, look for men, with (false eyelashes) to show us how."

Women know from advertising that it's important to keep their breath fresh, their underarms dry, their legs smooth and their hair shiny. But the latest product to hit the market, with appropriately delicate, woman-to-woman commercials is a product women didn't even know they needed a year ago. It's called feminine hygiene spray and it represents the ultimate offense according to spokeswomen for the movement.

Women have been deodorized, sanitized and sterilized. They've been perfumed, powdered and packaged so cleverly that they are beginning to feel just like the other merchandise Madison Avenue is trying to push.

If the potato chip people thought they had trouble from minority groups over the Frito Bandito, Madison Avenue hasn't seen anything yet.

Like other minority groups which have banded together to fight prejudice, women are joining forces. And when this 51 per cent minority starts marching with its "This Ad Insults Women" stickers, it may be a little hard to see the ads for all the stickers.

Even this harmless ad might turn off Women's Lib.

In 1918, Leona Currie scandalized a New Jersey beach with a bathing suit cut above her knees. And to irk the establishment even more, she smoked a cigarette. Leona Currie was promptly arrested.

Oh how Leona would smile if she could see you today.

You've come a long way, baby.

V· · · Sl·

Men seem to irritate even when they don't intend to.

FATHER'S DAY—GOOD TIME TO "REAPPRAISE" WOMEN

It is perhaps not inappropriate on Father's Day to consider the so-called women's liberation movement in general and the relationship between men and women in particular.

Father's Day is, after all, a day set aside to take note of, if not always honor, an exclusively masculine condition, fatherhood. However, it can hardly be gainsaid that without women to serve as mothers there could be no fathers. The relationship is inextricable and indissoluble.

So it is, also, that a conderation of the women's liberation movement without reference to men is futile and fruitless. Ask any father of daughters what he worries about most and he will almost invariably reply boys, or, later, the men who will take his little girls to wife.

The problem, really, is not that the differences between men and women are so poorly understood (although they are in far too many cases) but that there is too little awareness of the individuality of women on the part of men.

The women who are attracted to the so-called liberation movements must, almost by definition, feel they are in some way prisoners of something or someone. Nobody who considers himself free feels the need to be liberated.

The emotional content of most of the women's liberation rhetoric, taken apart from the specific demands for this or that particular reform, is full of this feeling of prisonership. Rightly or wrongly, many women feel victimized, and they feel victimized by men more often than not.

It is particularly useful on Father's Day for men to consider where they fit into this picture. If women feel victimized by men, what can men do—or even what should men do—to ease the feeling?

First off, of course, it is obvious that men can do little to alter the basic facts of biology. Women will be mothers, and men will be fathers because that's the way Nature has willed it.

Second, in terms of economic and political organization, discrimination in favor of one sex at the expense of the other is indefensible and is gradually being ended. It probably is not being ended faster because what may appear as discrimination to one person may appear to another to be no more than a realistic appreciation of the genuine differences between the sexes. (The maritime industry's reluctance to hire women stevedores might be cited as a case in point).

Thirdly, and most important, there is a wide area in which men can ease the resentments of women and—for that matter—women can ease the resentments of men. That is the area of personal relations. The woman who feels her man respects her individuality, who treats her as an independent human being and not as an extension of himself, can hardly feel she needs to be "liberated" from anything.

It has been said more than once that there would probably be fewer domineering women if there were fewer women who felt the only choice open to them was to dominate or be dominated.

It is a point worth pondering on Father's Day if for no other reason than that a man doesn't get to be a father without entering into a more or less permanent, long-time relationship with a woman. Since he has the name he'll do better if he understands the fundamentals of the game.

Belladonna, n. In Italian a beautiful lady; in English a deadly poison. A striking example of the essential identity of the two tongues.

Ambrose Bierce

Some men might be happier with one of these.

ROBOT DOLLS dolls that pucker up and kiss, dolls that blow bubbles, dolls that tumble came to Toyland in the sixties. In the decade ahead, dolls will become even more realistic, buyers attending the 67th annual Toy Fair here were told.

The more sophisticated dolls will come about as doll makers use more miniaturization of electric circuitry—one of the fringe benefits of the space program. The dolls will be programmed robots, in which almost all human actions are possible. What's more, these actions will be triggered not by pulling strings or turning buttons, but in response to live stimuli—the change in a child's voice tone or a caress.

—San Jose Mercury

Marriage, n. The state or condition of a community consisting of a master, a mistress and two slaves, making in all, two.

Ambrose Bierce

IF MY GRUMBLING WIFE
WERE STILL ALIVE
I JUST MIGHT
ENJOY TONIGHT'S MOON

ISSA

The Student's Wife

RAYMOND CARVER

He was reading to her from Rilke, a poet he admired, when she fell asleep with her head on his pillow. He liked reading aloud, and he read well; a confident, sonorous voice pitched low and somber one minute and then rising, clear and sharp the next. He never looked away from the page while he read, only stopped now and then to reach to the nightstand for a cigaret. It was a rich, lilting voice that'd dreamily reminded her of caravans just setting out from walled cities and bearded men in robes; and after listening for a few minutes she had closed her eyes and drifted off.

He went on reading aloud. The children had been asleep for hours, and outside a car rubbered by now and then on the wet pavement.

After a while he put down the book and turned in the bed to reach for the lamp. She opened her eyes suddenly, as if frightened, and blinked two or three times. Her eyelids looked oddly dark and fleshy to him as they flicked up and down over her fixed, glassy eyes. He stared at her.

"Are you dreaming?" he asked.

She nodded slowly and, without thinking, brought her hand up and touched her fingers to the plastic curlers at each side of her head. Tomorrow it was Friday, her day to herd all the four to seven year olds in the Woodlawn Apartment the eight blocks through town to City Park. He kept looking at her, leaning on his elbow, at the same time trying to straighten the spread with his free hand. She had a smooth-skinned, pale slender face with prominent cheekbones; the cheekbones, she sometimes insisted to friends, half humorously and half fiercely proud, were from her father, who had been one-quarter Nez Perce. Then: "Make me a little sandwich of something, Mike, with butter and lettuce and salt on the bread."

He waited a minute because he wanted to go to sleep, and when he looked over at her again she was still awake, watching him.

"Can't you go to sleep, Nan?" he said gently. "It's late."

"I'd like something to eat first," she said. "My legs and arms hurt for some reason, and I'm hungry."

He groaned extravagantly as he rolled out of bed.

He fixed her the sandwich and brought it in on a saucer. She sat up in bed and smiled when he came in the bedroom, then slipped a pillow behind her back as she took the saucer. He thought she looked like a hospital patient in her white nightgown.

"What a funny little dream I had."

"What were you dreaming?" getting in and turning over on his side away from her. He stared at the nightstand, waiting, then closed his eyes slowly.

"Do you really want to hear it?" she asked him.

"Sure."

She was all the way awake now, and she settled back comfortably on the pillow and picked a crumb off her lip. She felt like talking.

"Well. It seemed like a really long drawn-out kind of dream, you know, with all kinds of relationships going, but I can't remember everything now. It was all very clear when I woke up but it's beginning to fade now. How long have I been asleep, Mike? It doesn't really matter, I guess. Anyway, I think it was that we were staying someplace overnight, I don't know where the kids were, but it was just the two of us at some little hotel or something. It was on some lake, but it wasn't familiar. There was another, older couple there wanted to take us for a ride in their motorboat." She laughed, remembering, and leaned forward off the pillow. "The next thing I recall is we were down at the boat landing. Only, only the way it turned out they had just one seat in the boat, a kind of bench up in the front, and it was only big enough for three. You and I started arguing about who was going to sacrifice and sit all cooped up in the back. You said you were, and I said I was. But I finally won out. I squeezed in the back of the boat but it was so narrow it hurt my legs, and I was afraid the water was going to come in over the sides. And then I woke up."

"That's a strange dream." He felt drowsily that he should say something else. "Mmm. You remember Bonnie Travis? Fred Travis' wife? She used to have *color* dreams, she said."

She laughed quietly, as she remembered Bonnie, and then looked at the sandwich in her hand and took a bite. When she finished she ran her tongue in behind her lips and balanced the saucer on her lap as she reached behind and plumped up the pillow. Then she smiled and leaned back against the pillow again. "Do you remember that time we stayed overnight on the Tilton River, Mike? When you caught that big fish the next morning?" putting her hand on his shoulder. "Do you remember that?"

She did, anyway. After scarcely thinking about it these last five or six years, it'd begun coming back to her lately. It was a month or two after they'd married and they'd gone away for the weekend. They had a little campfire that night, a watermelon in the snow-cold river (which they'd forgotten about eating in their excitement the next day and had gone away and left there in the river), and she'd fried spam and eggs and canned beans for supper, and pancakes, spam and eggs in the same blackened frying pan the next morning. She'd burned the frying pan both times she cooked, and they could never get the coffee to boil, but it was one of the best times they'd ever had. Mike had borrowed a Coleman lantern which he'd fixed to hang from over their bed of quilts, blankets, borrowed air-mattresses; and a huge canvas tarpaulin that he hoped would keep off the dew. After they got under the covers, he'd read to her that night as well; Elizabeth Browning, and a few poems from the *Rubaiyat*. They had so many covers over them that she could hardly turn her feet under all the weight. She lay there grinning the whole time, though, burrowed up against his warm body and tracing a finger across his chest while he read in his strong, boyish voice. Then he stood up, tall and white, his giant shadow climbing and dipping

on the trunks of the other trees as he fiddled with the lantern. He didn't have any clothes on, and he was shivering before he finally extinguished the light. The stars appeared overhead, sharp and glistening through the openings in the pine trees, and she could hear the swift river the other side of the clearing. Then they made love. The next morning he'd caught a big trout, and people had stopped their cars on the road across the river to watch him play it in.

"Well. Do you remember or not?" patting him on the shoulder. "Mike?"

"I remember," he said after a minute. He shifted a little on his side, opened his eyes. That particular time was vague now, and he'd only half-listened. Besides, that whole period of his life seemed one of embarrassing immaturity; oily, carefully-combed hair and loud, half-baked ideas about Life and Art. He'd as soon forget it. "That was a long time ago, wasn't it Nan?"

"We'd just got out of high school. You hadn't started to college."

He waited, and then he raised up onto his arm and turned his head to look at her over his shoulder. "You about finished with that sandwich, Nan?" She was still sitting up in the bed.

She nodded and gave him the saucer.

"I'll turn off the light, okay?"

"If you want."

Then he pulled down into the bed again and extended his foot until it touched against hers. He lay still for a minute, and then relaxed.

"Mike, you're not asleep, are you?"

"No," he said. "Nothing like that."

"Well, don't go to sleep before me," she said. "I don't want to be awake by myself."

He didn't answer but he inched a little closer to her on his side. When she put her arm over him and planted her hand flat against his chest, he took her fingers and squeezed them lightly. But in a minute his hand dropped away to the bed, and he sighed.

"Mike? . . . Honey, I wish you'd rub my legs. My legs hurt."

"God," he said softly, "I was sound asleep."

"Well, I wish you'd rub my legs and talk to me. My shoulders hurt, too, but my legs especially."

He turned over and began rubbing her legs, then fell asleep again with his hand on her hip.

"Mike?"

"What is it, Nan? Tell me what it is."

"I wish you'd rub me all over," turning onto her back. "My legs and arms both hurt tonight," raising her knees to make a tower with the covers. "Just like the growing pains I had when I was a little girl."

He opened his eyes briefly in the dark and then shut them. "*Growing* pains. Huh? You really had growing pains?"

"O God, yes," wiggling her toes, glad she'd drawn him out. "When I was ten or eleven years old I was as big then as I am now. You should've seen me! I grew so fast in those days my legs and arms hurt me all the time . . . Didn't you?"

"Didn't I what?"

"Didn't you ever feel yourself growing?"

"Not that I remember," he said, and cleared his throat loudly. Seriously: "My feet hurt sometimes if I played too hard."

She gave a little laugh, but for a minute couldn't think of anything else to say. He raised up on his elbow, struck a match, and looked at the clock. He turned his pillow over to the cooler side and lay down again.

In a minute she said, "You're asleep, Mike . . . I wish you'd want to talk."

"Huh!"

"I said I wish you'd turn over and talk to me, Mike."

"All right," not moving.

"Just hold me and get me off to sleep. I can't go to sleep."

He turned over and put his arm loosely over her shoulder as she turned on her side facing the wall.

"Mike?"

"For God's sake . . . What is it, Nan?"

"Why don't you tell me all the things you like, and the things you don't like."

"Don't know any right now," he mumbled, adding, "tell me, if you want."

"If you'll promise to tell me. Is that a promise?"

"Okay, sure."

"Well—" turning onto her back again, pleased. "I like good food; steaks and hash brown potatoes, things like that. And I like good books and magazines, riding on trains at night, and those times I flew in an airplane. That was something, it really was." She stopped. "Course, none of this is in order of preference. I'd have to think about it then . . . But I like that, flying in airplanes. There's a moment as you leave the ground you feel—whatever happens is all right." She put her right leg across his ankle. Her eyes had got used to the dark, and she let them move around the bedroom before going on. "I like staying up late at night and then sleeping-in the next morning. I wish we could do that all the time, not just once in a blue moon. And I like sex, too, and I like to be touched now and then when I'm not expecting it. And I like going to movies and drinking beer with friends afterwards. I like to have friends. I like Janice Hendricks very much. And sometimes, when I'm in the mood, I like folk music, and I like classical music, too, and good jazz, and I'd like to go dancing at least once a week. And I'd like to have nice clothes all the time, and I'd like to be able to buy the kids nice clothes every time they need it without having to wait. Laura needs a new little outfit right now for Easter; and Gordon; I'd like to get Gordon a little suit or something. He's old enough. I'd like you to have a new suit, too. You really need a new suit more than he does now that you're teaching those two classes. And I'd like us to have a place of our own, somewhere permanent, and stop moving around every year, or every other year. Most, most of all," she hurried on, "I'd like us both just to live a good, honest life without having to worry about money and bills and things like that."

"You're asleep," she said to him after a while.

"No, no, I'm not. Go on."

"No, I can't think of anything else. You go on now. Tell me what you'd like."

"I don't know, Nan. Like . . . lots of things," he murmured.

"Well, tell me. We're just talking, aren't we?"

"I wish you'd leave me alone, Nan," he flared. "I really do. What's the use of talking? Why don't we wait till tomorrow? We'll be awake then." He turned over

to his own side of the bed again and dangled his arm off the edge. She turned over, too, and pressed against him.

"Mike?"

"By God," he said quietly. Then: "Just a minute, honey, all right? Let me stretch my legs a minute, then I'll wake up."

In a while she said, "Mike? Are you asleep?" She shook his shoulder gently, but there was no response. She lay there for a time huddled against his body, trying to sleep. She lay quietly at first, without moving, crowded against him and taking only very small, even breaths. But she couldn't sleep. She tried not to listen to his breathing, but it began to make her uncomfortable. There was a slight scraping sound coming from inside his nose when he breathed. She tried to regulate her breathing so that she could breathe in and out at the same time as he. Still, it was no use; the little scraping sound in his nose persisted. There was a webby squeak in his chest, too, from all the cigarets he'd had that day. She finally turned over and roundly nestled her bottom in against his, stretched her arm over to the edge and cautiously put her fingertips against the cold wall. The covers had pulled up at the foot of the bed on her side, and she could feel a draft when she moved her legs. She heard two people coming up the stairs of the apartment next door. Someone gave a short, throaty laugh before opening the door. Then she heard a chair drag on the floor. She turned over. The toilet flushed next door, and in a minute it flushed again. *God damn them,* tightening her lips, *why don't they go to bed?* Down the street a car door slammed, the car started almost immediately, and then drove away.

She turned over onto her back again, tried to relax. She vaguely remembered the article she'd read once in a magazine: if all the bones and muscles and joints in the body could join together in perfect relaxation, sleep would almost certainly come. Was it something that had to do with Zen? She wasn't sure. Anyway, it didn't matter. She stared up at the dark spidery light ornament in the ceiling and with her fingers idly traced the flesh on the inside of each thigh. Then she took a long breath, closed her eyes, and lay perfectly still, arms straight out along her sides. She tried to relax her whole body; each arm and leg, neck, back, fingers, toes. She thought first about the right leg, beginning with the toes. She wiggled them against the sheet, then tried to imagine them perfectly relaxed. She tried to let them droop forward, but they wouldn't move. She wiggled them again. In turn, she concentrated on her heel, the sole of her foot, shin, thigh, the whole leg. She tried to imagine the leg entirely suspended, bathed in something soft and gauze-like. She concentrated so long on the other leg she thought she could feel the blood strumming under the skin in her thigh. She finally turned onto her stomach. She did feel a little more relaxed now. She closed her eyes, then opened them to a slit. She thought lazily of the fingers of her left hand, lying curled and still on the sheet in front of her lips. She raised her forefinger slowly, crooked it, and lowered it again to the sheet. She touched the wedding band on her ring finger with her thumb. She imagined the hand lying by itself on the softest red cushion, then let her thoughts drift up the palely white arm to her shoulder—which slowly began to feel uncomfortable, lying as it was on a ridge in the sheet. She turned onto her side and then onto her back again where she lay for a while twisting the sheet between her fingers. She felt a jittery fatigue creeping over her body that forced her to keep her eyes open, restlessly circling the room. She began to feel afraid, and in one unreasoning moment of longing, she almost felt like praying to go to sleep. But how would she pray to go to sleep? . . . Please, God, let me go off to sleep like everyone else? But she didn't believe in God anymore, and even if she had, she didn't think God would concern Himself with something so trivial as going to sleep.

She tried again to sleep. She lay still and let her body go limp, trying to simulate sleep. Suddenly she snapped open her eyes, listened. Her eyes widened and she looked down in the dark at her body. Her heart was beating so that she could hear it. It was the first time she'd ever actually *heard* her heart beating. She kept listening to make sure, her mouth going dry. It wasn't just the pulse in her ears, she was sure of that. There was actually a drum-drumming in her chest that came up faintly but clearly through the nightgown. She had never actually heard her heart before.

"Mike!" she whispered sharply.

There was no answer.

She heard one of the children, Laura, turn over in the bed and bump against the wall in the next room. She listened for a minute, but there was no other sound. She laid her hand under her left breast and felt the steady and insistent beat, now quiet, coming up through her fingers. She pulled in her upper lip and began biting the skin. She didn't want to but she began thinking of her father, who'd been dead five months, since October twenty-second, and who had fallen dead on the steps of his rooming house in a town called Modoc, in Oregon, a thousand miles from any of his family. And she thought about her mother who had divorced her father 15 or 16 years ago and now lived by herself and worked as checker in a grocery store in southern California. She turned onto her stomach again and began to cry, her head off the pillow and her mouth open against the sheet. She cried quietly for a few minutes and then brought herself up with a shiver. She lay there a minute, sniffling against her fingers, and then climbed out over the foot of the bed.

She washed her hands and face with cold water in the bathroom, then brushed her teeth vigorously, watching her face in the mirror.

In the living room she turned up the heat and sat down at the kitchen table, drawing her legs up underneath the nightgown. She cried again for a few minutes, and then straightened up and rubbed her eyes with her wrist. She lit a cigaret from the pack on the table, took long pulls on the cigaret, and let the smoke stream out through her pursed lips with a thin, whistling sound. After a time she walked back to the bedroom and got her robe. She looked in on the children, pulled the covers up over Gordon's shoulders, and went back to the living room and sat in the big chair by the stove. She paged through a magazine and tried to read, but her eyes slipped off the lines after a few minutes, and she finally settled for gazing at the glossy photographs and the lavishly colored illustrations. Now and then a car went by on the street outside and she looked up. As each car passed she waited a minute, listening, and

then looked down at the magazine again. There was a small stack of magazines in the rack beside the chair, and she paged through them all.

When it began to lighten outside she got up and walked over to the window. The sun wasn't up yet, but the cloudless sky over the hills was beginning to turn white, and the massive blanket of dark clouds over the city seemed to be tearing apart with patches of white showing through. The trees, and the row of two-story apartment houses across the street were gradually beginning to take shape as she watched. There were a few lights on in the city, a half-mile or so away, and her eyes picked out an occasional line of streetlights here and there in the valley. The sky grew whiter, the light expanding rapidly up from behind the lilac-colored hills and suffusing the overhead clouds. Except for the times she'd been up with one or another of the children (which didn't count because she'd never looked outside, only hurried back to bed or stayed up until it was full morning), she'd witnessed only three or four real sunrises in her life, and those when she was little. But none of them had ever been like this. Not in pictures she'd seen nor in any book she'd ever read could she remember a sunrise so baleful, so empty-looking and devastating.

She waited and then she moved over to the door and turned the lock. The door opened at a push and she stepped out onto the damp slippery porch. She pulled the robe tighter at her throat. The air was moist and cold, but it had a sharp freshening taste to it. The little gate which Mike had bought to keep the children from falling down the stairs, if they should get onto the porch, stood half-open at the top step. She closed it slowly and latched it, and turned and leaned against the wooden railing. She looked down to the black pavement.

Every minute things were becoming more and more visible. She could easily read the license-plate on the car parked in the drive below, see the three or four tractor and truck toys inside the car under the back window; and she stared at the pavement until she could distinguish which of the cracks had shoots of grass and weed growing up. She raised her eyes and let them skim over the trees and apartments across the street, and the taller trees and the houses behind, and out over the sleeping city. She let her eyes roam the whole valley until they fastened on the red, winking light on top the radio tower against the hill. She stared at it a minute, then looked back at the pavement. She leaned farther over the railing, and shivered.

A black dog trotted by on the sidewalk with its head up and its nails tapping the pavement. Her eyes followed the dog as it turned in front of her and crossed the street. Birds began to twirkle and call from the branches of one of the trees across the street, and she thought what lovely voices they had. She stood there a while longer, leaning over, straining her eyes and her ears, and then she turned and went back inside.

She walked slowly through the dim apartment, back into the bedroom. He was knotted up in the center of the bed, the covers bunched over his shoulders, and his head half under the pillow. He looked almost desperate in his heavy sleep, his arm flung rigidly across her empty side of the bed and his jaws clinched. As she stared the room grew lighter, and the pale sheets seemed to whiten shockingly before her eyes.

She licked her dry lips with a tiny sticking sound and got down on her knees awkwardly. She put her hands out on the bed.

"God," feeling her throat constrict. "God, will you help us, God?"

Mike sat straight up in the bed, his eyes large and white, blinking rapidly.

"Nancy!" He jumped out of bed, but for an instant was afraid to touch her. "What's wrong, Nancy? For God's sake, Nancy, what is it?"

She was crying steadily, hands over her face, elbows propped against the bed. Her breath kept hiccupping in her throat and bubbled in little gasps through her open lips.

"Nancy, what is it, honey? What's happened, darling?" taking her under the shoulders.

The children appeared in their pajamas at the door to the bedroom as he helped her onto the bed. Their faces were white, puzzled, and they hung back without coming in. Gordon squinted one eye at the scene. Laura's mouth was open and she held Gordon by the hand. Both of them stared without saying anything.

"It's all right, kids," Mike said to them. "Mama doesn't feel well this morning. You kids go out and sit at the table. I'll come in in a minute and get your breakfast." They kept standing there and he made a rapid shooing motion with his hand until they backed away from the door.

He was glad she'd stopped crying. She'd stopped after he got her under the covers and tucked her in. She lay on her stomach now, face turned away. He sat on the edge of the bed and swallowed, rubbed her back under the covers.

"What's the matter, Nancy?" he asked quietly. "Can you tell me, sweetheart? Haven't you been to sleep? My God. Can you tell me what's wrong, darling.?"

"I'll be all right," she said.

"Listen to me darling," wetting his lips. "Things are going to get better for us this year. Wait and see. Everything's going to be all right. The ships will all come in, we'll get out of this rat race yet . . . Some nice quiet place . . . Just, just for God's sake don't *worry* about anything," patting her back gently. "Just try and get some sleep."

He waited a minute longer and then got up and walked out to the kitchen.

The kids already had their spoons and bowls out, and Gordon was banging his glass up and down on the table. Mike held a finger over his lips.

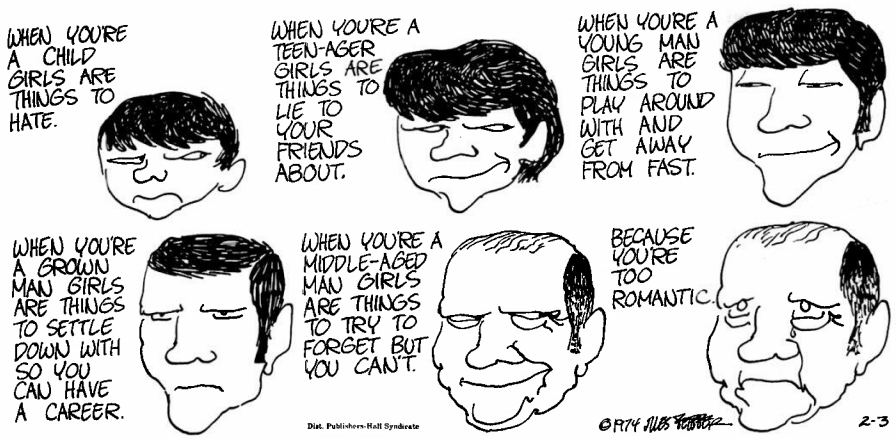
"We must be quiet today. Mama's not well today and it's up to us to let her rest."

He came back to the bedroom door a little while later and looked in. He stood there in the doorway a minute smoking a cigaret, and ran his hand through his hair. She was still on her side, face turned away. He could see the covers rise and fall almost imperceptibly over her body. He hoped she was asleep.

"Nancy," he whispered softly.

"What?" she said without moving.

"Nothing," he stammered. "Just wondered if you were asleep."


WHEN YOU'RE A CHILD GIRLS ARE THINGS TO HATE.
WHEN YOU'RE A TEEN-AGER GIRLS ARE THINGS TO LIE TO YOUR FRIENDS ABOUT.
WHEN YOU'RE A YOUNG MAN GIRLS ARE THINGS TO PLAY AROUND WITH AND GET AWAY FROM FAST.
WHEN YOU'RE A GROWN MAN GIRLS ARE THINGS TO SETTLE DOWN WITH SO YOU CAN HAVE A CAREER.
WHEN YOU'RE A MIDDLE-AGED MAN GIRLS ARE THINGS TO TRY TO FORGET BUT YOU CAN'T.
BECAUSE YOU'RE TOO ROMANTIC.
Dist. Publishers-Hall Syndicate
2-3

Technique focuses on boy births

BERLIN (UPI)—Scientists across the world are working on a semen-screening technique letting parents have boys rather than girls, a laboratory spokesman says.

A spokesman at West Berlin's Schering Pharmaceutical Laboratory said scientists envisage the day when a woman can receive her husband's sperm by artificial insemination and almost be certain to give birth to a boy.

The spokesman said the goal is to develop a simple and cheap method in which a nurse handles the whole process. He said, however, the technique can only be used to produce boys.

He said Dr. Ronald J. Ericsson, an American physiologist, has made progress in experiments at the Schering Laboratory and similar work is going on in other parts of the world.

He said Ericsson worked for two years at Schering and left in August for Iran to work at a research center in Teheran.

The spokesman said the process is still in the experimental stage and a practical breakthrough could be far off. "There is no practical application of the experiments yet for human beings," he said.

In human experiments, the team used semen from 17 donors and increased the percentage of male-producing sperm from roughly 50 percent to 85 percent.

He said the technique centers on the fact a father's sperm determines whether the mother gives birth to a boy or a girl.

Each male's sperm carries two sex chromosomes—the male "Y" type and the female "X" type. If the "Y" chromosome fertilizes the egg a boy is born. If the "X" chromosome fertilizes the egg, it's a girl.

He said the Schering technique takes advantage of the fact the heavier female "X" chromosome swims slower than the male "Y" ".

The method calls for the semen to be placed in an albumin solution letting technicians screen out the slower female chromosomes. The remaining male chromosome sperm is then used for artificial insemination.

A woman should *not* be president; it's not the way God intended it to be. Yes, a woman *could* become president, but she'd have to become more and more like a man to handle the job. One of our problems today is that women are becoming more like men and men are becoming more like women. That's against God's will.

Anita Bryant

Women are good for almost nothing. . . . Women's stupidity is so overwhelming that anyone who comes into contact with it will become, in a way, infected by it.

Esther Vilar

For me, women are only amusing, a hobby. No one spends too much time on a hobby.

Henry Kissinger,
in an interview with Oriana Fallaci, 1973

Well, we've never sent any women into space because we haven't had a good reason to. We fully envision, however, that in the near future we will fly women into space and use them the same way we use them on earth—for the same purpose.

Astronaut *James Lovell*

Girls OR *Gals?*

There is a language habit of widespread usage, especially in the working world . . . of calling women *girls* or *gals*, regardless of their age, emotional maturity, education, or skills. *Girls* are younger and therefore carry less weight than *women*, or, more to the point, they carry less weight than the men with whom they are associated or the employer, male or female, for whom they are working. . . .

Thus, the fifty-five-year-old highly skilled secretary who has been around for twenty-five years is the *gal* at the office, but the newly hired twenty-six-year-old male associate is the new *man*. The *girls* at the office take staggered lunch hours; the *men* go out at one o'clock. She is the superbly efficient, multi-talented, indispensable, hardworking, and loyal office worker—she is the *gal Friday*. The sixty-year old *girl* at home has been with the family thirty-two years. Or maybe she is just a menial, a cigarette or hatcheck *girl*, a more glamorous Hertz *girl*, maybe even a Geisha *girl*. *Girls* are young attractive showpieces; *women* are not. Bring on the Goldwyn *Girls*, the Gibson *Girls*, the Follies *Girls*, the go-go *girls*, the show *girls*, and the chorus *girls*. Let us see the best of your sweater *girls*, cover *girls*, calendar *girls*, Vargas *girls*, Playboy *girls*, gatefold *girls*, pin-up *girls*, glamour *girls*, and pom-pom *girls*. Perhaps the *girl* is a low woman on the status pole—a street *girl*, a bar-*girl*, or the slightly higher-statused call *girl*. The *men* may be eighteen and the prostitutes thirty-eight, but the story is headlined, "Seven *girls*, six *men* arrested."

Elaine First Sharpe

'Cleared to land—honey!'

by Gayle S. Bowles

"Orange County Tower, this is Cessna Two Two Zero Two Five over Fashion Island, with Information Bravo."

"Zero Two Five, report downwind. Caution, numerous aircraft in the pattern, honey."

Why, oh why, did he have to add that "honey"? The controllers never refer to male pilots as "sweetie" or "honey." Who ever heard a woman controller call a male pilot "sweets" or "bigboy"? But there is something about a woman's voice coming from a plane that converts all strictly business controllers into daddies talking to their daughters. And 37-year-old school teachers don't like to be subjected to "daddy talk."

My flying career started when I was looking at my husband's head one day. "I notice you have a few more gray ones, dear."

"They aren't gray, they're white," he corrected, "and I don't have any more white hairs than I've ever had."

"Tell me, O Great White-Haired Pilot, what happens if we are up flying and you have a heart attack?"

"We all die together," he said, with a nonchalance that had been totally lacking when I indiscreetly referred to his white hair as gray.

"I want to learn to fly—now!"

Being as progressive as any New Englander born and raised in Maine, he replied, "You'll never pass the written, and besides, a woman's place is in the classroom." (The masterful male and the frugal Yankee frequently trip over each other.)

Off I went to Orange County (Calif.) Airport to start my instruction. My first indication that things would be different for a woman came in my fourth hour of instruction. When I came home, my husband picked up my log, as was his practice, and read the instructor's entry: "Practiced takeoffs, landings, and bounce recoveries." Ten minutes later, when he finally regained his composure, he asked me if he could take my logbook to work to show that entry to some of his friends. The next day I had a long talk with my instructor about the sanctity of my logbook.

My first insight into the warped mind of controllers came at my home base, the third busiest airport in the world. I had been doing solo touch-and-goes and had entered downwind on what was planned as my last landing of the day.

"Zero Two Five downwind," I called, and received my clearance: "Zero Two Five cleared for touch-and-go."

Not wanting a touch-and-go, I called back, "Zero Two Five does not want touch-and-go; Zero Two Five wants—ah—ah—ah—" and I unkeyed the mike, having had a mental block on the words "full-stop landing."

Our gallant knight in the tower wasn't stymied though. Back came the call: "Zero Two Five is cleared for whatever *she* wants to do." It would have been bad enough even if he hadn't emphasized the "she."

I am convinced that controllers attempt to outdo each other when it comes to embarrassing female pilots. At Riverside (Calif.) Municipal Airport, on my second solo cross-country, I had entered downwind on what I understood to be a clearance for right traffic, Runway 27, winds light and variable. About midfield, I noticed another plane, apparently on left traffic to Runway 27. I called the friendly controller for clarification.

"Riverside Tower, this is Zero Two Five. Should I be on right traffic or left traffic?"

The insidious reply was, "What would you like the traffic to be, honey?"

"Well, I'm on right traffic."

"And what runway do you want to land on?"

"Well, I'd like to land on Runway 27."

"Okay, honey, you use right traffic to Runway 27, and we'll keep those other planes right out of your way."

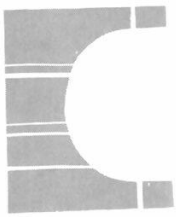
Although they had me pretty bloody by then, little did I realize they would rub salt in the wounds. When I cleared the active runway and reported to Ground Control, I was crushed to hear: "You can park over by the restaurant, honey. You're just staying long enough to get your logbook signed, aren't you?"

The rest was routine. To my husband's amazement, I easily passed the FAA written examination (70 percent on the nose), and my flight test went off without a hitch. The day after my checkride, I was telling the teachers that flying was not that tough. I was very blasé, except for the fact that I had my new license pinned to my blouse.

And the following day, my husband (bless his heart) took my license to work with him and did a little bragging of his own. When that happened, I didn't so much mind being a female pilot. □

It takes little insight to observe that our culture has made what we are in our sex roles. But just how does this background perpetuate so much annoyance?

How Appearance Divides Women



Now, at age 29, I often stare at my face in the mirror: are the pores widening? The lines deepening? Should I have my tooth capped? Do I look better or worse than yesterday?

They say, "It's all downhill for a woman after age 25." I don't get the attention—which is the only recognition a woman gets—that I did at 19. Men sometimes treat me like inferior goods, and to my horror, I even find myself feeling that way. The way things are now, a woman only has six or seven years out of her life when she has even a chance to live up to the male standards of beauty. Those are the years when there are no lines or wrinkles on her face, her muscles are firm, her hair full, and no veins show through her skin. I missed out on some of these "good" years because of my acne. But in other ways I felt I was lucky. I was slender with "regular"—that is, white, Anglo-Saxon—facial features. I knew that women of whole ethnic backgrounds and races were written off as unattractive women. In a man's world where women are judged primarily on their looks, this is the same as saying worthless women.

It came as a shock to me whenever a Jewish girl in our high school had a "nose job." It's true that I always had a vague sense of superiority about my straight nose. The cruelty that this value inflicted on the girls whose noses weren't straight never occurred to me until I broke through some of my anti-Jewish attitudes and began to have Jewish friends. Growing up in a white racist society where your rating increases the lighter your skin and the keener your features, I considered black women less attractive and therefore less valuable. It wasn't until black people got together and angrily denounced white standards of beauty and fashion, proclaiming, "Black is Beautiful," that I was able to look at my black sisters with appreciation.

These beauty standards set by men enslave all women. We all worry about being considered too fat or too thin, too small-breasted or too big-breasted, too tall or too short, too pale or too dark. We all feel the pressure to spend a lot of time on our appearance. I go to the store for a bottle of milk, and I have to "fix myself up" before I go. I'm not even secure in my own apartment. Someone knocks at the door and I rush to the mirror and make instantaneous adjustments before I open the door calm and smiling. I look at the young women in the magazines and on the TV commercials and I see teen-aged beauties on the arms of men my age and much older. Every ad contains the threat that men will not be interested in me unless I look like these images of women.

These are the type of women who, as my mother used to say, "have class." In high school I learned that it was very important to establish what kind of a girl I was on the basis of my appearance. I wanted to have this "class," which meant looking like the upper-middle-class girls. It meant that the "right" social circle would open to me, and that I would have the chance to meet and date the "bright" young men who would make a lot of money or have the high-status jobs in the future. Although I wanted the acceptance, I resented the million small things I had to do to achieve it. I set my hair only now and then, not wanting to endure the agony of rollers every night. And my clothes were never quite right. I might have on a lovely dress but lack the accessories that were supposed to go with it. One thing is certain: I never had "class" because it takes a lot of money. Some of the girls who came from families with very little money had even less chance than I did to achieve "the look." Others didn't give two hoots about having "class." They wore tight sweaters and skirts and lots of makeup. I was in awe of their toughness, but I also looked down on them for their "sexiness." I didn't realize that within the standards of dress of my class, we were equally sex objects. Women have no choice over whether they are considered sex objects. They are simply judged as to whether they make desirable or undesirable ones.

As a young girl, I was so overwhelmed by the beauty standard that I was amazed by all the women who didn't fit it yet managed to find a husband. I wondered if I would.

I did. One might think that after this, I could feel pretty secure about my appearance and begin to spend less time on it. But now I have to work hard to please my husband. At parties, the first thing I do is look around at the other women in the room. The better they look, the better I have to look, because he admires smartly dressed women and never ceases to point them out. The other men at the party are constantly looking *me* over—first to see whether in their eyes I am worth looking at at all, and then to see whether my "taste" in clothes is "good." The women, on the other hand, look me over to compare themselves to me. How good I look, unfortunately, may determine how much they will be noticed or ignored by the men at the party.

I have found that with men I am totally invisible, a com-

plete nothing, unless I am able to reach a certain level of attractiveness. Some men I've met before who seemed quite interested in me will "forget" they ever met me if I'm not looking so good, or if there is a prettier or better dressed woman around.

I pretend not to care how other women look. But at times when I am well dressed and looking pretty good, I have found myself looking down on, or feeling sorry for, a woman who does not conform to the male standards of attractiveness. I also fear that men will think less of me because I'm with her. Usually this woman is either deferential or defensive with me; I am the same with a woman who I feel is more attractive than I. Beauty standards cut *all* women off from each other and mar even our closest friendships.

Another way men divide women is to insult the appearance of one woman in the presence of another. A man will often express to me his dislike of another woman by saying she looks like an animal—implying that I'm different. He calls her a cow, a pig, an old bag, a "real dog," or just plain "old." Yes, to call a woman old is an insult in a society where men consider women primarily as sex objects. When a man says these things, I feel that all of womankind is being insulted and degraded, that it is an attack on me, too.

The battle to keep up with the prevailing beauty standards is one that all women lose in the end as time rolls on and age takes its toll. It is a battle that consumes hours of my time each week, and who knows how many years over my whole lifetime, which I could have put to use in other ways. It also costs women enormous amounts of money—money that most of us can't really afford.

The battle bears with it a terrible emotional cost as well. No wonder all women suffer from nagging doubts about their appearance. Even the most "beautiful" of us (by prevailing standards) are considered beautiful only after we have hidden our true selves behind eyeliner and rouge, destroyed our natural shape with girdles, bras, and high heels, plucked our eyebrows, shaved our legs. It would seem that men actually consider us ugly in our natural state.

There is a tremendous physical cost for women in this battle, too. All of us suffer constant physical discomfort in the clothes we have to wear: the tight undergarments that restrict our movements and leave marks on our flesh, the uncomfortable shoes that ruin our feet, and the nylon stockings that let our legs freeze in the winter but make us swelter in the summer.

But worst of all, the battle to stay as "beautiful" as possible pits woman against woman. Because of it, women often end up resenting each other instead of resenting the men who are daily judging us by these false standards of human worth. And why would a woman want to be the friend of women when right now it is through men that we get whatever benefits we have?

A woman alone cannot resist the values of a whole society. If we want the dignity of being considered full human beings, we must unite with other women. Only by uniting can women gain power in the society. And only by gaining power can we determine our own lives.

This Woman Is Anti-semantic

**When your baby girl is fretful, you go to the good book:
It says, "Turn him over on his back, change his diaper, and take a look."**

**Then your daughter is old enough to go to school,
And the instructions read at the top of every test:
"Everyone take his assigned place and do his best."**

At the PTA meeting the chairman is Mrs. Rule.

**The minister exhorts, "Act as a brother
Unto one another."**

**The college catalogue lists courses on
"Man and Society,"
"Man and Survival,"
"Man: Is He Godhead's New Rival?"**

**You graduate as a Bachelor of Science or a BA,
and with a fellowship your master's degree is underway**

Until one day

**You wind up calling a psychiatrist and his advice is
"I can't understand why you should be feeling an identity crisis."**

—E.M.

Woman, n. An animal usually living in the vicinity of Man, and having a rudimentary susceptibility to domestication. The species is the most widely distributed of all beasts of prey, infesting all habitable parts of the globe. The popular name (*der.* wolfman) is incorrect, for the creature is of the cat kind. The woman is lithe and graceful in its movements, especially the American variety (*Felis pugnans*), is omnivorous and can be taught not to talk.

Ambrose Bierce

One famous scientist has some observations on the way our culture has defined sex roles.

MASCULINITY AND FEMININITY

ABRAHAM H. MASLOW

The close relationship between intra- and inter-personal communication is seen with especial clarity in the relations between masculinity and femininity. Notice that I do not say "between the sexes," because my point is that the relations *between* the sexes are very largely determined by the relation between masculinity and femininity *within* each person, male or female.

The most extreme example I can think of is the male paranoid who very frequently has passive homosexual yearnings, in a word, a wish to be raped and injured by the strong man. This impulse is totally horrifying and unacceptable to him, and he struggles to repress it. A main technique that he uses (projection) helps him to deny his yearning and to split it off from himself, and at the same time permits him to think about and talk about and be preoccupied with the fascinating subject. It is the *other* man who wants to rape him, not he who wishes to be raped. And so there is a suspiciousness in these patients which can express itself in the most pathetically obvious ways, *e.g.*, they will not let anyone get behind them, they will keep their backs to the wall, etc.

This is not so crazy as it sounds. Men throughout history have regarded women as temptresses, because they—the men—were tempted by them. Men tend to become soft and tender, unselfish and gentle when they love a woman. If they happen to live in a culture in which these are non-masculine traits, then they get angry at women for weakening them (castrating them), and they invent Samson and Delilah myths to show how horrible women are. They project malevolent intentions. They blame the mirror for what it reflects.

Women, especially "advanced" and educated women in the USA, are frequently fighting against their own very deep tendencies to dependency, passivity, and submissiveness (because this unconsciously means to them a giving up of selfhood or personhood). It is then easy for such a woman to see men as would-be dominators and rapists and to treat them as such, frequently by dominating *them*.

For such reasons and others, too, men and women in most cultures and in most eras have misunderstood each other, have not been truly friendly with each other. It can be said in our present context that their intercommunications have been and are still bad. Usually one sex has dominated the other. Sometimes they manage to get along by cutting off the women's world from the men's, and making a complete division of labor, with concepts of masculine and feminine character that are very wide apart, with no overlapping. This makes for peace of a certain sort but certainly not for friendship and mutual understanding. What do the psychologists have to suggest about the improvement of understanding between the sexes? The psychological solution stated with especial clarity by the Jungians but also generally agreed upon is as follows: the antagonism between the sexes is largely a projection of the unconscious struggle *within* the person, between his or her masculine and feminine components. To make peace between the sexes, make peace within the person.

The man who is fighting within himself all the qualities he and his culture define as feminine will fight these same qualities in the external world, especially if his culture values maleness more than femaleness, as is so often the case. If it be emotionality, or illogic, or dependency, or love for colors, or tenderness with babies, he will be afraid of these in himself and fight them and try to be the opposite. And he will tend to fight them in the external world too by rejecting them, by relegating them to women entirely, etc. Homosexual men who solicit or accost are very frequently brutally beaten up by the men they approach, most likely because of the fears they arouse by being tempting. And this conclusion is certainly fortified by the fact that the beating up often comes *after* the homosexual act.

What we see here is an extreme dichotomizing, either/or, Aristotelian thinking of the sort that Goldstein, Adler, Korzybski, *et al.*, considered so dangerous. My psychologist's way of saying the same thing is "dichotomizing means pathologizing; and pathologizing means dichotomizing." The man who thinks you can be *either* a man, *all* man, *or* a woman, and *nothing* but a woman, is doomed to struggle with himself, and to eternal estrangement from women. To the extent that he learns the facts of psychological "bisexuality," and becomes aware of the arbitrariness of either/or definitions and the pathogenic nature of the process of dichotomizing, to the degree that he discovers that differences can fuse and be structured with each other, and need not be exclusive and mutually antagonistic, to that extent will he be a more integrated person, able to accept and enjoy the "feminine" within himself (the "Anima," as Jung calls it). If he can make peace with his female inside, he can make peace with the females outside, understand them better, be less ambivalent about them, and even admire them more as he realizes how superior their femaleness is to his own much weaker version. You can certainly communicate better with a friend who is appreciated and understood than you can with a feared, resented, and mysterious enemy. To make friends with some portion of the outside world, it is well to make friends with that part of it which is within yourself.

I do not wish to imply here that one process necessarily comes before the other. They are parallel and it can start the other way about, *i.e.*, accepting X in the outside world can help achieve acceptance of that same X in the inside world.

I'D RATHER BE BLACK THAN FEMALE

Despite the facts or ideas about justice, equality, and rights, the insidiousness of a specific "role" can virtually destroy the actor (actress?)

Being the first black woman elected to Congress has made me some kind of phenomenon. There are nine other blacks in Congress; there are ten other women. I was the first to overcome both handicaps at once. Of the two handicaps, being black is much less of a drawback than being female.

If I said that being black is a greater handicap than being a woman, probably no one would question me. Why? Because "we all know" there is prejudice against black people in America. That there is prejudice against women is an idea that still strikes nearly all men—and, I am afraid, most women—as bizarre.

Prejudice against blacks was invisible to most white Americans for many years. When blacks finally started to "mention" it, with sit-ins, boycotts, and freedom rides, Americans were incredulous. "Who, us?" they asked in injured tones. "*We're* prejudiced?" It was the start of a long, painful reeducation for white America. It will take years for whites—including those who think of themselves as liberals—to discover and eliminate the racist attitudes they all actually have.

How much harder will it be to eliminate the prejudice against women? I am sure it will be a longer struggle. Part of the problem is that women in America are much more brainwashed and content with their roles as second-class citizens than blacks ever were.

Let me explain. I have been active in politics for more than twenty years. For all but the last six, I have done the work—all the tedious details that make the difference between victory and defeat on election day—while men reaped the rewards, which is almost invariably the lot of women in politics.

It is still women—about three million volunteers—who do most of this work in the American political world. The best any of them can hope for is the honor of being district or county vice-chairman, a kind of separate-but-equal position with which a woman is rewarded for years of faithful envelope stuffing and card-party organizing. In such a job, she gets a number of free trips to state and sometimes national meetings and conventions, where her role is supposed to be to vote the way her male chairman votes.

When I tried to break out of that role in 1963 and run for the New York State Assembly seat from Brooklyn's Bedford-Stuyvesant, the resistance was bitter. From the start of that campaign, I faced undisguised hostility because of my sex.

But it was four years later, when I ran for Congress, that the question of my sex became a major issue. Among members of my own party, closed meetings were held to discuss ways of stopping me.

My opponent, the famous civil-rights leader James Farmer, tried to project a black, masculine image; he toured the neighborhood with sound trucks filled with young men wearing Afro haircuts, dashikis, and beards. While the television crews ignored me, they were not aware of a very important statistic,

SHIRLEY CHISHOLM

which both I and my campaign manager, Wesley MacD. Holder, knew. In my district there are 2.5 women for every man registered to vote. And those women are organized—in PTAs, church societies, card clubs, and other social and service groups. I went to them and asked their help. Mr. Farmer still doesn't quite know what hit him.

When a bright young woman graduate starts looking for a job, why is the first question always: "Can you type?" A history of prejudice lies behind that question. Why are women thought of as secretaries, not administrators? Librarians and teachers, but not doctors and lawyers? Because they are thought of as different and inferior. The happy homemaker and the contented darky are both stereotypes produced by prejudice.

Women have not even reached the level of tokenism that blacks are reaching. No women sit on the Supreme Court. Only two have held Cabinet rank, and none do at present. Only two women hold ambassadorial rank. But women predominate in the lower-paying, menial, unrewarding, dead-end jobs, and when they do reach better positions, they are invariably paid less than a man gets for the same job.

If that is not prejudice, what would you call it?

A few years ago, I was talking with a political leader about a promising young woman as a candidate. "Why invest time and effort to build the girl up?" he asked me. "You know she'll only drop out of the game to have a couple of kids just about the time we're ready to run her for mayor."

Plenty of people have said similar things about me. Plenty of others have advised me, every time I tried to take another upward step, that I should go back to teaching, a woman's vocation, and leave politics to the men. I love teaching, and I am ready to go back to it as soon as I am convinced that this country no longer needs a woman's contribution.

When there are no children going to bed hungry in this rich nation, I may be ready to go back to teaching. When there is a good school for every child, I may be ready. When we do not spend our wealth on hardware to murder people, when we no longer tolerate prejudice against minorities, and when the laws against unfair housing and unfair employment practices are enforced instead of evaded, then there may be nothing more for me to do in politics.

But until that happens—and we all know it will not be this year or next—what we need is more women in politics, because we have a very special contribution to make. I hope that the example of my success will convince other women to get into politics—and not just to stuff envelopes, but to run for office.

It is women who can bring empathy, tolerance, insight, patience, and persistence to government—the qualities we naturally have or have had to develop because of our suppression by men. The women of a nation mold its morals, its religion, and its politics by the lives they live. At present, our country needs women's idealism and determination, perhaps more in politics than anywhere else.

FOUR WOMEN

NINA SIMONE

My skin is black
My arms are long
My hair is wooly
My back is strong
Strong enough to take the pain
Inflicted again and again
What do they call me?
My name is Aunt Sarah
My name is Aunt Sarah
Aunt Sarah

My skin is yellow
My hair is long
Between two worlds
I do belong
My father was rich and white
He forced my mother late one night
What do they call me?
My name is Saffronia
My name is Saffronia

My skin is tan
My hair is fine
My hips invite you
My mouth like wine
Whose little girl am I?
Anyone who has money to buy
What do they call me?
My name is Sweet Thing
My name is Sweet Thing

My skin is brown
My manner is tough
I'll kill the first mothah I see
My life has been rough
I'm awfully bitter these days
Because my parents were slaves
What do they call me?
My name is . . . PEACHES

Despite the handicap of hormonal storms predicted by an eminent physician, a women President might have something to offer. After all, there was Queen Victoria.

WHY WE NEED A WOMAN PRESIDENT IN 1976

GLORIA STEINEM

FIVE OR SIX YEARS AGO, I wouldn't have written anything with this title. In fact, I might have ridiculed the idea of a female Chief of State, all the while feeling that special glow of virtue and safety that comes from conforming to society's notion of a Real Woman.

But the last few years have changed women even more than the rest of the country. Students, suburban housewives, welfare mothers, black activists and the millions of divorced women who are heads of families—all of them have played a vital part in the movements against racism, poverty, inflation or the war in Vietnam. And all of them have learned two lessons that Conventional Wisdom never taught. First, that women can exercise power constructively and well in "masculine" areas that have nothing to do with the kitchen or the nursery. And second, that this country's existing power structures —including many of the crusading movements themselves—are not about to let them do it.

I LEARNED THESE lessons ("got radicalized," as the student Left would say) by watching and interviewing gifted, industrious women as they were turned away, limited in scope, denied equal pay and promotion or simply ridiculed by the institutions that needed their talents most. There was the New York political leader, for instance, whom even Robert Kennedy couldn't get promoted to the powerful Democratic post she deserved. Or the brilliant premed student who got pressured by family and professors into becoming a nurse. Or the production assistant who trained each new young producer, watching him get the credit and the cash for a television series that she had created. Or the student leader who was beaten by the police, jailed in sit-ins and given a Ph.D. side by side with her male counterparts, only to find that she was expected to make coffee, not policy, at meetings; that the young men were revolutionary on every subject except women.

But these women were still trying. They hadn't completely succumbed to the deepest handicap of second-class groups: believing the myths of their own inferiority. (Which is why, I'm afraid, I once scoffed at the notion of a woman President. Even women with hopes for themselves often believe that females as a group are inferior.) The sadder ones were the conventional wives who were guilty, bewildered or bitter at their inability to find total identity in biological functions and housekeeping, as society had told them they should. Or the unmarried girls who weren't taught to feel responsible for their own lives, and so spent their time going from man to man, restricting their development to the demands of the marriage market.

What finally comes from looking at both groups, those learning to love their chains and those still struggling, is an overwhelming sense of waste. A dozen Bernadette Devlins could be buried in the ranks of the SDS, or male-chauvinist unions, or the women's-page ghetto in journalism, and the country would never know. Potential Indira Gandhis are stymied by Washington's time-honored policy of keeping all but one or two females (usually powerless; ambassadors to musical-comedy countries, etc.) out of top Government jobs.

There are Golda Meirs in both parties, but their function is limited to winning elections for men. (Rep. Shirley Chisholm, the first black woman to be elected to Congress, says she has always found politicians more prejudiced against her as a woman than as a black.) And the number of college degrees buried in suburban role-playing is legendary.

Meanwhile, the country, God knows, needs all the human talent that it can get.

A woman President couldn't solve all the problems. The amount of law reform and enforcement necessary to give women an even start isn't likely to get done in four years, much less the changing of consciousness involved. But people will go on supposing the current social order reflects some natural order until the visible one changes. Because the particular is less frightening than the abstract, the real woman candidate will be acceptable to males who would protest wildly at the idea if questioned first. Finally, in this country of heroes and personal charisma, one good heroine—one woman who is truly honored in authority—is worth a thousand court cases, arguments and books. She could free the talent and human aspirations of half the population.

And that would help to free the other half. Fewer boring women, childlike wives; no more unearned alimony (think of the votes for that issue); no more responsibility for the identity of a semi-adult human being; fewer lady parasites attached to rich and gifted men; shared responsibility for work and children and running the country. All those rewards await a man's realization that the authoritarian family system—which Engels said was the model for capitalism, and would change only as capitalism changed—has evolved into an egalitarian partnership.

Men and women progress together, or not at all.

THERE HAVE BEEN arguments that a woman President would be not only equal, but better; that her mother role makes her closer to the earth, more peaceful, more moral. It seems to me that's a romantic hangover from the days when church and state glorified motherhood beyond all reality as a way of getting the population increased. Women leaders in other countries have often proved it wrong. The truth probably is that women are not more moral, they

are only uncorrupted by power.

But the female experience of second-classness *has* produced a special sympathy and understanding for others in the same boat. Historically, women have always been in the forefront of movements for humanitarian reform, including the abolitionist movement 70 years before they themselves endured prison and ridicule to get the vote. They've proved their sympathies again in the '60's. (White and black women have common causes that survive racism, and are important bridges across the gulf created by white and black men.) By 1976, what we are likely to need most is a President who can understand the dispossessed enough to keep the country together.

Of course, six years aren't enough to change our 19th-century sexual role-playing. And, that being the case, a woman who is not more moral than a man might still be safer. We've suffered through enough Presidents whose masculinity got attached to the military, brinkmanship, face-saving in Vietnam and the imposition of will at home. Wouldn't we be safer with a woman with nothing to prove?

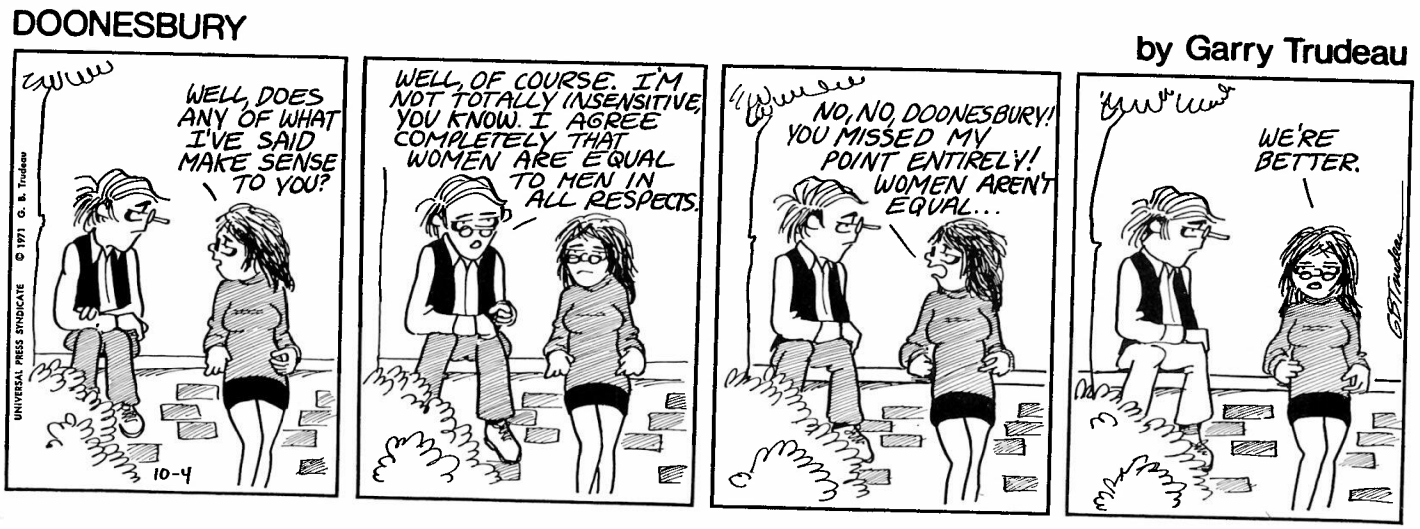
In fact, the male-female role-playing problem is probably the greatest threat to peace. Anthropologists have found that the few societies without war are those in which sex roles are clear but not polarized. Women needn't be submissive semi-adults to be women, and men don't have to go to war or dominate their surroundings to be men. Members of society are born male or female, and don't feel much of life must be spent in proving it. A lot of the under-30 generation is already secure enough to prefer this cooperative, unpolarized life-style. And by 1976, that's where 40 percent of the votes are going to be.

Of course, there's a long way to go, and six years is optimistic. Women trying to step out of their 19th-century roles will be punished with ridicule, just as Negroes who refused to act like Negroes were greeted with violence and fear.

Indeed, if the current pattern continues, the first woman President and the first black one may be the same: blackness has saved recent women candidates from ridicule, and their femaleness has reduced the fear. A black *woman* in the White House; now, that might be more politically likely.

If all this seems mind-bending and impossible, think back to the beginning of the '60's. What seemed impossible to us then? Men on the moon? Assassinations? Tanks in our streets? Demonstrations the size of cities?

Surely, a woman in the White House is not an impossible feminist cause. It's only a small step in the humanist revolution.


DOONESBURY
by Garry Trudeau
WELL, DOES ANY OF WHAT I'VE SAID MAKE SENSE TO YOU?
WELL, OF COURSE. I'M NOT TOTALLY INSENSITIVE, YOU KNOW. I AGREE COMPLETELY THAT WOMEN ARE EQUAL TO MEN IN ALL RESPECTS.
NO, NO, DOONESBURY! YOU MISSED MY POINT ENTIRELY! WOMEN AREN'T EQUAL...
WE'RE BETTER.
10-4
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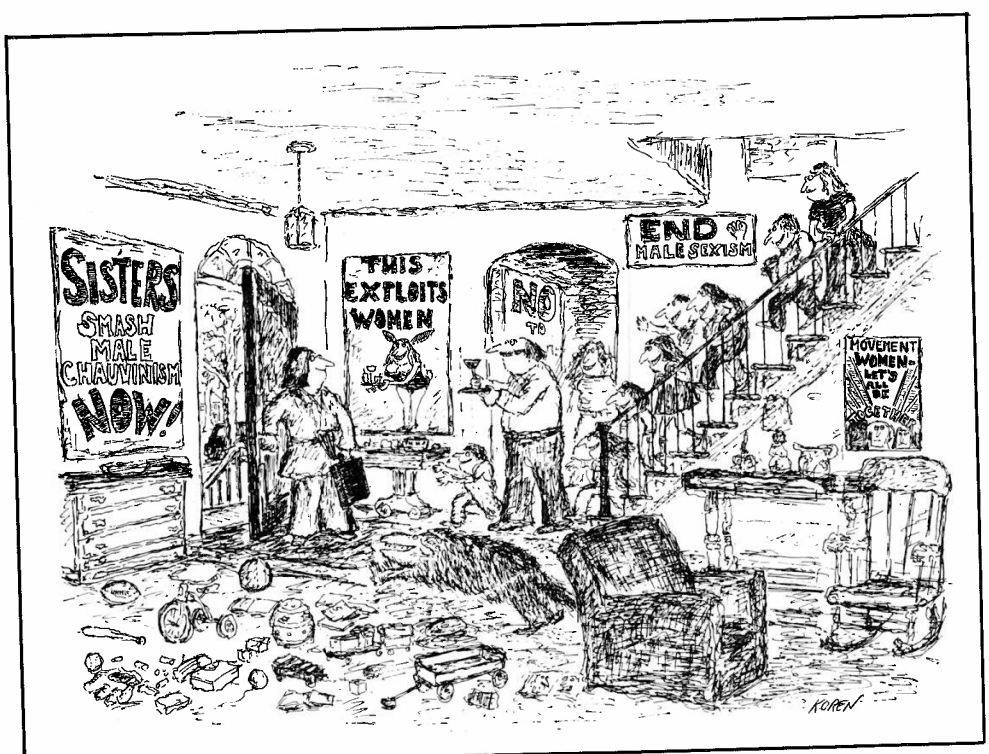
When society requires to be rebuilt,
there is no use in attempting to
rebuild it on the old plan.

J. S. Mill
Essay on Coleridge

Revolution occurs at many levels.

"This time let's all try to stay in the right sequence."

Sometimes—as in many revolutions—things get out of hand.



Drawing by Koren; © 1970 The New Yorker Magazine, Inc.

But you might be familiar with the old ways of winning a point.

from *Lysistrata* — **Aristophanes**

LYSISTRATA. Don't you feel sad and sorry because the fathers of your children are far away from you with the army? For I'll wager there is not one of you whose husband is not abroad at this moment.

CLEONICE. Mine has been the last five months in Thrace—looking after Eucrates.

MYRRHINE. It's seven long months since mine left for Pylos.

LAMPITO. As for mine, if he ever does return from service, he's no sooner home than he takes down his shield again and flies back to the wars.

LYSISTRATA. And not so much as the shadow of a lover! Since the day the Milesians betrayed us, I have never once seen an eight-inch gadget even, to be a leathern consolation to us poor widows. . . . Now tell me, if I have discovered a means of ending the War, will you all second me?

CLEONICE. Yes verily, by all the goddesses, I swear I will, though I have to put by gown in pawn, and drink the money the same day.

MYRRHINE. And so will I, though I must be split in two like a flat-fish, and have half myself removed.

LAMPITO. And I too; why to secure peace, I would climb to the top of Mount Taygetus.

LYSISTRATA. Then I will out with it at last, my mighty secret! Oh! sister women, if we would compel our husbands to make peace, we must refrain . . .

CLEONICE. Refrain from what? tell us, tell us!

LYSISTRATA. But will you do it?

MYRRHINE. We will, we will, though we should die for it.

LYSISTRATA. We must refrain from the male altogether . . . Nay, why do you turn your backs on me? Where are you going? So, you bite your lips, and shake your heads, eh? Why these pale, sad looks? why these tears? Come, will you do it—yes or no? Do you hesitate?

CLEONICE. I will not do it, let the war go on.

MYRRHINE. Nor will I; let the war go on.

LYSISTRATA. (*to* MYRRHINE) And you say this, my pretty flat-fish, who declared just now they might split you in two?

CLEONICE. Anything, anything but that! Bid me go through the fire, if you will; but to rob us of the sweetest thing in all the world, Lysistrata darling!

LYSISTRATA. (*to* Myrrhine) And you?

MYRRHINE. Yes, I agree with the others; I too would sooner go through the fire.

LYSISTRATA. Oh, wanton, vicious sex! the poets have done well to make tragedies upon us; we are good for nothing then but love and lewdness! But you, my dear, you from hardy Sparta, if *you* join me, all may yet be well; help me, second me, I beg you.

LAMPITO. 'Tis a hard thing, by the two goddesses it is! for a woman to sleep alone without ever a strong male in her bed. But there, peace must come first.

LYSISTRATA. Oh, my darling, my dearest, best friend, you are the only one deserving the name of woman!

CLEONICE. But if—which the gods forbid—we do refrain altogether from what you say, should we get peace any sooner?

LYSISTRATA. Of course we should, by the goddesses twain! We need only sit indoors with painted cheeks, and meet our mates lightly clad in transparent gowns of Amorgos silk, and perfectly depilated; they will get their tools up and be wild to lie with us. That will be the time to refuse, and they will hasten to make peace, I am convinced of that!

LAMPITO. Yes, just as Menelaus, when he saw Helen's naked bosom, threw away his sword, they say.

CLEONICE. But, oh dear, suppose our husbands go away and leave us.

LYSISTRATA. Then, as Pherecrates says, we must "flay a skinned dog," that's all.

CLEONICE. Fiddlesticks! these proverbs are all idle talk. . . . But if our husbands drag us by main force into the bedchamber?

LYSISTRATA. Hold on to the door posts.

CLEONICE. But if they beat us?

LYSISTRATA. Then yield to their wishes, but with a bad grace; there is no pleasure in it for them, when they do it by force. Besides, there are a thousand ways of tormenting them. Never fear, they'll soon tire of the game; there's no satisfaction for a man, unless the woman shares it.

CLEONICE. Very well, if you *must* have it so, we agree.

LAMPITO. For ourselves, no doubt we shall persuade our husbands to conclude a fair and honest peace; but there is the Athenian populace, how are we to cure these folk of their warlike frenzy?

LYSISTRATA. Have no fear; we undertake to make our own people listen to reason.

LAMPITO. That's impossible, so long as they have their trusty ships and the vast treasures stored in the temple of Athene.

LYSISTRATA. Ah! but we have seen to that; this very day the Acropolis will be in our hands. That is the task assigned to the older women; while we are here in council, they are going, under pretence of offering sacrifice, to seize the citadel.

LAMPITO. Well said indeed! everything is going for the best.

LYSISTRATA. Come, quick, Lampito, and let us bind ourselves by an inviolable oath.

LAMPITO. Recite the terms; we will swear to them.

LYSISTRATA. With pleasure. Where is our Scythian policewoman? Now, what are *you* staring at, pray? Lay this shield on the earth before us, its hollow upwards, and someone bring me the victim's inwards.

CLEONICE. Lysistrata, say, what oath are we to swear?

LYSISTRATA. What oath? Why, in AEschylus, they sacrifice a sheep, and swear over a buckler; we will do the same.

CLEONICE. No, Lysistrata, one cannot swear peace over a *buckler,* surely.

LYSISTRATA. What other oath do you prefer?

CLEONICE. Let's take a white horse, and sacrifice it, and swear on its entrails.

LYSISTRATA. But where shall we *get* a white horse?

CLEONICE. Well, what oath shall we take then?

LYSISTRATA. Listen to me. Let's set a great black bowl on the ground; let's sacrifice a skin of Thasian wine into it, and take oath not to add one single drop of water.

LAMPITO. Ah! that's an oath pleases me more than I can say.

LYSISTRATA. Let them bring me a bowl and a skin of wine.

CLEONICE. Ah! my dears, what a noble big bowl! what fun it will be to empty it!

LYSISTRATA. Set the bowl down on the ground, and lay your hands on the victim. . . . Almighty goddess, Persuasion, and thou, bowl, boon comrade of joy and merriment, receive this our sacrifice, and be propitious to us poor women!

CLEONICE. (*as* LYSISTRATA *pours the wine into the bowl*) Oh! the fine red blood! how well it flows!

LAMPITO. And what a delicious bouquet, by Castor!

CLEONICE. Now, my dears, let me swear first, if you please.

LYSISTRATA. No, by Aphrodite, unless it's decided by lot. But come, then, Lampito, and all of you, put your hands to the bowl; and do you, Cleonice, repeat for all the rest the solemn terms I am going to recite. Then you must all swear, and pledge yourselves by the same promises,—*I will have naught to do whether with lover or husband . . .*

CLEONICE. (*faintly*) *I will have naught to do whether with lover or husband . . .*

LYSISTRATA. *Albeit he come to me with an erection . . .*

CLEONICE. (*her voice quavering*) *Albeit he come to me with an erection . . .* (*in despair*) Oh! Lysistrata, I cannot *bear* it!

LYSISTRATA. (*ignoring this outburst*) *I will live at home unbulled . . .*

CLEONICE. *I will live at home unbulled . . .*

LYSISTRATA. *Beautifully dressed and wearing a saffron-coloured gown . . .*

CLEONICE. *Beautifully dressed and wearing a saffron-coloured gown . . .*

LYSISTRATA. *To the end I may inspire my husband with the most ardent longings.*

CLEONICE. *To the end I may inspire my husband with the most ardent longings.*

LYSISTRATA. *Never will I give myself voluntarily . . .*

CLEONICE. *Never will I give myself voluntarily . . .*

LYSISTRATA. *And if he has me by force . . .*

CLEONICE. *And if he has me by force . . .*

LYSISTRATA. *I will be cold as ice, and never stir a limb . . .*

CLEONICE. *I will be cold as ice, and never stir a limb . . .*

LYSISTRATA. *I neither extend my Persian slippers toward the ceiling . . .*

CLEONICE. *I neither extend my Persian slippers toward the ceiling . . .*

LYSISTRATA. *Nor will I crouch like the carven lions on a knife-handle.*

CLEONICE. *Nor will I crouch like the carven lions on a knife-handle.*

LYSISTRATA. *And if I keep my oath, may I be suffered to drink of this wine.*

CLEONICE. (*more courageously*) *And if I keep my oath, may I be suffered to drink of this wine.*

LYSISTRATA. *But if I break it, let my bowl be filled with water.*

CLEONICE. *But if I break it, let my bowl be filled with water.*

LYSISTRATA. Will ye all take this oath?

ALL. We do.

LYSISTRATA. Then I'll now consume this remnant. (*She drinks.*)

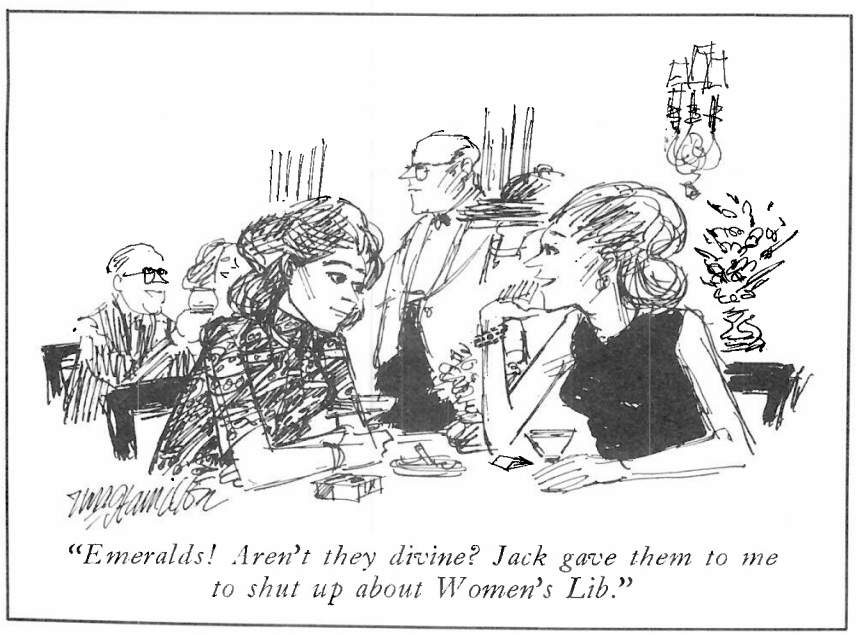
CLEONICE. (*reaching for the cup*) Enough, enough, my dear; now let us all drink in turn to cement our friendship. (*They pass the cup around and all drink. A great commotion is heard off stage.*)

LAMPITO. Listen! what do those cries mean?

LYSISTRATA. It's what I was telling you; the women have just occupied the Acropolis. So now, Lampito, you return to Sparta to organize the plot, while your comrades here remain as hostages. For ourselves, let us go and join the rest in the citadel, and let us push the bolts well home.

CLEONICE. But don't you think the men will march up against us?

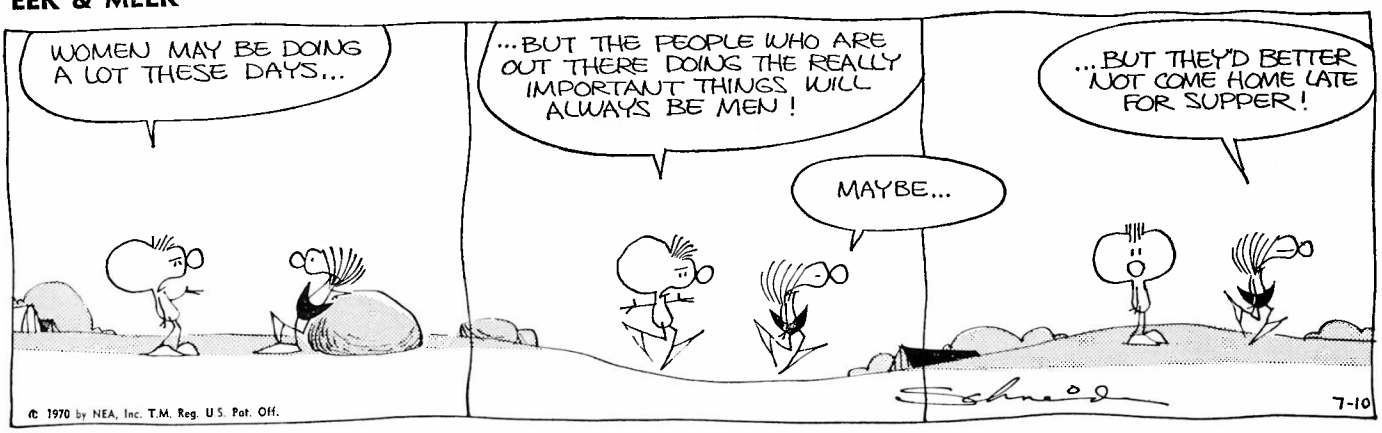
LYSISTRATA. I laugh at them. Neither threats nor flames shall force our doors; they shall open only on the conditions I have named.



"Emeralds! Aren't they divine? Jack gave them to me to shut up about Women's Lib."

Drawing by Wm. Hamilton; © 1970 The New Yorker Magazine, Inc.

EEK & MEEK **by Howie Schneider**


WOMEN MAY BE DOING A LOT THESE DAYS...
...BUT THE PEOPLE WHO ARE OUT THERE DOING THE REALLY IMPORTANT THINGS WILL ALWAYS BE MEN!
MAYBE...
...BUT THEY'D BETTER NOT COME HOME LATE FOR SUPPER!
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7-10

THAT WINTER WHEN MY
FAITHLESS LOVER
LEFT ME . . .
HOW COLD THE SNOW SEEMED
JAKUSHI

But if there is a feminine mystique, and men and women are equal, what about the masculine equivalent?

THE MASCULINE MYSTIQUE

"...ONE WONDERS IF (WOMEN) HAVE EVEN THE SLIGHTEST UNDERSTANDING OF WHAT A LOUSY LOT A MAN'S LIFE CAN BE"

BY GEORGE FRAZIER IV

If only men were a little bit brighter, just a little less obdurate, then maybe they might be able to get it through their heads that feminism could well be a man's best friend, its seemingly oppressive stipulations actually his sole salvation. Indeed, it is conceivable that no greater boon could be bestowed upon men than what Women's Liberation is ordering them to accept—and having, incidentally, a terrible time getting them even to listen to. Still, in complaining about their problems, women are making sane men suddenly aware that they, by God, have their own occasions of discontent, a whole slew of grievances that, ironically, will be alleviated only when women become men's equals, *de facto* fully as much as *de jure*, and are in a position to assume the responsibilities that now weigh so heavily upon the male.

No one, I think, would deny that women are restricted—economically, institutionally, and in their options, as well. But what is far less apparent is that men are also circumscribed by society's expectations, since they, too, must conform to a code that exists in its most virulent form in Latin countries, where it is called *machismo*. Even in this country, presumably so sophisticated, so cynical, there is a mystique to masculinity, to being a member of man's world, to belonging to the club. Here, no less than in Spain, Mexico, and other *machismo*-minded places, men have been conditioned to accept, honor, and cherish the illusion that virility equals authority. Stokely Carmichael was merely reflecting this when he stated that the only position for women in SNCC was prone, as if any show of intelligence or independence on the part of female members might

undermine the influence of its men—as if, in fact, a man would become less of a man were his woman to use her mind.

Now, however, there are some among us who feel that the time has finally come for women to be invested with all the rights and privileges of the club, to become acquainted at last with all that they've been missing—the delights of the draft, for example; the inestimable prerogative of having to give only name, rank, and serial number when in the hands of the Viet Cong. There is no end of the perquisites to which liberated women would fall heir.

When the Manifesto of the New York Radical Feminists promises that "the liberation of women will ultimately mean the liberation of men from the destructive role as oppressor," any intelligent man's reaction is to wish that this were a little more ex cathedra, somewhat more enfranchised, so that he could actually count on a time when somebody's mother would indeed wear G.I. shoes. It isn't easy being an oppressor these days, and any help is appreciated. I, for one, refuse to believe that women are biologically unequipped for combat; I have seen Weatherwomen who would put the men of My Lai to shame.

But feminism has many faces. There is, for instance, the matter of marriage to be discussed, and somebody named Ti-Grace Atkinson says we better be quick about it—and perhaps we better, because somebody named Ti-Grace Atkinson looks like a lady to be reckoned with, a staff sergeant to the stripes born. It is Miss Atkinson's practice to proclaim that "marriage is slavery," and although I know when to keep a civil tongue, not daring for an instant to doubt the dear girl, I must confess that I'm not quite clear as to exactly who is being enslaved.

It is all pretty damned confusing, with a steady proliferation of groups within the movement, each with its own idea of Utopia, one trying to be temperate, another demanding in brawny baritone voices everything short of the absolute extinction of men. Among others, there are the Sisters of Lilith, WITCH, which goes in for putting a hex on Wall Street, and Bread and Roses, such a demure name for such a dauntless legion; not only The Feminists, but also The Radical Feminists; and the Redstockings, one of whose handmaidens recently emerged from the pots and pans to observe that "men recognize the essential fact of housework right from the beginning, which is that it stinks"—as if to suggest not only that the heat of passion does a certain disservice to the elegance of one's prose style, but also that the husband on the assembly line is luxuriating in 40 hours of fun and games a week.

What the girls should try to understand is that not every man is an executive, living a sybaritic life of compliant secretaries and martinis stirred not shaken, so happy in his work that he can hardly wait to get to the office bright and early each morning. Someone should inform the feminists that there are at least a few men who absolutely loathe their jobs—the interminable hours, the putting up with the snotty *lesemajeste* of inferiors and the bossiness of employers.

This, not nirvana, is what feminists may expect to find when they take over men's jobs—all this glamor and, with it, such fringe benefits as racing for the 8:15 each morning or being squashed to jelly in the subway rush-hour crush. But what, then, of the dishes in the sink—what of the floors to be mopped, the silver to be polished, the shelves to be dusted? Who will discharge those odious chores when the little woman is off in what was once man's world? Well, *my* apron is at the ready, and if you will just show me the way to the kitchen, what cabinet the detergents are kept in, and how to turn on the television set . . .

Naturally, it will be difficult at first to switch from making money to home economics, but once the change-over becomes socially acceptable, the benefits should be bountiful, for where, outside Appalachia, is there dusting to do that can't be done in a couple of hours? What I am looking forward to is the time when, with the head of the family away at the office, I can sip a beer while catching up on the soaps. Every man owes it to himself to see if *Dark Shadows* is all that women say. And, busy though I'll be, I'm sure I'll find time to make myself presentable before the Avon lady comes calling.

Still, babies do present a bit of a problem, for no man is stirred by the prospect of changing diapers and preparing pablum. On the other hand, however, it is now considered gauche to have more than two children. Moreover, if the demands of Women's Liberation for unlimited abortion and 24-hour day care are met, the only thing left to worry about will be the bearing of the bairn, an enterprise that some fussy feminists consider revolting. Yet, if the wonder-workers of modern biochemistry prevail, no woman need ever be pregnant again, and while some people regard the idea of test-tube babies as a "pseudoradical cop-out," I like it. In fact, I like it very much. After all, the little woman would suffer no loss of income because of absence for childbirth. What's more, she'd always be available for overtime, thereby providing money for the new sportcoat I need so sorely. A man simply can't wear any old thing when he opens the door for the Avon lady. What a brave new world it will be, this brain child of Women's Liberation. Now, no more guff from some boorish district manager; now, no more alimony—now, only the awareness of what it is to be a free soul. And yet . . .

And yet, listening to women's idea of emancipation, to what they envy in the life style of the opposite sex, one wonders if they have even the slightest understanding of what a lousy lot a man's life can be. For what they aspire to appropriate is but a part, and the best part by far, of what might be referred to as the masculine mystique. What women want is the swagger without the sweat. What they can't seem to realize is that the two go together, that there isn't one without the other.

Some years ago, S. I. Hayakawa, in his role of respected semanticist, wrote that the trouble with the lyrics of most popular songs—"We'll have a blue room, a just-meant-for-two room," and the like, each more idealized than the

other—was that they led the unsuspecting to believe that life actually is a bowl of cherries and that everybody, every blessed couple among us, does indeed live happily ever after. He might just as well have been writing about the world envisioned by Women's Liberation. The real world, unlike the feminists' Utopia, is not a place for having one's cake and eating it, too. It is a win-some, lose-some world, and anyone who thinks that the grass is greener on the assembly line than in the kitchen is in trouble, deep trouble.

The simple, stark fact of the matter is that life is never equitable. When women demand to appropriate what is beautiful in a man's way of life, they must be prepared to accept what is bad in it. But I wonder if many women, the ones in the feminist groups especially, know, *really* know, how confining man's mortal coil can be.

For what man must live with, every waking hour, day in, day out, week after week, is his awareness of death and taxes and, far worse, all that they entail—sudden disability and, with it, a child's tuition bill unprovided for; the nagging fear, more awful with each passing year, each new gray hair, of being replaced by one's junior; the frustration of being unable to compete in a computerized world; the stabbing sense of not quite living up to the image in which society would cast him; the terrible, demeaning suspicion that one is but a bank account, a credit-card number, an insurance premium. Is that what Women's Liberation really wishes?

Is it, after all, an insult and an imposition to be regarded as a sex object? Is it more unbearable than being considered a dollar sign, a good provider, a paterfamilias, a breadwinner? Feminists complain that the reason most girls go to college is to meet men, marry, and raise families. Is this more undesirable than a boy's being on campus for the sole purpose of eventually being able to support one of the girls he might meet there? It seems to me that it should be obvious to anyone familiar with higher education that girls get all the best of it. It is the male who must sublimate his real interests if he is to pursue the quest of man's grail, which is the making of money. Many a boy's undergraduate years are ashes because he must study quantum mechanics when he would much rather be reading up on archaeology, or playing squash, or auditing a course on Georgian poetry, or watching a ball game, or, for that matter, participating in a protest march.

This would not be quite so insufferable were some genuine good to come of it, but too often, the reward for all the evenings not spent at the tables down at Morey's consists of orthodontists' bills, TV dinners, a shrewish wife, and a career that is anathema, a boss who is despicable. Is this the grail, this the end-all of the hours spent on courses one couldn't stand—all this, the bills past due, the work never entirely satisfactory, the fear of being fired? If only he could relax for a minute, if only he didn't have always to be the aggressor.

And yet it is this—the aggressiveness of the male—that Women's Liberation would exorcise. This, in a way, is what feminism is all about, the most important part of its program being for the girls to cease being passive and to assume the role of the aggressor—the sexual aggressor above all. What Women's Lib seems incapable of understanding is that it is there for them to take—the sooner the better, and they are entirely welcome—for the fact is that aggressive impulses atrophy, not aggrandize. They are what make men's life expectancies seven years shorter than women's. Is this what the feminists seek? Don't they know that although 51.5 per cent of the births in this country are male, 51 per cent of the population is female? Is Women's Lib obsessed by a death wish?

But it may be too much to expect men to relinquish the role of the aggressor. After all, at this point it's almost innate. For there *is* something about sexual conquest, something to which men are conditioned from the age of puberty. It is what Ernest Hemingway wrote good, bragged bad, and bawled in his cups about, and, in doing so, summed up all that the feminists regard as the worst in men.

"I wish I could sleep with you, but I can't because there is somebody else. I hope you understand," he said to Lillian Hellman one night in Paris, although the idea had never entered her mind—and if it had, she couldn't have been less interested. The cheek of the man, the insufferable assumption that he was irresistible, that he was doing somebody a favor. How like a man. Of course, Hemingway's adventures as a young man indicated he was pretty irresistible in any case, but his pride kept prodding him to prove it, until finally arrogance became impotence, at least for the brief while he was living over the sawmill in Paris. His insecurity could be alleviated only by conquest, whether in word or in action, in war or over women, and when his inadequacies became unbearable, when he could no longer be the man he imagined himself, his will failed. It is a common condition among men, and it was this, the overwhelming demands of the masculine mystique, which, as much as anything else, led him to kill himself.

Yet, what if Hemingway had lived to face the Women's Liberationists, who demand admittance into the sodality he considered sacrosanctly male? What if some member of Bread and Roses, that willful little cell in Boston, were to express designs upon his burly body? What if some mere slip of a girl were to try to manipulate *his* body? But this is precisely what Bread and Roses is all about, according to two of its members who chatted with Robert Healy, columnist with the Boston *Globe*. What they seek, they said, is an end to men's manipulation of women's bodies. And this but a few minutes after they had invaded the *Globe* demanding, among other things, "three columns a week, minimum of 500 words, to appear in the 'Living' section, on Sunday, Wednesday, and Friday, in all editions, with full editorial control by Bread and Roses."

Full editorial control? What would Max Perkins have said if Papa had proposed that for himself? How interminable would Thomas Wolfe's novels have been unedited, his prose unmanipulated? The mind boggles.

Were he alive, Hemingway would be horrified, absolutely beside himself, at the ideology and egotism of Bread and Roses, which does not feel that sex is necessarily an athletic contest with a winner and a loser. To Hemingway, as to many men, the pleasure was in the overpowering, in carving notches in the bedposts, and an aggressive girl would leave no room for a clear-cut victory.

It is all rather a bore—and, as well, of course, damned hard work, a circumstance which women are finding out for themselves these days. Not long ago, a Boston feminist fretted in print that being sexually aggressive and taking the initiative simply isn't all that much fun; that it is, in fact, something of a drag. After all, as she discovered, there are those men who do not respond "properly," who have to be pushed and played up to rather more than is to her taste. But this is what men must endure all the time—women who fail to respond properly. Feminism victorious, however, will free us of this.

And while men are being manumitted, women will be enfranchised to be fired from the presidency of General Motors, to keep up the payments on the car, to have their salary garnisheed when they don't; to enjoy the prerogative of botching everything up—of coping with pollution and inflation and all other plagues for which they are not accountable now. And the day when this will happen can't come soon enough for me. I've been thinking about being a sex object for quite some time. It's just that I haven't had any good offers.

When I have one foot in the grave
I will tell the truth about women.
I shall tell it, jump into my coffin,
pull the lid over me, and say, "Do
what you like now."

Tolstoy

What are the consequences?

from *WHAT IT WOULD BE LIKE IF WOMEN WIN*

Gloria Steinem

With women as half the country's elected representatives, and a woman President once in a while, the country's *machismo* problems would be greatly reduced. The old-fashioned idea that manhood depends on violence and victory is, after all, an important part of our troubles in the streets, and in Viet Nam. I'm not saying that women leaders would eliminate violence. We are not more moral than men; we are only uncorrupted by power so far. When we do acquire power, we might turn out to have an equal impulse toward aggression. Even now, Margaret Mead believes that women fight less often but more fiercely than men, because women are not taught the rules of the war game and fight only when cornered. But for the next 50 years or so, women in politics will be very valuable by tempering the idea of manhood into something less aggressive and better suited to this crowded, post-atomic planet. Consumer protection and children's rights, for instance, might get more legislative attention.

For those with nostalgia for a simpler past, here is a word of comfort. Anthropologist Geoffrey Gorer studied the few peaceful human tribes and discovered one common characteristic: sex roles were not polarized. Differences of dress and occupation were at a minimum. Society, in other words, was not using sexual blackmail as a way of getting women to do cheap labor, or men to be aggressive.

Thus Women's Lib may achieve a more peaceful society on the way toward its other goals. That is why the Swedish government considers reform to bring about greater equality in the sex roles one of its most important concerns. As Prime Minister Olof Palme explained in a widely ignored speech delivered in Washington this spring: "It is *human beings* we shall emancipate. In Sweden today, if a politician should declare that the woman ought to have a different role from man's, he would be regarded as something from the Stone Age." In other words, the most radical goal of the movement is egalitarianism.

If Women's Lib wins, perhaps we all do.

A Sociologist's Comments—by Dr. P. Bart, Assistant Professor of Sociology in Psychiatry, University of Illinois

• Racing is a world in which men relate to machines as if they are women . . . and women as if they are machines. In this world, the men and women behave in their societally-scripted sex roles. Unlike members of the emerging Men's Liberation Movement, these men do not think "John Wayne is a Pain." They have bought the masculine mystique and suffer from its constraints, as the "platinum-haired women" have bought the feminine mystique. These women obtain their gratification, their meaning in life, *vicariously* through identification with their men. It is the closest to achievement they are allowed, since to live for themselves, to achieve for themselves, would be "unfeminine" and cause the men to reject them.

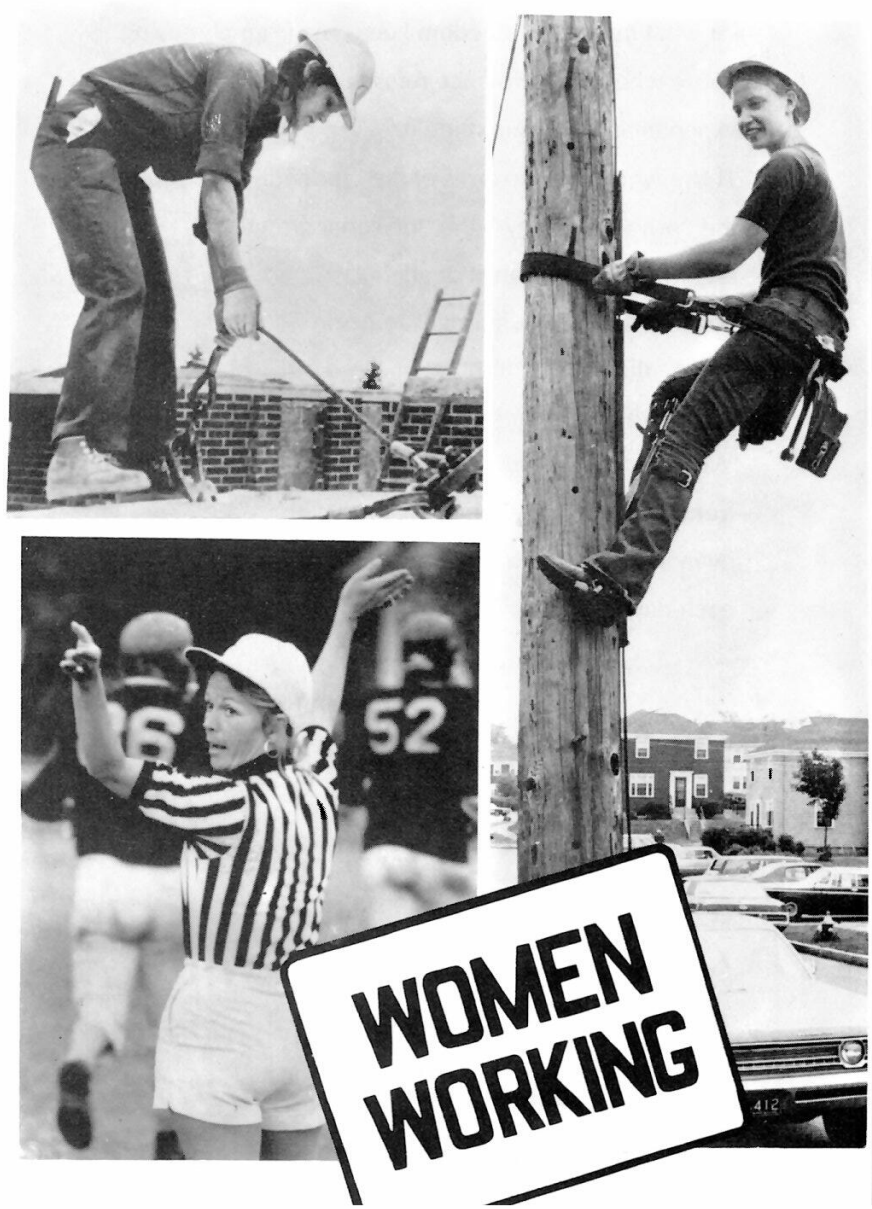
Even Arlene Hiss does not *radically* deviate from the traditional wife role. She is shown helping her husband, although she does sometimes race herself. But simply by crossing the cyclone fence barrier, she is a disturbing factor. As the "solo female," she is subject to the same scapegoating, the same put-downs that Dr. Carol Wolman and Dr. Hal Frank found happening to "solo women" in other groups (groups of psychiatry residents and students at the Wharton School). Their studies showed that women, simply by their presence, destroy the male bonding, the men's club sense of group unity.

We all learn how to relate to people in "appropriate" roles, and society defines what is "appropriate." When people depart from these roles, interaction is strained. So, when Blacks, who have been traditionally subordinate to Whites, have higher occupational status, e.g. that of physician, Whites don't *know* how to act. Similarly, many feel uneasy around women who are not in a traditional role. Some react hostilely, while others without being asked, tell the women how much they were for women's liberation all along and how "liberated" their wives are (the "some of my best friends are . . ." syndrome). Women race car drivers present a dramatic example of such a paradox—they make problematic the male-female relationships which are previously taken for granted.

The traditional bastions of male camaraderie—the saloon, the men's lodge—are becoming less popular. Men are retreating to their living rooms, *watching* sports events, but also sharing child-care and housework. Racing is one of the last outposts of a world where men are "men" and women are simply sex objects. It is important for male participants to preserve the sanctity of such an outpost because masculinity is so precarious in our society. It has to be constantly proven, and can be lost in a flash—by showing any sign of "weakness" such as sensitivity, compassion or tenderness. One racer (and English professor) I know said, "I'm tired of living all the time under a Sword of Damocles saying I am not a man that may fall at any moment." This rigid definition of roles makes human relationships between the sexes difficult. The man *must* always be dominant with women, and so begins jockeying for control from the start, and *avoids* situations or women with whom he can not maintain a dominant position.

In middle age, both sexes will pay the price for their conformity to traditional, yet transitory, sex roles. What do old race car drivers do? What *can* they do? They can not be displayed in museums as their cars can be. And what happens to the no longer slim, no longer beautiful women in that world? There are no middle-age groupies.

In a world where we all feel powerless—powerless to end war, to end pollution, to end inflation—for a brief, beautiful time in the sunlit tracks, by identifying with beautiful powerful machines, it is possible to transcend these feelings. But ultimately, life can not come from the nonliving. Ultimately, to live humanly, people must drop their masks . . . and their stock sex roles.—*Pauline Bart*



I want a women's revolution like a lover.
I lust for it, I want so much this freedom,
this end to struggle and fear and lies
we all exhale, that I could die just
with the passionate uttering of that desire.
Just once in this my only lifetime to dance
all alone and bare on a high cliff under cypress trees
with no fear of where I place my feet.
To even glimpse what I might have been and never never
will become, had I not had to "waste my life" fighting
for what my lack of freedom keeps me from glimpsing.
Those who abhor violence refuse to admit they are already
experiencing it, committing it.
Those who lie in the arms of the "individual solution,"
the "private odyssey," the "personal growth,"
are the most conformist of all,
because to admit suffering is to begin
the creation of freedom.
Those who fear dying refuse to admit they are already dead.
Well, I am dying, suffocating from this hopelessness tonight,
from this dead weight of struggling with
even those few men I love and care less about
each day they kill me.

Robin Morgan, from *Monster*

The editors of this text asked newspapers across the country to request two of their female journalists (the one with the least and the one with the most experience) to write the kind of article they would like TIME *magazine to write about them at the height of the career they would like to have. Their ages and tenure as journalists are given with their stories.*

WOULD YOU WRITE A VERY BRIEF "FANTASY STORY" SHOWING HOW YOU WOULD LIKE A TIME MAGAZINE ARTICLE ABOUT YOUR SUCCESS TO READ.

Age 21

Phoenix

Experience: 1 year

Writing became a deep enough interest for Mary Ellen Simonson to commit herself to a journalistic career in which she felt an outlet for meaningful contribution.

As a college graduate with experience and ability, she entered the journalism profession writing for a newspaper or magazine which exhibited little censorship, included good, fair activist reporting, and writing which does not alienate but communicate, does not further polarize but attempt to unite.

Miss Simonson moved through the ranks without the chauvinistic attitude of males that "men write and women research," eventually attained a top writing position based on her worth as a human being without encountering such an obscenity as the "raging hormonal imbalance" (courtesy of Dr. Edgar F. Berman), fabricated nonsense used as an excuse to exclude women, and received a salary averaging not less than half that of the average man's, but equal pay. These she feels are not exclusively women's rights—but human rights.

Professional ambitions have not branded her the "aggressive, obnoxious career woman," and she has not been dissuaded from marriage. A successful marriage to her does not mean she must use it as a defense against intellectual development, or that she must sacrifice her own individualities or career ambitions because of it.

She was given the option to continue her career during marriage by not overtly or covertly penalizing her professional fulfillment when she had children. Free child care centers and abortion on demand were available to her.

Personal success has little value or relevance, however, when others are not able to achieve their own as a combined result of such factors as continuous war, racial discrimination and educational, political, social and economic injustices fostered by a sometimes oppressive governmental system. Without contributing something to change these situations, through writing and personal efforts, "success" means very little.

Age 42

Phoenix

Experience: 21 years

It was said of her in Louisville, after the 1959 Kentucky Derby, that no woman ever showed more class in being barred entry to the press box. She had shot the guard twice with a .32 revolver. Acquitted on the grounds that the attendant had coissanted her arm, propelling her forceably as she attempted to retrieve her typewriter, which had earlier been carried into the box by a male reporter, she went on to a journalistic career marked chiefly by her supportive appearances at farewell parties for fellow writers assuming positions of authority as bureau chiefs for The New York Times or administrative aides to publishers. This week, it was jail revisited, after her unsuccessful attempt to run down Rep. Emanuel Cellers* 82 (D. N.Y.), by charging her bay mare from the Fifth Avenue sidewalk up the steps of the Metropolitan Club. "He was a horse chestnut," she told police.

*Explaining why he had held the Equal Rights Amendment within his House Judiciary Committee since 1923, Celler said, on August 10, 1970, "men and women are as different as a horse chestnut and a chestnut horse" and that no law could change that fact. "Viva la difference," Celler said.

Age 45

Seattle

Experience: 24 years

June (rhymes with moon) Almquist (rhymes with Sunkist) of the Seattle (Wash.) Times is the star women's editor in the nation. Mrs. Almquist, who has been typing titillating copy for her paper for 20 years, received the title from the Communicating Reporters' Alliance for Progress. (CRAP's annual awards are considered the most coveted in communications in the country.)

Mrs. Almquist long has been known for her campaign to break the traditions that have bound women's news sections.

"I've never aimed my section at Society with a capital S," she said, "but rather at small-s society. By that I mean everybody. I really don't put out a women's section, but simply another news section. That's because women are part of every facet of society and my section reflects that."

Age 22

Dallas

Experience: 3 months

"Women's Lib" feminist *Lib*bie Terrell, renowned scholar and author of five American best-sellers, was recently chosen department head of the Division of Humanities at Yale University.

An activist in the Women's Liberation movement, Libbie feels that this appointment may prove to be a "challenging situation."

Miss Terrell, who did her extension study of Afro-American Literature—Since 1900, at Columbia, leaves her post as professor of English at Columbia.

Joel Cooper, a student who took freshman English from her feels that "Columbia will suffer greatly with the loss of Miss Terrell in the department. There was never a dull moment in her class. She is just great."

Age 25

Seattle

Experience: 3 years

Her third Broadway play is enjoying an extended run, and its movie rights are being negotiated. Her twentieth novel for young teens is due in the spring. And her pop culture satire column is being syndicated in more papers every day.

You might say Carole Beers is not letting any grass grow under her feet. But you'd be wrong.

Grass—or, more accurately, hay, cattle and registered Quarter Horses are flourishing on her and her husband's 4,000 acre ranch in Northern California.

Also growing is her reputation as one of the leading stock horses trainers and exhibitors on the West Coast. So in demand are her skills as a trainer that she can command a fee of $300 a month to train each animal brought to her stable.

At first, some of the dyed-in-the-denim cowpokes scoffed at a woman's ability to make a truly fine reining horse (the Western equivalent of a dressage horse), especially from a stallion.

Says Carole, "Stallions never give me trouble. Can't say the same for men, though."

Age 59

Dallas

Experience: 12 years

LICE IN THE TYPE by D____ T____ 325 pages. Random House. $4.95

"I finally realized I'd never make any money writing FOR a newspaper," the author of this best-selling murder mystery says in her foreward, "so I tried writing ABOUT a newspaper."

With *Lice in the Type* now in its second printing, and the movie rights sold for what Mrs. T.... admits is "a whopping sum," it would seem her years as reporter, copy editor and makeup editor were beginning to pay off.

Without overwhelming the reader with technicalities and esoterica, Mrs. T.... transfers the inside workings of a daily newspaper to the pages of her book graphically and entertainingly. Veteran newspapermen, "desk hands" in particular, will enjoy the book's irreverent authenticity. Veteran mystery buffs will enjoy the cliche-free plot, which never stretches suspense past the point of believability. And Mrs. T.... should enjoy—at last—the financial rewards of her newspaper career.

exercises

Love Day

materials: *all you need is love.*

The theme of the day is "love." Students bring inexpensive tokens of love to the class—straw or paper flowers, ribbons, heart-shaped candy—and give them to their classmates. Love poems are read aloud and discussed as is the story and social significance of valentine's day and the symbol of the heart in denoting affection. Sentimental or romantic music (classical and popular) is played and discussed as are love ballads and songs and the part love plays in modern drama, movies and the contemporary novel. Photos and slides of the world's great lovers are shown or decorate the room. The emphasis is on love and how important it is to life.

"WHO ARE YOU?" SAID THE CATERPILLAR. ALICE REPLIED RATHER SHYLY, "I—I HARDLY KNOW, SIR, JUST AT PRESENT —AT LEAST I KNOW WHO I WAS WHEN I GOT UP THIS MORNING, BUT I MUST HAVE CHANGED SEVERAL TIMES SINCE THEN."

WISH PROBLEM

materials: *small index cards and drawing materials.*

Using symbols and drawings (but no words) design a card asking for something . . . a pencil, the loan of a book, a walk, a dialogue, a date, etc. Try out your wish on another student. The idea of the project is to sharpen the ability to communicate without the use of writing or of the spoken word.

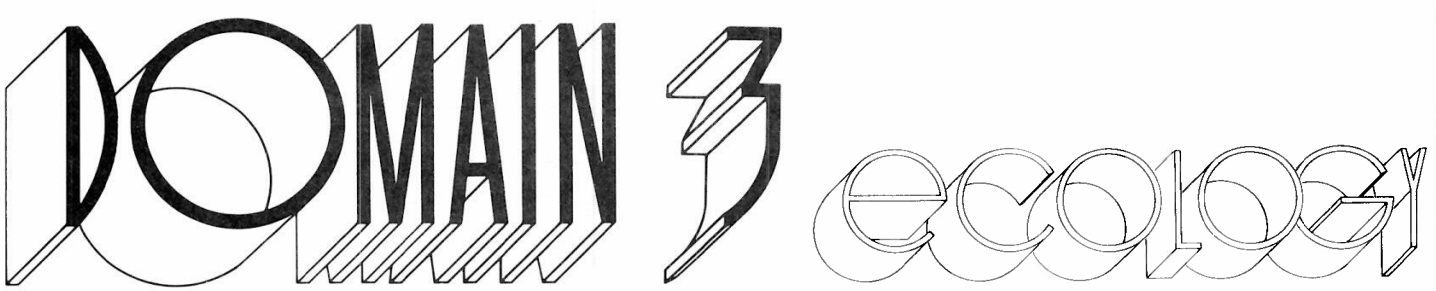
SOMETIMES REALITY IS TOO COMPLEX. FICTION GIVES IT FORM. *jean luc-godard.*

ADVERTISEMENTS

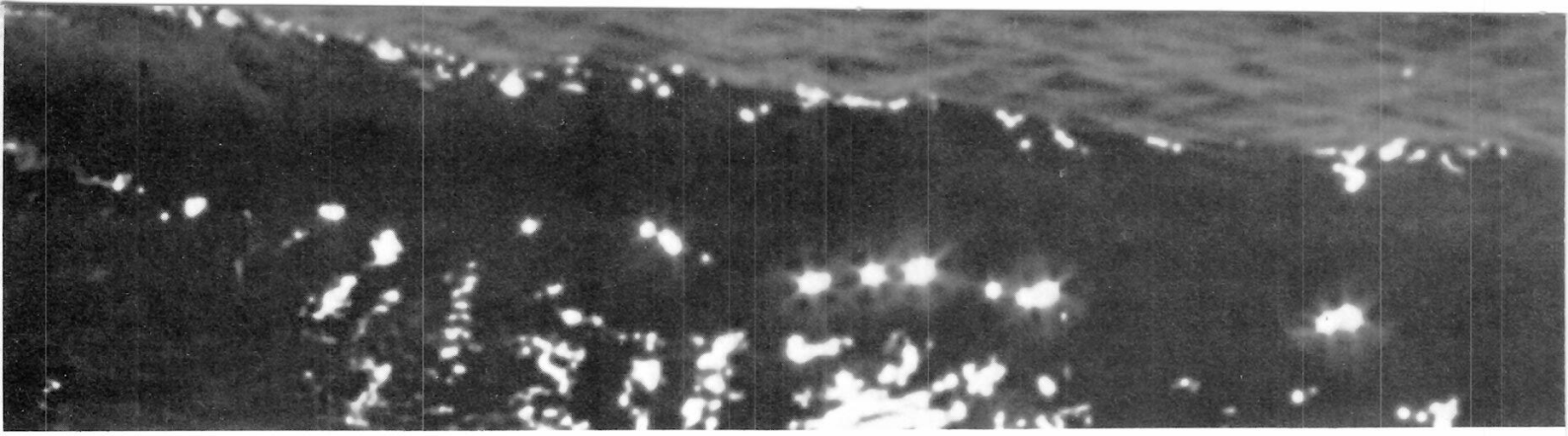
There seem to be advertisements covering every facet of American life; the examples used here deal only with eight discrete areas.

1) Write a paper in which you analyze the language of the ads in *Juxtaposition,* paying particular attention to their effectiveness, appropriateness, or offensiveness. Or choose three discrete areas of your own (such as energy, motion, clothing, pharmaceuticals, automobiles). Find some ads that fit them and make a similar analysis.

2) Analyze the relation between graphics and the printed word in these advertisements. Consider such questions as: Would either aspect of the ad have been effective alone? Would different copy or graphics have been more appropriate? Be careful not to be too general here, because most ads are intended to appeal to a very select audience.


DOMAIN 3
ecology

The talk at most parties finally gets around to the environment. Everybody marvels that in a country which stresses fair play, honesty, integrity, and the Golden Rule, we have so misdirected our priorities as to spend billions of dollars to send a man to the moon, fight dozens of wars, and pave our cities over with concrete. Yet we have ignored the earth's air, water, and land. Even in the Old Testament the Jews were told to let their land lie idle every seven years in order to make it vital again. From Theophrastus on, people of insight have warned us about endanger-



THE LAKE AS A MICROCOSM *Stephen A. Forbes—1887*

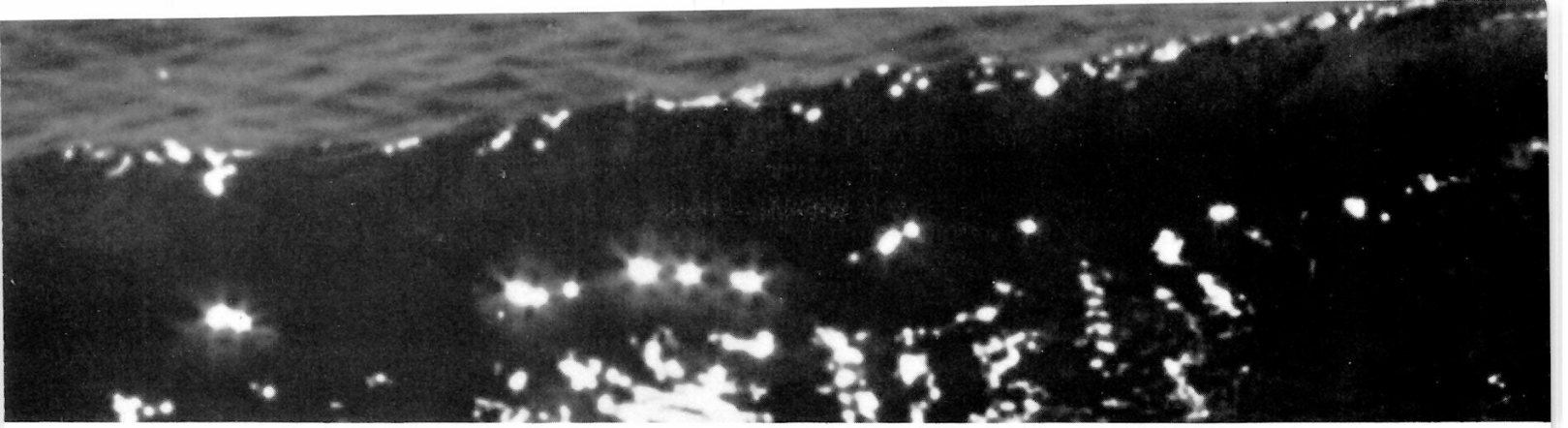
A lake . . . forms a little world within itself—a microcosm within which all the elemental forces are at work and the play of life goes on in full, but on so small a scale as to bring it easily within the mental grasp.

Nowhere can one see more clearly illustrated what may be called the *sensibility* of such an organic complex, expressed by the fact that whatever affects any species belonging to it, must have its influence of some sort upon the whole assemblage. He will thus be made to see the impossibility of studying completely any form out of relation to the other forms; the necessity for taking a comprehensive survey of the whole as a condition to a satisfactory understanding of any part. If one wishes to become acquainted with the black bass, for example, he will learn but little if he limits himself to that species. He must evidently study also the species upon which it depends for its existence, and the various conditions upon which *these* depend. He must likewise study the species with which it comes in competition, and the entire system of conditions affecting their prosperity; and by the time he has studied all these sufficiently he will find that he has run through the whole complicated mechanism of the aquatic life of the locality, both animal and vegetable, of which his species forms but a single element. . . .

The amount and variety of animal life contained in them as well as in the streams related to them is extremely variable, depending chiefly on the frequency, extent, and duration of the spring and summer overflows. This is, in fact, the characteristic and peculiar feature of life in these waters. There is perhaps no better illustration of the methods by which the flexible system of organic life adapts itself, without injury, to widely and rapidly fluctuating conditions. Whenever the waters of the river remain for a long time far beyond their banks, the breeding grounds of fishes and other animals are immensely extended, and their food supplies increased to a corresponding degree. The slow or stagnant backwaters of such an overflow afford the best situations possible for the development of myriads of Entomostraca, which furnish, in turn, abundant food for young fishes of all descriptions. There thus results an outpouring of life—an extraordinary multiplication of nearly every species, most prompt and rapid, generally speaking, in such as have the highest reproductive rate, that is to say, in those which produce the largest average number of eggs and young for each adult.

The first to feel this tremendous impulse are the protophytes and Protozoa, upon which most of the Entomostraca and certain minute insect larvæ depend for food. This sudden development of their food resources causes, of course, a corresponding increase in the numbers of the latter classes, and, through them, of all sorts of fishes. The first fishes to feel the force of this tidal wave of life are the rapidly-breeding, non-predaceous kinds; and the last, the game fishes, which derive from the others their principal food supplies. Evidently each of these classes must act as a check upon the one preceding it. The development of animalcules is arrested and soon sent back below its highest point by the consequent development of Entomostraca; the latter, again, are met, checked, and reduced in number by the innumerable shoals of fishes with which the water speedily swarms. In this way a general adjustment of numbers to the new conditions would finally be reached spontaneously; but long before any such settled balance can be established, often of course before the full effect of this upward influence has been exhibited, a new cause of disturbance intervenes in the *disappearance of the overflow*. As the waters retire, the lakes are again defined; the teeming life which they contain is restricted within daily narrower bounds, and a fearful slaughter follows; the lower and more defenceless animals are penned up more and more closely with their predaceous enemies, and these thrive for a time to an extraordinary degree. To trace the further consequences of this oscillation would take me too far. Enough has been said to illustrate the general idea that the life of waters subject to periodical expansions of considerable duration, is peculiarly unstable and fluctuating; that each species swings, pendulum-like but irregularly, between a highest and a lowest point, and that this fluctuation affects the different classes successively, in the order of their dependence upon each other for food. . . .

It would be quite impossible within reasonable limits, to go into details respecting the organic relations of the animals of these waters, and I will content myself with two or three illustrations. As one example of the varied and far-reaching relations into which the animals of a lake are brought in the general struggle for life, I take the common black bass. In the dietary of this fish I find, at different ages of the individual, fishes of great variety, representing all the important orders of that class; insects in considerable number, especially the various water-bugs and larvæ of day-flies; fresh-water shrimps; and a great multitude of Entomostraca of many species and genera. The fish is therefore directly dependent upon all these classes for its existence. Next, looking to the food of the species which the bass has eaten, and upon which it is therefore indirectly dependent, I find that one kind of the fishes taken feeds upon mud, algæ, and Entomostraca and another upon nearly every animal substance in the water, including mollusks and decomposing organic matter. The insects taken by the bass, themselves take other insects and small Crustacea. The crawfishes are nearly omnivorous, and of the other crusta-



ceans some eat Entomostraca and some algæ and Protoza. At only the second step, therefore, we find our bass brought into dependence upon nearly every class of animals in the water.

And now, if we search for its competitors we shall find these also extremely numerous. In the first place, I have found that all our young fishes except the Catostomidæ feed at first almost wholly on Entomostraca, so that the little bass finds himself at the very beginning of his life engaged in a scramble for food with all the other little fishes in the lake. In fact, not only young fishes but a multitude of other animals as well, especially insects and the larger Crustacea, feed upon these Entomostraca, so that the competitors of the bass are not confined to members of its own class. Even mollusks, while they do not directly compete with it do so indirectly, for they appropriate myriads of the microscopic forms upon which the Entomostraca largely depend for food. But the enemies of the bass do not all attack it by appropriating its food supplies, for many devour the little fish itself. A great variety of predaceous fishes, turtles, water-snakes, wading and diving birds, and even bugs of gigantic dimensions destroy it on the slightest opportunity. It is in fact hardly too much to say that fishes which reach maturity are relatively as rare as centenarians among human kind.

As an illustration of the remote and unsuspected rivalries which reveal themselves on a careful study of such a situation, we may take the relations of fishes to the bladderwort[1]—a flowering plant which fills many acres of the water in the shallow lakes of northern Illinois. Upon the leaves of this species are found little bladders—several hundred to each plant—which when closely examined are seen to be tiny traps for the capture of Entomostraca and other minute animals. The plant usually has no roots, but lives entirely upon the animal food obtained through these little bladders. Ten of these sacs which I took at random from a mature plant contained no less than ninety-three animals (more than nine to a bladder), belonging to twenty-eight different species. Seventy-six of these were Entomostraca, and eight others were minute insect larvæ. When we estimate the myriads of small insects and Crustacea which these plants must appropriate during a year to their own support, and consider the fact that these are of the kinds most useful as food for young fishes of nearly all descriptions, we must conclude that the bladderworts compete with fishes for food, and tend to keep down their number by diminishing the food resources of the young. The plants even have a certain advantage in this competition, since they are not strictly dependent on Entomostraca, as the fishes are, but sometimes take root, developing then but very few leaves and bladders. This probably happens under conditions unfavorable to their support by the other method. These simple instances will suffice to illustrate the intimate way in which the living forms of a lake are united.

Perhaps no phenomenon of life in such a situation is more remarkable than the steady balance of organic nature, which holds each species within the limits of a uniform average number, year after year, although each one is always doing its best to break across boundaries on every side. The reproductive rate is usually enormous and the struggle for existence is correspondingly severe. . . .

It is a self-evident proposition that a species can not maintain itself continuously, year after year, unless its birth-rate at least equals its death-rate. If it is preyed upon by another species, it must produce regularly an excess of individuals for destruction, or else it must certainly dwindle and disappear. On the other hand, the dependent species evidently must not appropriate, on an average, any more than the surplus and excess of individuals upon which it preys, for if it does so it will continuously diminish its own food supply, and thus indirectly but surely exterminate itself. The interests of both parties will therefore be best served by an adjustment of their respective rates of multiplication such that the species devoured shall furnish an excess of numbers to supply the wants of the devourer, and that the latter shall confine its appropriations to the excess thus furnished. We thus see that there is really a close *community of interest* between these two seemingly deadly foes.

And next we note that this common interest is promoted by the process of natural selection; for it is the great office of this process to eliminate the unfit. If two species standing to each other in the relation of hunter and prey are or become badly adjusted in respect to their rates of increase, so that the one preyed upon is kept very far below the normal number which might find food, even if they do not presently obliterate each other the pair are placed at a disadvantage in the battle for life, and must suffer accordingly. Just as certainly as the thrifty business man who lives within his income will finally dispossess his shiftless competitor who can never pay his debts, the well-adjusted aquatic animal will in time crowd out its poorly-adjusted competitors for food and for the various goods of life. Consequently we may believe that in the long run and as a general rule those species which have survived, are those which have reached a fairly close adjustment in this particular.

Two ideas are thus seen to be sufficient to explain the order evolved from this seeming chaos; the first that of a general community of interests among all the classes of organic beings here assembled, and the second that of the beneficent power of natural selection which compels such adjustments of the rates of destruction and of multiplication of the various species as shall best promote this common interest.

[1]Utricularia.

The world is too much with us; late
and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste
our powers;
Little we see in Nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away,
a sordid boon!

Wordsworth

A Fable for Tomorrow

RACHEL CARSON

THERE WAS ONCE a town in the heart of America where all life seemed to live in harmony with its surroundings. The town lay in the midst of a checkerboard of prosperous farms, with fields of grain and hillsides of orchards where, in spring, white clouds of bloom drifted above the green fields. In autumn, oak and maple and birch set up a blaze of color that flamed and flickered across a backdrop of pines. Then foxes barked in the hills and deer silently crossed the fields, half hidden in the mists of the fall mornings.

Along the roads, laurel, viburnum and alder, great ferns and wildflowers delighted the traveler's eye through much of the year. Even in winter the roadsides were places of beauty, where countless birds came to feed on the berries and on the seed heads of the dried weeds rising above the snow. The countryside was, in fact, famous for the abundance and variety of its bird life, and when the flood of migrants was pouring through in spring and fall people traveled from great distances to observe them. Others came to fish the streams, which flowed clear and cold out of the hills and contained shady pools where trout lay. So it had been from the days many years ago when the first settlers raised their houses, sank their wells, and built their barns.

Then a strange blight crept over the area and everything began to change. Some evil spell had settled on the community: mysterious maladies swept the flocks of chickens; the cattle and sheep sickened and died. Everywhere was a shadow of death. The farmers spoke of much illness among their families. In the town the doctors had become more and more puzzled by new kinds of sickness appearing among their patients. There had been several sudden and unexplained deaths, not only among adults but even among children, who would be stricken suddenly while at play and die within a few hours.

There was a strange stillness. The birds, for example —where had they gone? Many people spoke of them, puzzled and disturbed. The feeding stations in the backyards were deserted. The few birds seen anywhere were moribund; they trembled violently and could not fly. It was a spring without voices. On the mornings that had once throbbed with the dawn chorus of robins, catbirds, doves, jays, wrens, and scores of other bird voices there was now no sound; only silence lay over the fields and woods and marsh.

On the farms the hens brooded, but no chicks hatched. The farmers complained that they were unable to raise any pigs—the litters were small and the young survived only a few days. The apple trees were coming into bloom but no bees droned among the blossoms, so there was no pollination and there would be no fruit.

The roadsides, once so attractive, were now lined with browned and withered vegetation as though swept by fire. These, too, were silent, deserted by all living things. Even the streams were now lifeless. Anglers no longer visited them, for all the fish had died.

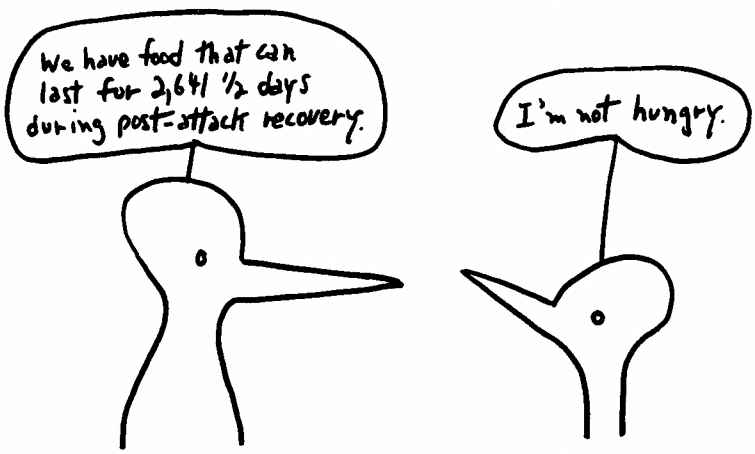
In the gutters under the eaves and between the shingles of the roofs, a white granular powder still showed a few patches; some weeks before it had fallen like snow upon the roofs and the lawns, the fields and streams.

No witchcraft, no enemy action had silenced the rebirth of new life in this stricken world. The people had done it themselves.

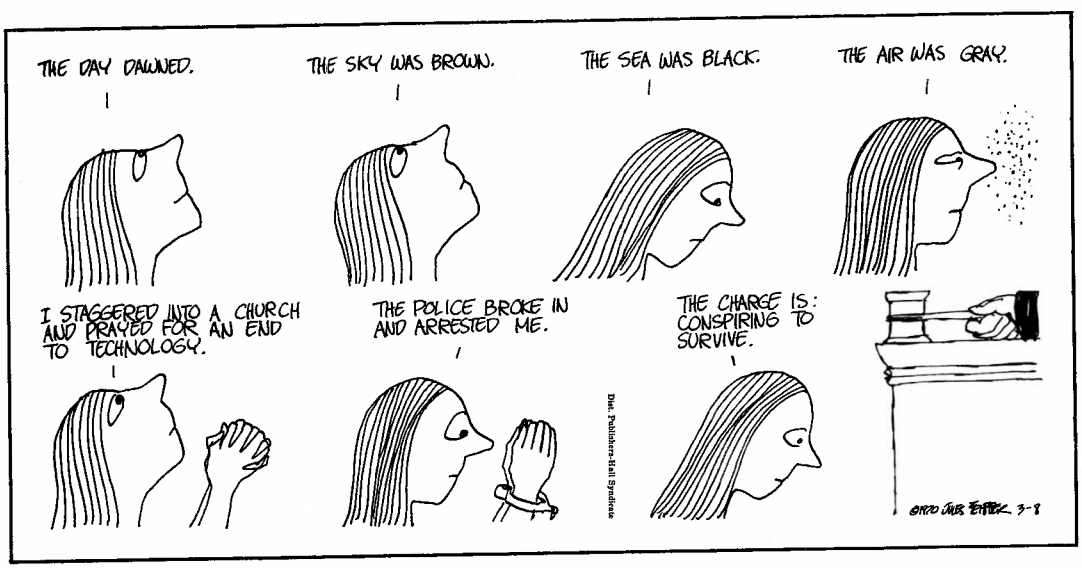
This town does not actually exist, but it might easily have a thousand counterparts in America or elsewhere in the world. I know of no community that has experienced all the misfortunes I describe. Yet every one of these disasters has actually happened somewhere, and many real communities have already suffered a substantial number of them. A grim specter has crept upon us almost unnoticed, and this imagined tragedy may easily become a stark reality we all shall know.

What has already silenced the voices of spring in countless towns in America? This book is an attempt to explain.

For quite some time people have been concerned (to some degree) with radioactive pollution as a major drawback to nuclear war.



The New York smog crisis made people very aware of what extreme pollution could mean.


THE DAY DAWNED.
THE SKY WAS BROWN.
THE SEA WAS BLACK.
THE AIR WAS GRAY.
I STAGGERED INTO A CHURCH AND PRAYED FOR AN END TO TECHNOLOGY.
THE POLICE BROKE IN AND ARRESTED ME.
THE CHARGE IS: CONSPIRING TO SURVIVE.
Dist. Publishers-Hall Syndicate

AIR

WELCOME SULPHUR DIOXIDE
HELLO CARBON MONOXIDE
THE AIR THE AIR
IS EVERYWHERE

BREATHE DEEP
WHILE YOU SLEEP
BREATHE DEEP

BLESS YOU ALCOHOL BLOODSTREAM
SAVE ME NICOTINE LUNG STEAM

INCENSE INCENSE
IS IN THE AIR

BREATHE DEEP
WHILE YOU SLEEP
BREATHE DEEP

CATACLYSMIC ECTOPLASM
FALLOUT ATOMIC ORGASM

VAPOR AND FUME
AT THE STONE OF MY TOMB

BREATHING LIKE
A SULLEN PERFUME

EATING AT
THE STONE OF MY TOMB

WELCOME SULPHUR DIOXIDE
HELLO CARBON MONOXIDE

THE AIR THE AIR
IS EVERYWHERE

BREATHE DEEP
WHILE YOU SLEEP
BREATHE DEEP

(*cough*)

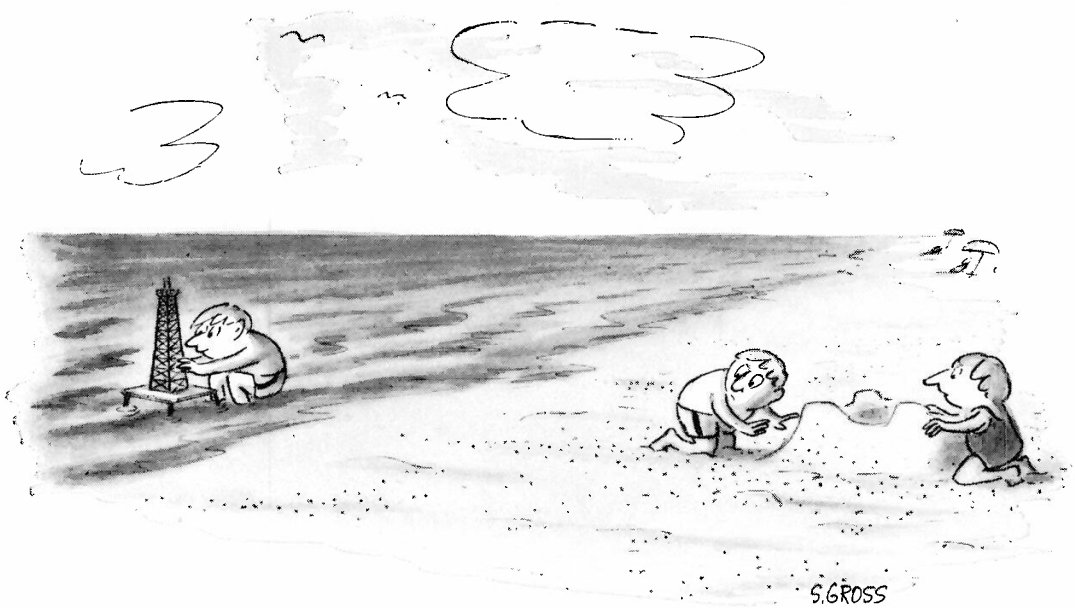
DEEP

(*cough*)

DEEP DEEP DEEP

(*cough*)

Oil in the Santa Barbara channel and waterways highlighted that particular danger. Yet what happens when we think we <u>need</u> the oil?



Columns of campers stream from the cities toward the hills and shores every weekend searching for solitude, breathable air, and clear water. Clear water has become almost as much of a mirage for us as for the man in the desert.

THE JOYS OF

CLEAR WATER

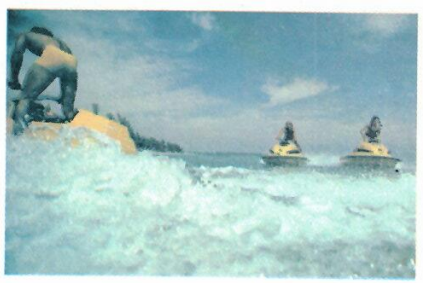
The time was when a boy could laze by the side ot a creek with a bamboo pole steadied by his big toe—confident that he would bring home enough sunnies, mullet, cats or bream to cater a good-sized family fish fry. A pretty girl could crawl across the surface of a lake without worrying that every mouthful she swallowed would be alive with filth. Then, the word "ecology" was a stranger to our vocabulary. Today, all that is different. Water has become everyone's concern. We listen with interest—if not with sympathy—to the president of a company planning to pipe effluvia from coastal oil refineries far out to sea. "We're not going to pollute this area," he promises. "What we're going to do is contribute to the pollution of the world."

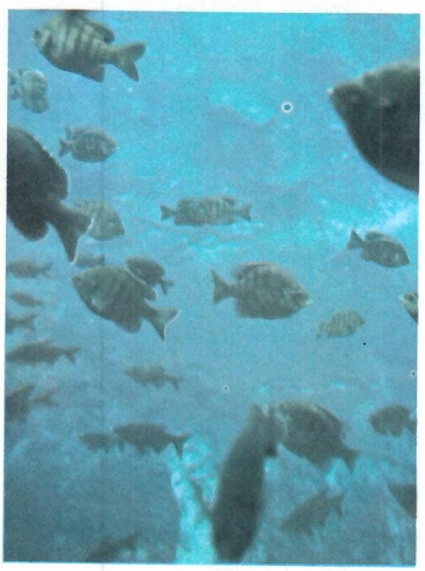
Can you remember how beautiful pure water was?

People get "extremely emotional" about losing a species of fish or animal, a Georgia industrialist said recently. Who cares, he asked, if the nearly extinct whooping crane actually doesn't quite make it? In the long run, "it probably won't hurt mankind a whole hell of a lot." Animals, after all, have been dying off every year, clear back to the dinosaur. Perhaps he is right. Perhaps it doesn't make any difference. Perhaps if we can produce and sell more steel, more computers, more atomic power, we can sit back and enjoy the money and muscle these will bring us. And we can dispense with the refreshing wonders of such useless preserves as Florida's Silver Springs, where the clearest of all water provides hospitality for birds, fish, deer—and people. We could live, too, without our beaches and our lakes. But do we want to?

What is more delicious than the touch, the sparkle of good water?

To Pindar centuries ago, water was the noblest of the elements. But the element he honored, we defile. For Americans pour two million gallons of sewage into the nation's waterways every second. Lake Erie is dead, the Hudson and Potomac are dying. And it will take ten billion dollars to restore Lake Michigan. The children at their lakes in summer will not remember as some of us still do. For the hand that reaches into the water, touching life, has soiled and endangered it. That same hand can — if we wish — purify the water once again. Suddenly we have come to realize that unless we move quickly and effectively, we will be submitting to world suicide by pollution. At last we are taking the first feeble steps. If they are right, we may no longer have to look back at the good old days of clean water. If only we don't give up. If only we find the hundreds of billions of dollars needed to save what is left.





All life is in a drop of water

There are many kinds of pollution; a name for being drunk in the 50's was "polluted". Some think a polluted environment is more dreadful than polluted people.

POLLUTED EVENING

By JOEL GLASSER

I had the somewhat dubious pleasure the other week of standing next to an amateur ecologist at a cocktail party. Both of us having imbibed a mite, we fell to conversation (this is one of the evils of drink). After several minutes of amiable banter, he turned suddenly hostile, and bluntly remarked: "Since I became convinced that we must clean our environment, and stop pollution, I decided that the first step is for us to stop polluting ourselves." Having performed a somewhat cursory count of the number of scotches this stout fellow had downed, I scoffed at the comment, but later it occurred to me underneath his reeking breath lurked a mind crippled with sinister intentions.

Now there should be no question in anyone's mind but that we have a clear and immediate obligation to cleanse this poor old earth before it becomes absolutely uninhabitable (though it would seem that some locales, such as New York, are beyond repair), but this business about de-polluting ourselves smacks of something more than just concern for the human race (of which I have never had too much). After all, how does one define pollutants? Are they limited to only alcohol and tobacco (both of which I use, often at the same time, to the regret of my insurance company), or are there other pollutants as well? It would seem, once you get thinking about it, that the list is almost endless.

For example, there are pollutants of the mind (assuming one has one to begin with), pollutants being herein defined as waste material or garbage. Into this group would fall advertising, most current fiction, most business literature, all economic prognostications, and ninety-nine and 44/100's of all of Hollywood's (and Sweden's) cinematic creations. In short, we are barraged by pollutants. Are these, as well as the more traditional evils of booze and butts, to be eliminated as well? Or perhaps we don't have to eliminate them, but merely purify them—filtering the filth and waste out (there will be precious little left over, to be sure). What an idyllic existence we would all have then—clean air, clean water, and clean minds. Only at the dawn of civilization has man ever been in so virgin a state (what a repugnant thought that is). We shall return (though we have never strayed too far) to our Neanderthalic origins.

And who, pray tell, is to do all this cleansing and disinfecting? My friend at the cocktail party, reeking of demon rum? Who amongst us will come forward to judge what is fit for our consumption? Shades of Orwell! It wouldn't surprise me, once they got started, if they found a host of other pollutants. Sex, for instance. Look at all the teenagers who break out in pimples just thinking about it. Yes, sex will have to go (as sex goes, so goes the world).

Perhaps I have exaggerated my point a bit, but it seems that we are forever going through fanatical phases in this country. There is an obvious need to clean our environment and make it livable once more. But let us do it as rational beings. Too many people are coming forward these days with wild dreams about conquering dirt. It would be better if they were to shut up for a while and do some hard thinking about realistic approaches to the problem. Pollution will not be cured overnight (or even in a fortnight), but it can be eased. In the meantime, if we spent more time polluting ourselves, and less time polluting our surroundings, the world would be a better place for us all.

Lots of companies are trying, at least in print, to be more careful with the environment.

In a few weeks this striped bass will die of water poisoning.

In a few decades your grandchild may die the same way.

For America, the traditional land of plenty, water poisoning has always been more a hobgoblin than a specter.

Within a few decades, however, America will run out of fresh water. This is not speculation. It is arithmetic.

Already we are drawing eight times as much water daily from the national reservoir as we did early in this century. Multiply this by the growth of industry in the next twenty years. Add the needs of fifty million more people.

Then, by subtracting the total from the available water supply—which remains constant—the inescapable conclusion is that, by 1985 or so, most of us will be drinking water in the afternoon that someone else used for shaving the same morning.

The editors of McGraw-Hill's *Chemical Engineering* have long recognized that water pollution is only a symptom of the far more ominous threat of water poisoning. Recently, as part of this accelerating effort, the editors published a symposium on water pollution as part of a unique reference issue on environmental engineering.

For those of us accustomed to thinking of water pollution control in terms of shutting off a few valves in industrial plants and modernizing sewage systems, the effect of *Chemical Engineering's* analysis is staggering.

To begin with, there are as many kinds of water pollution as there are pollutants. "For example,

refining can be broken down into fourteen steps, each of which produces specific types of wastes."

Even before treatment, the analysis of wastewater must be done as carefully as a medical diagnosis. The treatments may range from simple screening to highly sophisticated chemical and biological processes. In addition to the sheer difficulty of control, there is, of course, the enormous expense. There are also the laws, often confusing and overlapping.

Nevertheless, *Chemical Engineering's* survey reveals that some communities have made amazing progress:

"Lake Tahoe, because of its alpine setting and great clarity, is one of the most beautiful lakes in the world. To preserve its clarity and delay eutrophication, no wastewater may be discharged to the lake or any of the watercourses within Lake Tahoe Basin."

Instead, the wastewaters are totally reclaimed, so much so that the water is literally exported for use in nearby recreational lakes.

Lake Tahoe shows what can be done—in fact what *must* be done. As one of *Chemical Engineering's* distinguished contributors commented, "The only sure way to overtake our compounding pollution is to leap ahead of it."

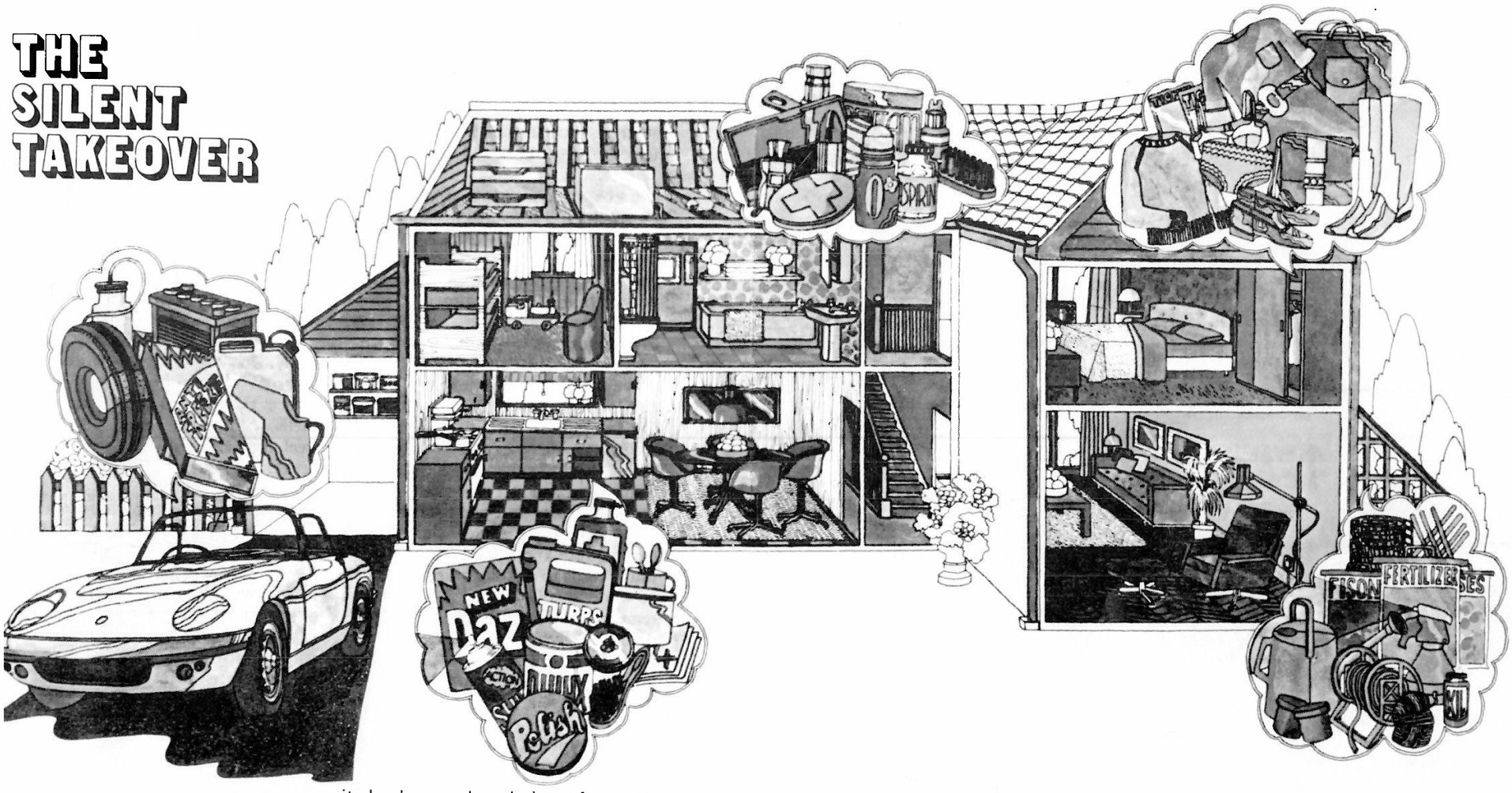
If the remedy is as clear as the waters of Lake Tahoe, the question remains, when are we going to do more than talk about it?

We must answer that question to our grandchildren.

McGRAW-HILL PUBLICATIONS

A good society is good business.

THE SILENT TAKEOVER



This is the extent of our dependence on oil:

Half the tyres on British cars and half the rubber goods we use are made from oil; synthetic rubber makes cars lighter and faster, and improves roadholding. The 50lb of plastics in a modern car and the polish waxes applied to its body are also derived from oil.

Synthetic resin-rubber shoe soles can last ten to fifteen times as long as leather ones. Anti-freeze is basically the oil-derived ethylene glycol, which also goes into brake fluid, lipstick, explosives and paint. You can even dress from head to foot in oil-based plastics and textiles—Terylene, Orlon, Nylon, Courtelle, Acrilan and 'wet look' PVC. Aspirin and curtain materials are made from ethylene, a refinery gas, or from natural gas. Chemical fertilisers have increased soil fertility many times over since the beginning of the century.

Without oil, transport would be immobilised, aircraft grounded, ships stranded. Any machine larger than a clock would seize up for lack of lubricant. Coal would not be shifted from the mines, electricity would fail, water would no longer be pumped, sewage and garbage would accumulate and crops would run to seed. Communications would cease.

Fortunately, the oil companies are sitting on enough oil to last thirty years and new reserves are being discovered faster than the old ones are being used up.

We're doing a lot to the environment ourselves.

PROTEST

Rod McKuen

I protest
the systematic
leveling down of hills
by golden bulldozers
in order to make
plastic plywood palaces
for the poor,
who will remain that way
as long as Lucite
stays in fashion.

I am sick of seeing
Santa Barbara's birds
belching up crude oil
on the dirty beach,
their wings so weighted down
with black petroleum
that even God would be
hard pressed to make them fly.

I'll open no more magazines
that show the mother seal sobbing
as her pups are skinned alive
to fatten female bodies
already fat enough
with fur that feels good
to the touch.
(I have this feeling
that it felt good
to the seal as well.)

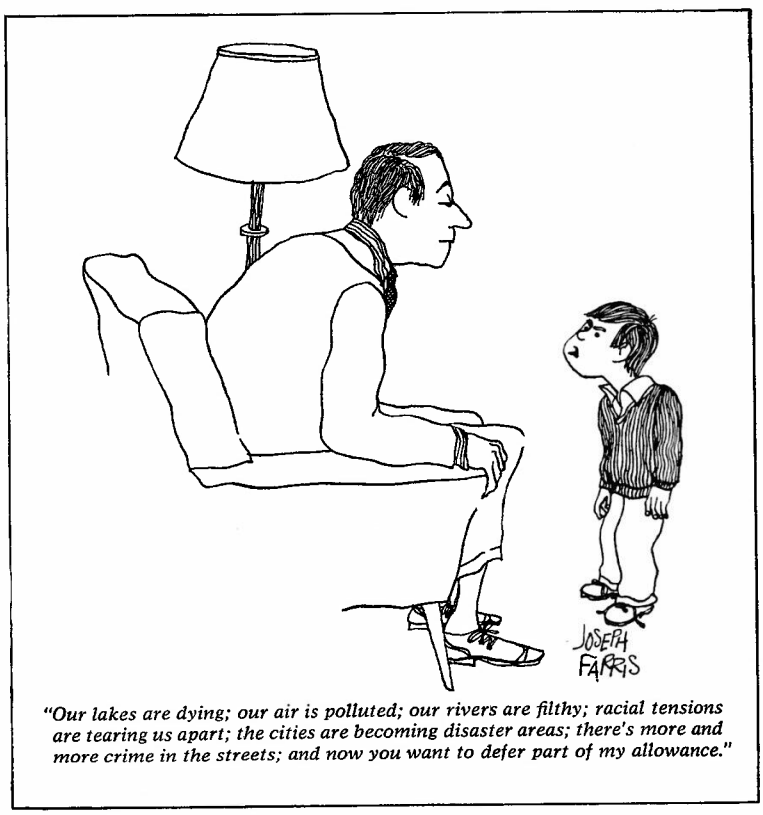
I dread the call *"Timber!"*
yet another time
as trees fall forward
in the name of progress.
And now that all our lakes
are cesspools
I'll do my swimming
in a bathtub—
even though there's hardly any
safety there.

My quarrel isn't with the President
or the mayor of my town
(who visits it sometimes
just for old times' sake)
I've sent no telegrams
to that man who traded in his tap shoes
just to represent me and my neighbor.
Nor does that faded movie star
in Sacramento
seem less good to me
than what we had before.
Even angry Agnew
I couldn't single out
to solve my own displeasure.

I mistrust all politicians.
That would mean Kennedy and King
if they were living,
Golda Meir if she resided here
and Goldie Hawn if she ran
for roommate at the White House.
But I'm not mad at anybody—
nobody but me.

I'm mad at me
because I stayed so silent
for so long.
And because
maybe when I should have tried to help
I used up that same energy
to criticize and carry on
instead of moving forward
and carrying on my own shoulders
some of the troubles of my country.

Unfortunately, in many ways, the problem of ecological damage has become a cliché for cartoons.



"Our lakes are dying; our air is polluted; our rivers are filthy; racial tensions are tearing us apart; the cities are becoming disaster areas; there's more and more crime in the streets; and now you want to defer part of my allowance."

But according to the authorities, there are these prospects behind the headlines.

Environmental Pollution

NORMAN COUSINS

The fouling of the world's land, air and water is the fastest-spreading disease of civilization. It probably produces fewer headlines than wars, earthquakes, thunderbolts, and flash floods, but it is potentially one of history's greatest dangers to human life on earth. If present trends continue for the next several decades, environmental poisoning will accomplish what no war to date has: It will make all the world's cities, and most of its countryside, uninhabitable.

In 1952, a pollution-shroud, hanging low over London, killed 4,000 persons within a fortnight and caused 4,000 more Londoners to die lingering deaths over the following three months. In 1948, a "killer smog" snuffed out 20 lives in Donora, Pennsylvania, and made 6,000 other townspeople so sick that they probably wished they were dead; however, meteorologists reported that Donora got off easy. In Yokkaichi, Japan, today, schoolchildren routinely wear gas masks while at play.

In all the world's great cities, toxic airborne gases and acid vapors visibly pit bronze statues and stone building facades and cause the paint on autos to peel off. The effect on humans is almost as devastating: Each year thousands of Americans die, gasping and choking, from a pollution-aggravated lung disease called emphysema.

The sharp increase in deadly water pollution is equally alarming: Every major river in the United States is grossly polluted. Even the lesser streams have been made slimy and foul by factories that freely sluice their noxious wastes into any nearby flow. The current then obligingly floats the wastes downstream, away from the scene of the crime. Once-beautiful Lake Erie, which receives many such streams, is a prize exhibit: Today the Lake reminds one of Coleridge's "silent sea"—its waters are now a mephitic brew, millions of its fish have been killed off, and "slimy things do crawl with legs upon the slimy sea."

What all the forms of pollution add up to is this: We are pumping enough poisons into our environment—and into our bones and flesh—to threaten the survival of the species within two or three decades.

Begin with the air pollution problem. Visibly—and perhaps even superficially—air pollution seems to take the form of gritty black particles that sift down from a leaden sky. But these visible particles are far from being the worst aspect of air pollution. The greatest danger comes not from this kind of "particulate matter" with which the human body can usually cope, because our respiratory passages are lined with thousands of lashing, hairlike *cilia* that beat back most invading particles and prevent them from entering the lungs. Unfortunately, a good percentage of the airborne pollution particles are tinier than anything our cilia were called on to deal with in the evolutionary past; minuscule bits of modern industrial matter slip right through, lodge in the lung lining, and impair the lung's functioning.

In addition, invisible poisonous gases and acid-mists are often suspended in the air above industrial cities. These gases include sulfur dioxide, nitrogen oxide, ozone, and carbon monoxide. Serial chemical reactions—often speeded up by bright sunlight—cause these gases to form corrosive acids that attack human lungs with devastating effect. The lung-cancer rate is twice as high among city dwellers as among country people. In terms of dollars, the yearly cost to the country of air pollution alone is estimated by the U.S. Public Health Service to total $11 billion.

Where do all these deadly gases and particles come from, and what can be done about them? Overwhelmingly, they emanate from factory smokestacks, automobile exhausts, home furnaces, and such lesser sources as garbage-burning incinerators. The way to counteract "particulate" air-pollution is to fit offending smokestacks with filters and electrostatic precipitators that intercept the particles. Gases are best dealt with by persuading factories to use fuels, the combustion by-products of which are low in sulfur dioxide and other toxic fumes. When New York City's leading utility, Consolidated Edison, cooperated in the effort to combat pollution by switching to low-sulfur fuels, the pollution rate dropped by about 28 percent.

Automobiles are something else again: Attempts to develop and put into general use anti-pollution gains, partly because policy in Detroit has not kept up with technology. And mass production of pollution-free autos that would run by steam, by electricity from fuel cells, or by drastically revamped combustion engines seems a long way off.

A closer look at water pollution yields a similarly distressing outlook. The Santa Barbara oil episode of 1969 was, at least, inadvertent and thus not quite so appalling as the sort of pollution that results from the deliberate, long-range policy of dumping pollutants into water sources. In 1963, for instance, pesticides (principally DDT) and industrial wastes pouring into the Mississippi River killed *five million* fish. On the other hand, the indiscriminate dumping of raw human excrement into the Hudson River has brought on a great population explosion among the maggots, eels, and harmful bacteria that thrive on a diet of such wastes. Even worse, the body products of people suffering from hepatitis, dysentery, tuberculosis, and other diseases are prominently represented in the Hudson's "mix."

Synthetic detergents pose still another pollution menace. Unlike organic wastes, they cannot be decomposed by bacterial action, and many detergents slip right through "fine weave" filters. As a result, in many areas there is scarcely a private well that does not have dangerous amounts of detergent in its water. And along many waterways, great crawling mounds of detergent foam, resembling "The Blob" in a science-fiction thriller, can be seen amidst the sewage. The mounds of foam, which are vehicles for infectious bacteria, kill fish and ruin drinking-water supplies.

Fortunately, the water-pollution threat can be overcome by purposive action. As Bregman and Lenormand point out in their study *Pollution Prevention*, a 200-inch

tries in 250 cities of Germany's Ruhr River Valley began tackling, in 1948, a water crisis similar to our current one. These industries formed the pollution authority *Ruhrverband*, whose members pay heavy dues levied according to the amount of waste each dumps into the river. To date, 102 water-purification plants have been built, and many of the member factories have—as an alternative to paying large fines—chosen to develop internal water-recirculation systems that use almost no new Ruhr water. The waters of the valley are now all but pristine again.

In a very real sense, the nation is also on the verge of being suffocated by its own garbage. Trying to get rid of colossal quantities of waste through burning has served mainly to change one waste into another—air pollution—while trying to get rid of garbage by dumping it in rivers or seas has served mainly to pollute our waters. This problem can be eased by the proper application of modern technology.

There are all sorts of possibilities for a fully scientific attack on the problem of garbage pollution. Standing in the way are the usual obstacles—political sluggishness, reluctance of private industry (including public utilities) to make major investments for public purposes that may raise unfavorable stockholder reactions, and, in general, all the historic factors that create a stage for change only *after* problems exact a prodigious toll.

Unlike air and water pollution, *noise pollution* has only recently been recognized as a major threat to human well-being. Consider these facts: 80 decibels is about as loud as a sound can get without making most people uncomfortable. Any rating above 80 produces physiological effects. Long exposures at much above 100 decibels threaten permanent impairment of hearing.

Against this background, here are some common noise values: ordinary conversation (60), heavy traffic (80), a cocktail party (90), a moving subway train (100), a riveting gun (130), a hardrock band (100-138), and a jet plane heard at close range (150). At 140 decibels or more, acute pain is experienced.

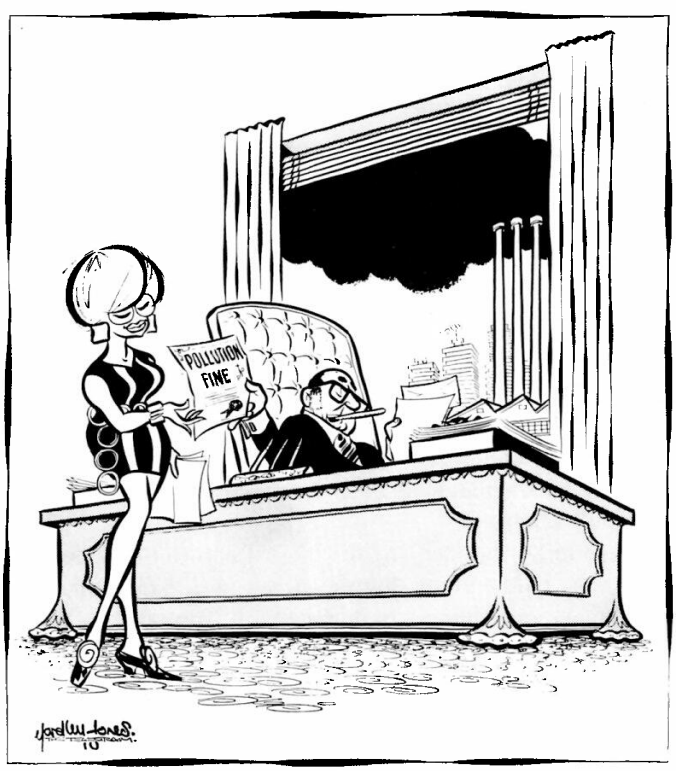
In the hierarchy of deadly forms of pollution, however, nuclear fallout easily takes top ranking. Thrown high into the stratosphere by above-ground nuclear tests, particles of radioactive matter continue to filter down to earth for years afterward. Nobel Prize winner Linus Pauling has predicted that millions of babies all over the world will be born and have been born with birth defects that are traceable solely to fallout dating from the period before 1963—that is, before the nuclear-test-ban treaty was signed. Both Communist China and France, however, are not signatories and have continued to conduct nuclear tests at will.

What can the government—and the ordinary citizen—do if we are to head off otherwise inevitable pollution disasters? First, we should recognize that any effective fight against pollution must cut right across state lines. Indeed, at some point fairly soon, the fight against environmental poisoning must be waged on a worldwide scale through authoritative world agencies. Inside the nation, separate agencies working for clean air, clean water, and lower noise levels have their place, but they must be coordinated with each other closely through central agencies that have an overview of these separate antipollution efforts. This multistate aspect is important: There is not much point in cleaning up the air of a major city if, the next day, mephitic vapors drift over from the factories of an adjacent state.

Second, we should recognize that only certain pollution dangers can be met head-on, with filters, precipitators, and other mechanical block-that-kick measures. The fallout problem, for example, was not met by mechanical devices that scrubbed the air clean of radioactive particles. It was solved, rather, on the political level—that is, by the treaty countries' voluntarily eliminating aboveground testing itself.

In like manner, it may be necessary, in the name of public health, for some industries to phase out—perhaps with the help of governmental tax inducements—whole lines of pollution-breeding manufacture. Above all, the health and safety of our citizenry—and that of mankind in general—must be placed at the center of our anti-pollution effort and must be made "the measure of all things."

Although it is easier just to think of organizations and corporations as the offenders.



"Petty cash . . ."

The Fearless Spectator — Charles McCabe

THE ECOLOGY COP OUT

The environmental or ecology movement needs no enemies so long as it can hold onto its friends.

A year ago the word ecology was about as well known as the word phthisic. It is already becoming a bore to many. It HAS become a bore to others, including your resident thinker.

At the present rate, and if American patterns of attention have not changed, the concern of man for his surroundings will by next year be as pressing as the wheat yields of the Black Sea states.

Apart from the fact that the national conscience is just about as subject to fad and fashion as the national wardrobe, there is another reason for all this. The concern for the environment is, unhappily, more than a little phony.

At the bottom of it all I suspect, is guilt. Guilt has a notoriously short span of attention. It also has an infinite capacity for disguise. The conscious mind tends to believe that you can change a thing if you change its name. The monster beneath the surface has no such illusions. Anxiety and guilt, 'way down there, are nothing but anxiety and guilt. The coping, which is done upstairs, is just the frosting on the poisoned cake.

★ ★ ★

The guilt, of course, is man's growing suspicion that he has euchred himself out of existence. All the things he has sanctified by the name of progress have made a sudden volte-face in his thinking. They are now seen to be roads to Hell. The Holy Grail has turned out a graveyard spade.

This suspicion hit us all, heavily, when little Harry Truman gave the order that took care of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, some 25 years ago.

Yet when was the last time you heard an earnest dinner, or after-dinner, discussion of this, surely the greatest problem which faces the human race? Literally, the decision to be or not to be, which lies in the hands of a tiny, uneasy and perhaps evil consortium of men who are no better than they should be.

And what ever happened to last year's lightning-rod to ward off deep anxiety: the Vietnam war? It, too, has been given up because it in the end became a bore. It became a bore because, again in the end, it was just another name for the deepest anxiety possible: Survival, or no.

★ ★ ★

Now it's ecology, and waste and pollution. Ecology might just be a cop out. And the rotten thing is: These are all good causes, as the Vietnam war is, and as the end of poverty is. Good causes, being ruined by our rabbity minds and our infirm purposes. The word permanent doesn't mean much any more, under the aspect of the atom bomb. This may account for the attraction which fashion has in our thinking.

The whole damned nuisance might be called The Milton Berle syndrome. You may not be old enough to remember it, but a man named Milton Berle, and the face which belonged to him, and his wonderfully vulgar approach to life, were once the best-known things in this Nation. This was when television was in its swaddling clothes.

Then people got bored with Berle, which means they got bored with their own taste. He was thrown to the lions, in a huge arena called Overexposure. He is now a fragrant memory, like horse-drawn brewery wagons, or ladies in milk baths.

★ ★ ★

Ecology is now Berle at his apogee. It is not hard to predict its course.

The other day, I met a leading Northern California planning official. A year ago, he knew where he stood. His enemies were the real estaters and the large industrial people. His friends were what used to be called the conservationists.

"Now," he said regretfully, "the conservationists have gone mad with their new popularity. I now have to count them as my enemies, just like the developers. Planning is impossible when the good guys ignore or want to run roughshod over laws on the books protecting private property."

Oh, for the good old days, when conservation meant the dear sweet Sierra Club!

—*San Francisco Chronicle*

WAR ON POLLUTION COULD BACKFIRE — Robert Theobald

The growing howl about pollution, the environment and ecology threatens to lessen, rather than increase, the prospect of mankind's survival. If this chorus of concern is to achieve fundamental results, its directions must be fundamentally changed.

I am in no way denying the critical nature of the ecological crisis. I am arguing that the increasing hysteria threatens to damage our chances of dealing with its realities.

Only a year ago, concerns about pollution and the environment were confined to a small, intense group. Today this issue is obviously the prime concern of many Americans. Vociferous arguments for prevention of pollution and preservation of the environment are becoming essentials for any aspiring politician or intellectual in good standing.

It is obviously felt that there is everything to gain and nothing to lose by stands on these issues. The Republicans and Democrats are vying for the right to claim ownership of them in the 1970 congressional elections.

There is increasing evidence that attention on college campuses is moving away from the Vietnam war to concern about pollution. A series of teach-ins, culminating in April, are planned and enthusiasm is high.

Newspapers across the country have entered the anti-pollution battle. Readers are invited to cooperate in reporting and eliminating sources of smoke and solid particles.

At first sight, such developments appear completely valu-

able. Man's health, man's production and his very survival depend upon the retention of pure air to breathe and pure water to drink. Both of these are threatened today.

Division Seems Likely

Indeed, the anti-pollution-pro-environment issue has the potential to unite the people of the United States—and indeed the world—if developed intelligently. Unfortunately, given present patterns and understandings, the movement as it is now constituted will rapidly become divisive.

We are failing to recognize this reality because it is impossible to be against a good environment any more than it is wise to declare against God, Mother or Country. However, once the rhetoric of anti-pollution is translated into specific measures there will be profound opposition—because of the more fundamental implications of ecological thinking, justified divergencies between priorities, and also the pressures of special interest groups.

Our present position on the environment issue is similar to that at the beginning of the War on Poverty—who could be for poverty? However, the actual measures required for its abolition proved so divisive that the war died before it had really ever been engaged. The same threat lies ahead for the environmental issue—for many of the same problems are inherent in it—unless we change direction.

Many of those who are most concerned about pollution, environment and ecological issues would agree that division on this issue is inevitable. They see the pollution problem as caused by selfish industrialists, landowners etc., whose actions can only be controlled by an aroused public opinion.

The April college teach-ins are designed to create the sort of pressure which industries, cities and states cannot ignore. They are designed to force changes in priorities and spending in order to reduce water, air, land and noise pollution.

Those who are most honest admit that the direction of the pressures will often be ill-advised. Those acting will have insufficient understanding of the real problem and possibilities of our time. However, most of those promoting the teach-ins see the crisis as so threatening and imminent that they are prepared to risk mistakes.

The analogy appears to be with Vietnam. It is argued that if pressures from college campuses and other aroused people could cause moral outrage and thus reverse the course of a conflict in Asia, then surely it can also be used to change policies at home.

Both the analysis and the analogy are wrong. It is folk mythology to believe that the course of the Vietnam war has been changed by far-left pressure which led Americans to see the war as immoral. The war itself has not become shocking to most Americans—the overall reaction to My Lai shows this. The key factor which changed minds was that the war came to be seen as unsuccessful and expensive. Americans—particularly those in the "establishment"—found that it was interfering with more immediate priorities.

The reality unperceived by those who would repeat Vietnam-style pressures is that protest against Vietnam, and the violence associated with it, has actually reduced the chance of successful social change. There is a strong reactionary movement in this country today and its influence could only be increased if ecologists and conservationists interpreted public concern as providing them with a mandate to interrupt the operation of industries and services polluting the environment.

In addition, the problem is far more complex than the present rhetoric admits. All too often pollution is simplistically associated with technology—it is assumed that the way to get rid of pollution is to get rid of technology. Inherent in much of the literature about the ecological crisis is a nostalgia for earlier times. The magazines, in their attempt to summon up a vision of an unpolluted world, show us young, beautiful couples with their children in an untouched landscape.

This is totally unrealistic: continuation of this approach can all too easily create a neo-Luddite revolt. Just as Britons smashed machines in the early 19th century to avoid progress, so Americans may try to turn off their technology in order to return to an earlier agricultural state. Such an attempt would certainly create confusion and hardship—and it would, of course, fail eventually.

Such a diversion from the real issue might well rob us of our final chance to deal with the still-growing gap between the economic and technological situations of the abundance —and scarcity—regions. We have little time left if the growth of population in the scarcity areas is not to overwhelm the total resources of the world.

The ecological crisis is indeed the central concern of our time. We must learn how to feed, clothe and shelter the population of the world while preserving their dignity and without destroying the climate and resources which make life on earth possible.

Danger of Turning Inward

We could be brought to understand this basic issue by examining the *real* implications of the discomfort and hardship being caused to Americans by air, water, land and noise pollution. The imminent danger is that our justified concerns about pollution will cause us to turn inward and forget the immediate needs of the rest of the world.

The greatest problem in avoiding the presently probable result is that we have hardly begun to examine the implications of the ecological crisis on the realistic scale—and as the hysteria mounts it seems even less likely that we shall do so. Today we are only able to state that our present economic, social and political institutions are totally unequal to the task.

Ecologists are presently planning to use old-fashioned divisive political techniques to achieve their goals. This divisiveness will not only hold back the realization of the most urgently required reforms but will also make it impossible to teach the deeper lesson inherent in ecological thinking.

Man's survival in the future depends on his giving up the attempt to dominate nature and learning to cooperate with it. Similarly man can only survive with other men if he abandons the present stress on competition and learns to cooperate with others. Ecologists can only hope to achieve their goals in such a cooperative world. If they continue their planned programs, they will themselves act to prevent their needed cooperative world from developing.

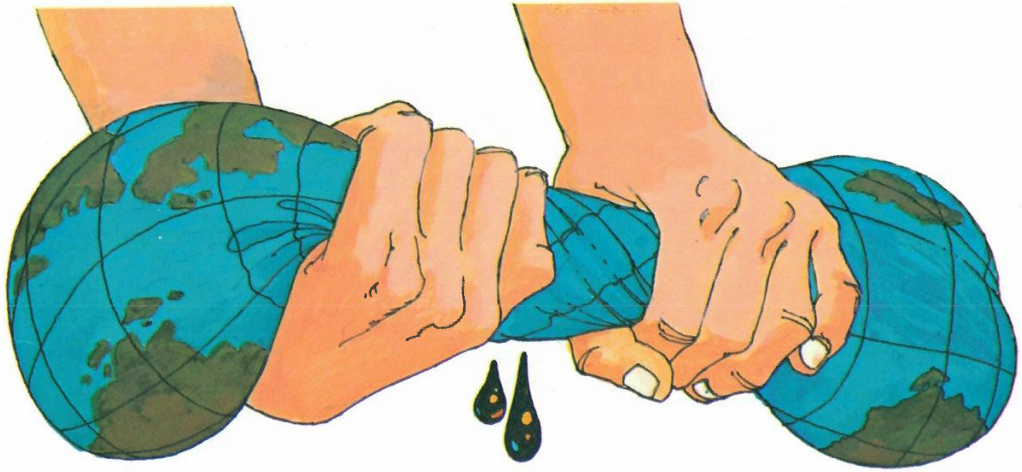
luctantly, finally, pressure from the environmentalists has been having results. t now other problems loom--allied problems, surely, even if some people want junk "ecological fanaticism" on the basis of it's calling for too much adjustnt when the energy and resources scarcity is NOW. Still, if we're interested conservation, why draw the line at conserving metals, coal, and gas?

OME ON PEOPLE
'T FORGET YOU ARE CHILDRE N
THE EARTH

COME ON EVERYBODY
BLOW A KISS ON YOUR MOTHER
PUT THE FISH BACK IN HER RIVERS
COMB THE BEER CANS OUT OF HER HAIR.

ENERGY:
TO
THE LAST
DROP.

Energy 2



In oil alone, this country will consume, in 1973, an average of 17.3 million barrels a day. Enough to fill a train of railroad cars stretching from Washington D.C. to Cincinnati and 100 miles beyond.

One air pollution device used by Bethlehem Steel Corporation takes as much electrical power as 1,700 average homes.

Sources of energy in the U.S. are: Oil, 44.6%; Natural gas, 31.6%; Coal, 19.7%; Water power, 3.8%; and Nuclear, 0.3%. In 1972, wood still produced more energy than nuclear!

If 160,000 people saved ½ kilowatt hour of electricity a day, it would save 2 million gallons of oil a year.

With only 6% of the world's population, the U.S. uses 35% of its energy.

Setting all residential thermostats just 2° higher in summer and 2° lower in winter would produce (in 1980) savings equal to approximately 600,000 barrels of oil a day. Or 100 million tons of coal a year.

Almost 50% of all energy does no useful work.

In the average American home, 25% of the heat energy escapes through the roof. Adequate

The pilot light on a gas range consumes ⅓ of all the fuel the appliance uses. 10% of the natural gas consumed in the U.S. is to keep pilot lights

A ton of freight shipped by truck takes nearly six times the energy as one shipped by rail.
An electric light bulb produces 95% waste heat and 5% light.
The total U.S. energy consumption in 1970 was equal to 80 servants working for each of us.
Autos shoot 87% of their energy intake out the exhaust pipe.
If the average car weighed 2,500 pounds instead of 3,500, the nation would save 2.1 million barrels of crude oil a day . . . more than the Alaskan pipeline could deliver.
88% of all the energy used in U.S. homes is used for basic needs: heating, air conditioning, water heating, refrigeration and cooking.
60 million electric toothbrushes plugged in at once would only take 4/100 of 1% of the nation's generating capacity.
25% of America's energy is used just to move people and things.
It takes four times as much energy to get a person from home to work in an auto as it does in a bus.
SAND
GAS & LINE

Energy. Maker of steel and candy bars and aspirin. Builder of homes and schools and hospitals. Bearer of news, good and bad. Of music and "Happy Birthdays" and the Dow Jones Average. Harvester, healer, transporter. Energy, the great current of life.

In the last decade alone, we have used more energy than in all the millions of years before us. Energy made of coal and oil and natural gas. Fossil fuels. Finite resources which we have shoveled into our lives with reckless abandon.

Until now.

Even as we drive our 115 million vehicles. Use our 37 (in the average American home) appliances. And play in our plastic aluminum nylon drip-dry air conditioned world, we hear ominous rumblings of blackout.

Rationing. Crisis. The corner gas station says "Sorry, closed" at 5. The light bill is up. America is feeling rundown and out of resources. In this second of our three-part energy story, we will find out why. And see how our lives may change.

sand castles

Richard Brautigan

Strange fences grow on Point Reyes Peninsula which is fastened like a haunted fingerprint to the California coast. Odd perspectives are constantly drifting out of sight or becoming too intimate in this place where white medieval Portuguese dairies suddenly appear cradled by cypress trees and then disappear as if they had never really been there at all.

Hawks circle in the sky like the lost springs of old railroad watches looking for correct protein wandering somewhere below to swoop down upon and devour chronologically.

It is not often that I journey to Point Reyes because, frankly, my mind is seldom in that place, but when I do go there I always enjoy myself. That is, if *enjoy* is the right word, driving down a road lined with fences that look like cemeteries lost in half-vague and half-mercuric spiritual density.

I usually end up going to a place called McClures Beach at the end of the peninsula. There's a parking lot where you leave your car and then it's a good hike down a gradual canyon to the beach, following a small creek.

Watercress grows luxuriously in the creek.

There are many peculiar flowers as step by step you disappear down into the turns of the canyon until at last you arrive at the Pacific Ocean and a dramatic beach like a photograph if they'd had cameras in the days when Christ lived, and now you are a part of the photograph, but sometimes you have to pinch yourself to make sure that you are really there.

I remember one afternoon many years ago I went with a friend to Point Reyes where my mind was exactly in that kind of place and stared at the fences as we drove deeper and deeper into the peninsula which of course unfolded like layers of abstraction and intimacy constantly being circled by hawks.

We parked at McClures Beach. I remember very clearly the sound of the car being parked. It made a lot of noise. There were some other cars parked there. Even after our car was parked, totally silent, it was still making noise.

Warm fog swirled in the canyon as we gradually descended. A hundred feet in front of us everything was lost in the fog, and a hundred feet behind us everything was lost in the fog. We were walking in a capsule between amnesias.

There were hushed flowers all around us. The flowers looked as if they had been painted by a fourteenth-century anonymous French painter. My friend and I had not said anything to each other for a long time. Perhaps our tongues had joined the brushes of that painter.

I stared at the watercress in the creek. It looked wealthy. Whenever I see watercress, which isn't very often, I think of the rich. I think they are the only people who can afford it and they use watercress in exotic recipes that they keep hidden in vaults from the poor.

Suddenly we went around a turn in the canyon and there were five handsome teen-age boys in swimming suits burying five pretty teen-age girls in the sand. They were all carved from classical California physical marble.

The girls had arrived at various stages of being buried. One of them was completely buried with only her head above the sand. She was very beautiful with long black hair stretched out along the sand as if it were some kind of dark water, perhaps jade, flowing out of her head.

The girls were all very happy being buried in the sand and so were the boys who were burying them in the sand. It was a teen-age graveyard party because they had run out of everything else to do. They were surrounded by towels, beer cans, beach baskets, picnic leftovers, et cetera.

They gave us no particular attention as we walked by and down to the Pacific Ocean where I mentally pinched myself to make sure that I was still in this Christ-powered photograph.

God Bless the Grass

Words and music by Malvina Reynolds
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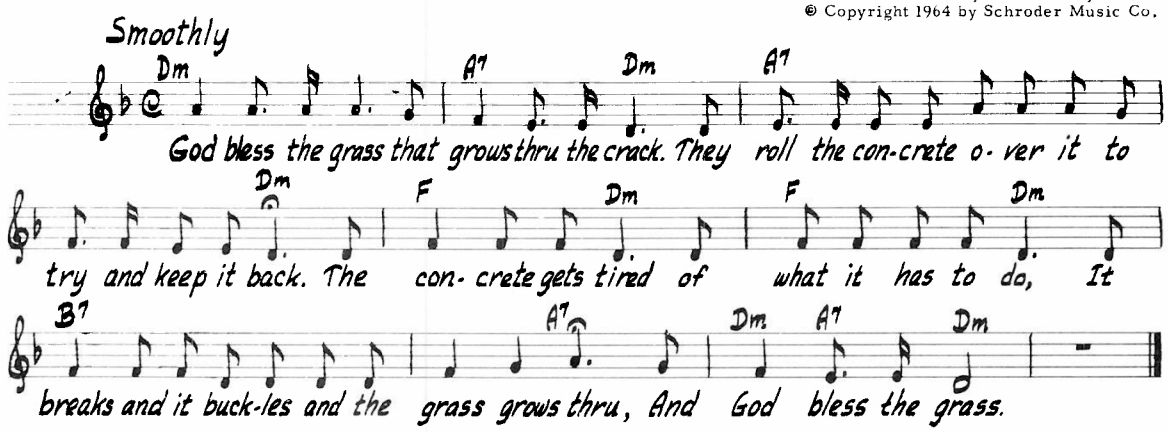
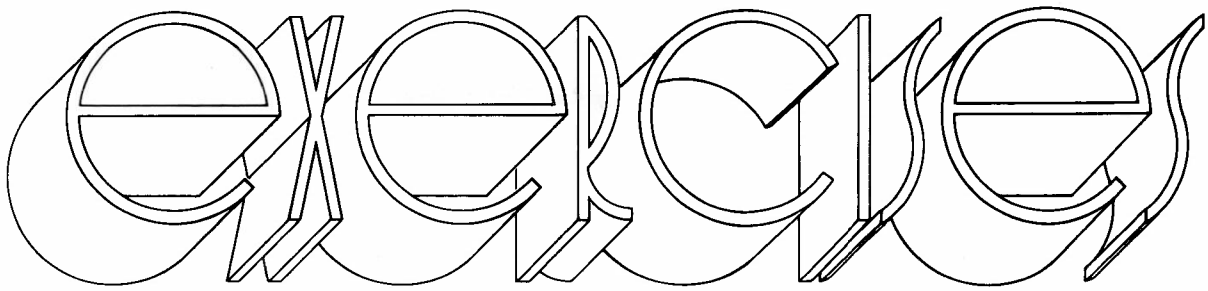


God bless the truth that fights toward the sun,
They roll the lies over it and think that it is done.
It moves through the ground and reaches for the air,
And after a while it is growing everywhere,
And God bless the grass.

God bless the grass that breaks through cement.
It's green and it's tender and it's easily bent,
But after a while it lifts up its head,
For the grass is living and the stone is dead,
And God bless the grass.

God bless the grass that's gentle and low,
Its roots they are deep and its will is to grow.
And God bless the truth, the friend of the poor,
And the wild grass growing at the poor man's door,
And God bless the grass.



Things With Handles

materials: *make a list.*

LIST:
moustaches, golf bag, cane, oven door, Chianti bottle, guitar case, one-armed bandits, lollipops, pogo stick, shopping bag, umbrella, beer stein, subway loop, French horn, dashboard in a VW, six pack, bucket, mattress, Grecian urn, ski pole, pommel on saddle, picnic basket, see-saw, egg beater, parachute, suitcase, laundry bag, pressure cooker, mug, door, drawer, car door, fishing rod, riding crop, tow bar, rocking chair, Honda, tool box, school bag, doctor's bag, wagon, hair brush, outdoor motor, roller coaster, baseball bat, shovel, bike, plough, pump, spade, can opener, accordion, scissors, coffin, shield, ice cream scoop, spoon, hedge clipper, hatbox, rake, silent butler, pots & pans, cart, cupboards, pitchers, trays, megaphones, candle holder, dust pan, fire engine, zipper, bow, ballet bar, dinner bell, safe, car jack, firemen's boots, oars, fire place screen, watering can, corn on the cob, Saratoga trunk, pumpkin, Model T Ford, axe, letter opener, mail box, chopsticks, window shade, piggy bank, bicycle, etc.

variation: (1) list things with wheels. (2) list "American" things. (3) list small things. (4) list subtle things. (5) list dry things.

OUR CREATIONS ARE IN THE FIRST PLACE OURSELVES. *ozenfant.*

100 Things To Do With An Alligator

materials: *black, white and grey papers.*

Make a list of 100 things to do with an alligator. After the list has been completed tear out figures and forms from the black, white and grey papers to illustrate one of the things you can do with an alligator. The torn-out pieces have unique qualities of individual line and give a silhouette effect.

list: put dry ice in his mouth and call the fire department, let him play first base on the Little League team, take him riding in a convertible, dance the frug with him, use his mouth as an ashtray, take him canoeing, let him be a bullfighter in Madrid, paste flowers on his back, let him play bongo drums, give him driving lessons, call him an "alley" gator, get him the job of Easter bunny, turn him into a sand dune buggy for racing, teach him to juggle in a circus, join him for an apéritif in an intimate little cafe, barbecue him, let him collect the Sunday offering, feed him berry pie, buy him a big red balloon at the fair, make him cry, put him in the guest room, let him dance a part in "The Firebird," teach him to play Poulenc on the piano, limit his use of alcohol, take him for a walk on the beach to a swimming hole, put him in a band called the "Swinging Gators," disguise him as a grandmother and take to the Governor's tea, lend him to a Charley Brown baseball team, tickle him with a long stick, teach him to play chess, have him keep the neighbor's dogs out, use his tail as a hat rack, let him be a guest star on the Ed Sullivan Show, play jump rope with him, take him sky diving, tie a polka dot bow to his tail, introduce him to a dachshund, take him for a walk through a flower garden, keep him under the bed to catch the boogie man, teach him the can-can, paint him purple, give him a backrub, use him for the model of the alligators on golf shirts, find his ears, clip his toenails, use him as a surfboard, teach him to play the guitar, read to him from "The Little Prince," feed him caviar, draft him, etc.

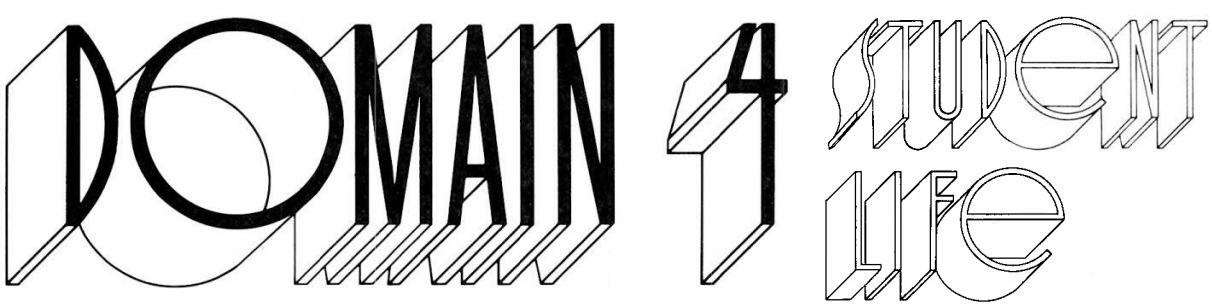
READ: *"THE SUN IN ART"*

COMMITMENT

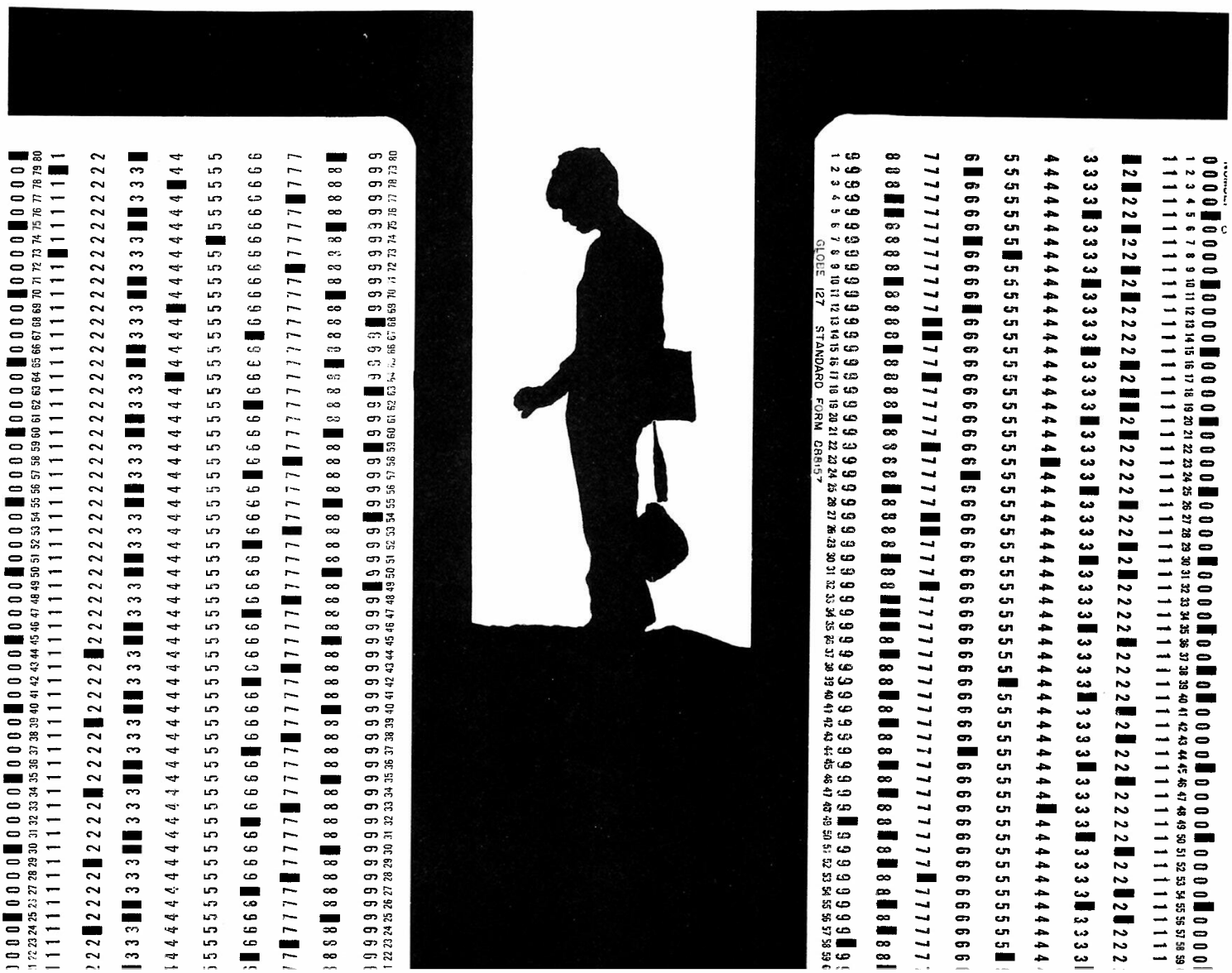
Commitment is actually a division of what is normally called exposition. This term has been used for writing that displays a rational approach to the topic under consideration but still expresses a strong point of view.

1) Scan the material in the Commitment category and write an analysis of the kind of language used to express the viewpoint. Pay attention to such things as diction, style, and formality (or lack of it).

2) In a longer paper, contrast the selection classified as commitment with those in corresponding slanted-language sections.


DOMAIN 4
STUDENT
LIFE

What do you think of when you think of student life today? Less flamboyant political activity? More work toward careers - careers that may not be around by the time you're ready? Alternative schooling with alternative courses in yoga, science fiction, and witchcraft? Fewer student services because of school budget cuts? Stimulating people? New ideas? Fun?



A LUST FOR LEADERSHIP
by Shana Alexander

It was nearly New Year's Eve and there on the kitchen table lay a thick, green envelope covered with special-delivery stickers and addressed in pink ink. The sender was my new friend Mara, high-school valedictorian and straight-A student of Alton, Ill., and what this exemplary young woman wanted to warn me about was the end of the world.

"It doesn't take a prophet to see that America is headed for trouble," she wrote. Even people who don't believe in God can see what's happening. "We're telling people to leave America by Jan. 31 if they can, because although the whole world will be affected, America's going to get it the hardest." In case I was unable to get out in time, Mara enclosed a pocket-size "Emergency Survival Manual" containing detailed instructions on how to escape from a burning building, deliver a baby, live in the wilderness and, if all else fails, how to endure imprisonment. "Are you ready? You don't have to wait for an atomic war or the sinking of California. Are *YOU* even ready for the riots, the sabotage, the blowing up of your bank . . ." One striking thing about these Children of God is their odd sense of priorities.

Kaddafi the Prophet

The members of this fundamentalist sect are mostly American, middle-class, under 30 and so fanatic in their religiosity that they are known as the storm troopers of the Jesus People. I met them first in Paris, three fresh-faced, scrubbed and intelligent young Americans trailing after Col. Muammar Kaddafi, the handsome young Libyan head of state, as their parents had once pursued Frank Sinatra. Kaddafi is variously described as Arab visionary, Islamic populist, fanatic anti-Zionist and one of the wealthiest men on this planet. The Children of God are convinced that this oil-rich mystic is "our only alternative to a Godless world," and that he has been chosen by God to unite all true believers of every faith and prepare for the Second Coming of Christ. That such nice, clean-cut American kids should regard this high-strung Arab fanatic as the instrument of the Second Coming seemed to me so extraordinary, so screwy and so pathetic, I wanted to look more closely at these young people so utterly dismissed—less rejected than literally unseen—by members of my own generation.

My understanding increased when I read a tract that the Children were handing out, "Kaddafi's Third World!" which identifies the twin sources of evil bent on destroying humanity as Godless Communism, embodied in Father Russia, and capitalist materialism, symbolized by Mother America. She appears on the leaflet's cover as a Fanny Farmer type in rimless glasses—the same sardonic Mom caricature we know from Albee, Beckett and Mad magazine—Mrs. Middle America from her flowerpot hat down to her Red Cross shoes.

The text explains that Mother America and Father Russia "have been in a race ever since World War II to see which one could be first to capture the [Third World] which together they had so recently supposedly set free . . . Mama and Papa are fussing at each other on how to raise the baby, each . . . competing with each other for his loyalty and yelling at each other about each other's mistakes . . . But now a new tide is rising . . . the rising howl of the baby himself . . . The child was not really supposed to have an opinion, and the parents weren't really planning to give him much choice. They've only been arguing over his rearing and which was to have custody during their present separation. But suddenly . . . the parents . . .are finding he is no longer their sweet little darling for whose affection each vies with the other . . . but wants to live his own life and do as he pleases without the parental domination of either Mother *or* Father!"

In short, the troubles of the world are all Mommy's and Daddy's fault. Of course in a way they are right.

Kohoutek the Signal

Needless to say, Mara and her friends didn't see things the way I did when we met back in New York. Mara and her husband (he is one of many former heroin addicts who have substituted Jesus for dope) were in town for a sackcloth vigil to spread the word that Kohoutek, the Christmas comet, was the literal signal for Armageddon. They had left their two small babies back on Staten Island (at one of 70 Children of God communes around the world) but brought along a fellow penitent, from New Jersey, a former national president of the Catholic Youth Organization, who announced: "The comet is a boomerang slung out of the hand of the Creator to warn us to prepare.

Prepare for what?

"It doesn't take a prophet to see that America is heading for a depression," Mara's husband said. When I asked how you prepare for that, they explained that they had already begun to establish colonies out in the desert and stockpile food.

I suggested that this sounds not godly but extremely selfish; that it reminded me of the days when families were advised to build individual atom-bomb shelters. What about all the people who don't *have* stockpiles?

My friends looked first startled, as if they'd never thought of this, and then sweetly reproachful. "You don't understand," they said. "We want to take care of people, as shepherds take care of sheep."

I suppose the apocalyptic sense is very much upon all of us just now. 'Tis the season, as the old carol has it, and God knows 'tis also the apocalyptic year. Watergate, energy crisis, gold crisis, spiritual want—a sense of uncontrollable forces at work on the earth, and also in ourselves, has never been stronger in my lifetime, at least not in America.

Chaos the Fear

But what they fear, these Children of God, children who have never known want, is deprivation: they fear starvation, these children who have never known hunger. Whatever is going on here is certainly nothing new. Like the first Children of God, wandering in the desert, they really fear the unknown.

Speaking of Watergate, James Vorenberg, the Harvard law professor and chief aide to Archibald Cox, said recently that "in a sense, the corruption at the top reflects too great a trust on the part of the people in the leaders they place in power."

When people feel especially powerless, as these poor, pathetic Children of God clearly do, that trust turns into a kind of lust, a lust for leadership, a longing to surrender one's rational self to the first Powerful One who comes along.

The important thing about the Children of God, the thousands of followers of Maharaj Ji and any other false prophets is that we have not taken them seriously enough. The favorite media term "Jesus freaks" is itself a disclaimer. It helps us to ignore the fact that whatever else these self-proclaimed Children of God may be, they are first the children of ourselves.

New housing arrangements?

Dear Diary...

New Haven, Conn.

Monday, September 14th

Ohmygodohmygod. I woke up this morning and there were two people in my room-mate's bed – and one was a boy. I didn't know what to do so I woke them up and we started talking. We discussed the World Bank and the Domino Theory, and then we had a good rap about noise pollution. Well, it turned out that the guy's sister went to summer camp with a girl I knew when we lived in Teaneck! The guy said he was from Maine so on a hunch I asked him if he knew Bambi, a girl I know who goes to Miss Muffet's. He said he didn't.

Tuesday, September 15

The guy I met yesterday morning–Roger–asked me out. We found a warm corner of the library–he was reading Being and Nothingness, Fear and Trembling, and Unto Sickness and Death. I was reading Shelley. I kept looking at Roger's hands–they're incredible. His knuckles!

Saturday, September 19th

Roger took me to the Living Theatre. At the start of the second act, everyone in the audience began taking off their clothes. Roger tried to get me to undress, so I finally took off my sweater and blouse. I think he was disappointed that I had a bra on. Roger took off everything but his BVD's–he really cares about the theatre a great deal. (His fingers are magnificent.)

Sunday, September 20th

I think I'm in love with Roger.

Friday, September 25th

Roger asked me to move into his suite with him. He says it's the next logical development in a mature relationship. I said no–I have to be a woman on my own terms.

Thursday, October 1st

I haven't spoken to Roger for a week now. I am miserable, miserable. His hands haunt my dreams. But I remember something Roger told me once, something which I will never forget as long as I live. "When you're down," he said, "make art."

Vital, passionate, i send my womman-ness
toward your arms.
it throbs in my veins, my capillaries,
my lips. Athena-like,
i stop your samson-grasp,
only to find that love is what you make of it.
thou, roger! Man, symbol, truth . . .

If Kierkegaard only had your knuckles, the world would have been more lovely.

Tuesday, October 6th

I don't feel bad at all about being a virgin. Millie my roommate does. She talks about it all the time. "I'm not complete yet," she says, "I'm only part woman." I wonder which part she thinks she is.

Monday, October 12th

I don't know what I want to do in life. At first I decided to major in economics, because if you're going to change the system, you have to know all you can about it (and I also thought it would come in handy when I had to fill out my income tax return). Then I switched my major to English. It will give me an idea of what the greatest intellectuals in the history of the world thought about misery and suffering and beauty and the human condition.

Wednesday, October 14th

I learned about Japanese poetry today, and I even wrote some this evening.

He kissed me;
I was kissed.
Kissed, he kissed me.

All surging,
He tossed my hair.
Oh snail, climb Mount Fuji.

Saturday, October 17th

I sat down at my desk last night with 500 pages to read. But first the phone rang, and then Millie came in, and then I remembered that I hadn't called home for a while. Pretty soon I was really hungry, so we all went out and got pepperoni pizzas and butterscotch sundaes. By that time it was almost midnight, and I still had at least 200 years and 400 pages of the Holy Roman Empire to cover. Then I remembered that I had to be up at seven the next morning. (We're going to start jogging–it's good for your body.)

Why is it so hard to study here?

Monday October 20th

I've only majored in English for a week, but I really think I have come to understand a great deal about life. I'm planning to write a novel.

Tuesday, October 20th

Outline for novel: A very sensitive beautiful girl (me) finds herself in a large eastern university town. She is working for her Ph.D. in comparative literature and writing a thesis on "The Great Tradition: Dostoyevsky to Jacqueline Susanne." While looking through the rare book library for Dostoyevsky's letters to his wife, she meets a handsome, athletic young professor of Hungarian. They fall in love, have dinner, and decide to get married . . .

Wednesday, October 21st

I've switched back to economics. I know I'll never understand things like guns and butter, economic man, and unlimited demands, but Dryden bores the hell out of me.

Thursday, October 22nd

Everyone despises a truly intellectual woman.

Friday, October 23rd

Yesterday my roommate said she was going to drop out of school and become a ski bum. But then she only washed her hair twice and ate a box of devil's food peanut butter cookies. This morning she said she hated herself, she hated her body, and she hated Yale. Now she's sitting under the sink with a paper bag over her head, rocking back and forth, and humming "Boola Boola."

Monday, October 26th

Boy was I surprised when I got my philosophy paper back (Title: "Knowledge or Happiness: A decision for Youth"), with a C—. The professor's comment: "In six pages you have done to epistemology what it took eleven years for Pasteur to do to rabies."

Sunday, November 1st

I forced Larry (the radical hippy-weirdo I met at the mixer) to escort me to a Women's Lib meeting. Was I embarrassed. There's a lot of things they said that I don't agree with, but still: I won't buy those false eyelashes.

Tuesday, November 3rd

I am getting hideously fat. Every part of me is ugly and unattractive and deformed—even my teeth are fat. I have decided to go on a diet.

Wednesday, November 4th

I have lost NO weight at all. Today I'm sure people were staring at my teeth. Millie said she lost 15 pounds on this miracle diet:

Yogurt
Head of lettuce
Six glasses of tea
Lots of melba toast

It seems like an awful lot to eat three times a day.

Thursday, November 12th

There's really no excuse for postage-stamp sized rooms in a school this rich. This morning I found the most fantastic poster for my room of Peter Fonda surrounded by quotations from the Bhagavad-Gita, Shakespeare, Bob Dylan, and Joan Baez. When you shine a black light on it, it turns into a portrait of the Beatles. Now I see why the Fine Arts professor said, "Form is content."

Friday, November 13th

My teeth are back in shape. It must be the yogurt.

Saturday, November 28th

Mom and Dad have come up for Thanksgiving week-end. I was never so embarrassed in my entire life. Dad wore his "Yale '39" tie, blue earmuffs, a moth-eaten raccoon coat, and he actually bought a pennant. I don't think Mom approved either—she went to Radcliffe, and every time Yale made a touchdown, Dad would say to her, "Well dear, I guess the old Crimson team has gone to pot, ha-ha." I think that I'm beginning to understand what the generation gap means. Or maybe it's just a problem of communication. As Wittgenstein once put it so perceptively, "Words . . . words, words, words."

Monday, November 30th

For our date last night Harold said I should wear something unconventional. I put on my leather skirt and chain blouse, but I decided that it would make me come on a bit too strong. So I finally settled on my roommate's Pucci dress, her Gucci shoes, her Hermes alligator bag, and her violet-tinted glasses. But when I put it all on I felt so—so normal. So I drew peace symbols all over my arms with body paint. Harold told me I looked just like my roommate.

Tuesday, December 1st

Harold asked my roommate out.

Friday, December 11th

My roommate moved in with Harold.

Monday, December 14th

My roommate's mother called again last night. It's becoming difficult to make up excuses about where my roommate is. I told her mother that she has a late class that doesn't break up until tomorrow. Then I said that she went on a research trip to Ipswich, Mass. to find out if John Updike really meant everything he said in some novel. Last night, I told her that her daughter was doing a forty-eight hour lotus position, and that you're not supposed to disturb someone who's really into yoga.

Wednesday, December 16th

Christmas vacation in two days—I think I have a responsibility to go home and explain a few things to Mom and Dad. It's amazing how much I've matured—maybe it's the philosophy course.

Thursday, December 17th

Thought for the Day (Wittgenstein):

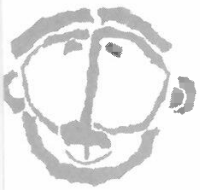
"Everything that can be thought can be thought clearly.
Everything that can be said can be said clearly.
But not everything that can be thought can be said."

I wonder what he meant by that.

Friday, December 18th

I have three papers due right after vacation. but I'm not taking any books home. Even if I'm a Yalie, I'm still a woman. And those books are so heavy.

New approaches ?



SUMMER CAMPUS MAIL

Art Buchwald

DEAR MR. ALTSHULER:

As admissions director of Nantucket University, I am happy to inform you that you have been accepted in this fall's freshman class. Unfortunately there is some question as to whether we will open in the autumn, since the teachers and students are still on strike. I noted in your application that your father is in the pants business. I was wondering if I might prevail on you to ask him if he would be interested in hiring someone whose experience has been in the education field, but is willing to learn everything about pants. I am enclosing my resume which I would appreciate you showing to your father at the earliest opportunity.

Sincerely yours,
ROGER WHIPTHORN

DEAR VICE PRES. AGNEW:

I am the president of a small liberal arts college in New England, and my contract comes up for renewal in a couple of months. It is my understanding that a majority of the board are looking for a replacement for me, and I am, of course, concerned, as I feel I've done a good job.

I know how busy you are, but is there any possibility of attacking me in one of your future fund-raising speeches? An attack by you would assure me of life tenure not only with the board, but the faculty as well. I am enclosing several talks I have made, underlining areas where you and I are in disagreement.

I know you have a long list of people you want to take issue with, but if you could squeeze me in one of your attacks on the pseudo-intellectual establishment I will be as eternally grateful as Yale's President Kingman Brewster is for all that you have done for him.

Sincerely yours,
ARTHUR WALLACH

DEAR MISS COLLENBERG:

I was sorry to receive your angry letter of June 4. I wish to point out that there was nothing personal in failing you in my Scandinavian philosophy course 5A. The fact that you called me a Swedish fascist because I said that your midterm paper on the Chicago 7 trial was not relevant to the period we were studying did not influence my decision to give you a failing grade.

Also, I wish to assure you that the day you took off all your clothes to protest my holding classes on Abbie Hoffman's birthday had no effect on your grades.

Even the telephone call you made to my wife telling her you were having my baby (for your information 12 students tried the same ploy) had no bearing on your F.

The only thing I judged you on was your final paper which you titled, "Hans Christian Andersen Was a Sexist Chauvinist Racist Pig" which I discovered you copied word for word from the underground newspaper, "Sweat."

Sincerely yours,
DR. SVEN KARLSON

DEAR ARNIE:

I don't know how to tell you this, but I met a boy this summer at Virginia Beach. He's a Navy fighter pilot named Brad. I guess that means that you and I won't even be able to remain good friends. But I wanted to be honest with you, Arnie. I also want to say that you don't have to pay me back the bail money I loaned you when you got busted this spring. Please don't think too unkindly of me.

Sincerely,
FRED

WHAT DID YOU LEARN IN SCHOOL TODAY

What did you learn in school today *E/A/E*
dear little boy of mine? *B7*
What did you learn in school today *E/A/E*
dear little boy of mine? *B7*
I learned that Washington *A*
never told a lie *E*
I learned that soldiers seldom die *A/E*
I learned that everybody's free *A/E*
That's what the teacher said to me *A/E*
And that's what I learned in school today
That's what I learned in school *A/B7/E*

What did you learn in school today. . .
I learned that policemen are my friends
I learned that justice never ends
I learned that murderers
die for their crimes
even if we make a mistake sometimes
And that's what I learned in school today
That's what I learned in school. . .

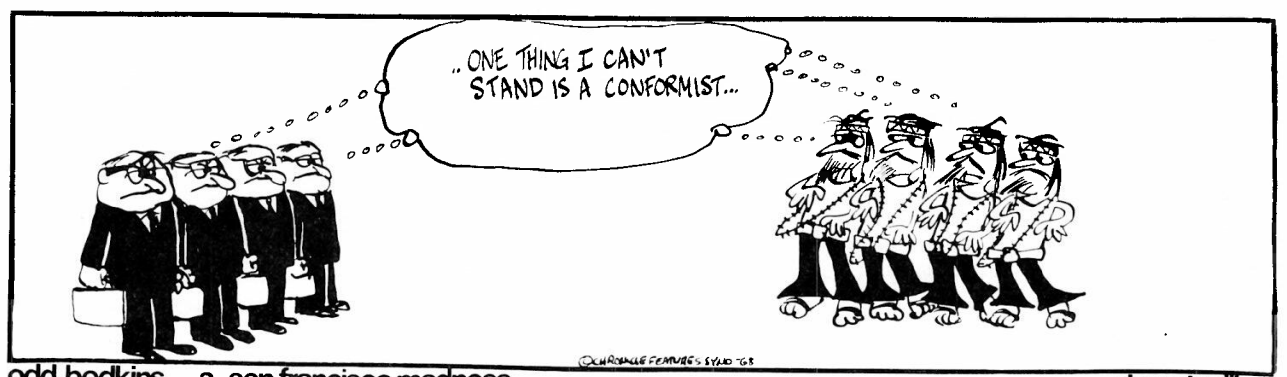
I learned our government must be strong
It's always right and never wrong
Our leaders are the finest men
and we elect them again and again
And that's what I learned in school today
That's what I learned in school. . .

I learned the wars are not so bad
I learned about the great ones
that we have had
We fought in Germany and in France
And someday I might get my chance
And that's what I learned in school today
That's what I learned in school. . .

Song by Tom Paxton

And why?

WHEN I WENT TO SCHOOL
I LEARNED GEORGE WASHINGTON NEVER TOLD A LIE -
SLAVES WERE HAPPY ON THE PLANTATION -
THE MEN WHO OPENED THE WEST WERE GIANTS -
AND WE WON EVERY WAR BECAUSE GOD WAS ON OUR SIDE.
BUT WHERE MY KID GOES TO SCHOOL
HE LEARNS GEORGE WASHINGTON WAS A SLAVE OWNER -
SLAVES HATED SLAVERY -
THE MEN WHO OPENED THE WEST COMMITTED GENOCIDE -
AND THE WARS WE WON WERE VICTORIES FOR U.S. IMPERIALISM.
NO WONDER MY KID'S NOT AN AMERICAN.
THEY'RE TEACHING HIM SOME OTHER COUNTRY'S HISTORY.
7-5
Dist. Publishers-Hall Syndicate



odd bodkins... a san francisco madness. dan o'neill

STUDENT REVOLUTION

(Heidelberg, 1969)

by Erica Jong

After the teach-in
we smeared the walls
with our solidarity,
looked left & saw
Marx among the angels
singing the blues.

The students march,
I (spectator)
follow.
Here (as everywhere)
the Polizei
are clean, are clean.

In Frankfurt
the whores lean out
their windows, screaming:

"Get a job—you dirty
hippies!" Or words
(auf Deutsch) to that effect.

I'm also waiting
for the Revolution,
friends.
Surely my poems
will get better.
Surely I'll no longer

fear my dreams.
Surely I won't murder
my capitalist father
each night
just to inherit
his love.

I never did give
anybody hell.
I just told the truth,
and they thought
it was hell.

Harry Truman

Maybe our parents should have expected all this.

A CHRISTIAN EDUCATION

A story by Elizabeth Spencer

It was a Sunday like no other, for we were there alone for the first time. I hadn't started to school yet, and he had finished it so long ago it must have been like a dream of something that was meant to happen but had never really come about, for I can remember no story of school that he ever told me, and to think of him as sitting in a class equal with others is as beyond me now as it was then. I cannot imagine it. He read a lot and might conceivably have had a tutor—that I can imagine, in his plantation world.

But this was a town he'd finally come to, to stay with his daughter in his old age, she being also my mother. I was the only one free to be with him all the time and the same went for his being with me—we baby-sat one another.

But that word wasn't known then.

A great many things were known, however; among them, I always had to go to Sunday School.

It was an absolute that the whole world was meant to be part of the church, and if my grandfather seldom went, it was a puzzle no one tried to solve. Sermons were a fate I had only recently got big enough to be included in, but Sunday School classes had had me enrolled in them since I could be led through the door and placed on a tiny red chair, feet not even at that low height connecting to the floor. It was always cold at the church; even in summer, it was cool inside. We were given pictures to color and Bible verses to memorize, and at the end a colored card with a picture of Moses or Jesus or somebody else from the Bible, exotically bearded and robed.

Today I might not be going to Sunday School, and my regret was only for the card. I wondered what it would be like. There was no one to bring it to me. My mother and father were not even in town. They had got into the car right after breakfast and had driven away to a neighboring town. An aunt by marriage had died and they were going to the funeral. I was too little to go to funerals, my mother said.

After they left I sat on the rug near my grandfather. He was asleep in his chair before the fire, snoring. Presently, his snoring woke him up. He cut himself some tobacco and put it in his mouth. "Are you going to Sunday School?" he asked me. "I can't go there by myself," I said. "Nobody said I had to take you," he remarked, more to himself than to me. It wasn't the first time I knew we were in the same boat, he and I. We had to do what they said, being outside the main scale of life where things really happened, but by the same token we didn't have to do what they didn't say. Somewhere along the line, however, my grandfather had earned rights I didn't have. Not having to attend church was one; also, he had his own money and didn't have to ask for any.

He looked out the window.

"It's going to be a pretty day," he said.

How we found ourselves on the road downtown on Sunday morning, I don't remember. It was as far to get to town as it was to get to church, though in the opposite direction, and we both must have known that, but didn't remark upon it as we went along. My grandfather walked to town every day except Sunday, when it was considered a sin to go there, for the drugstore was open and the barbershop, too, on occasions, if the weather was fair; and the filling station was open. My parents thought that the drugstore had to be open but should sell drugs only, and that filling stations and barbershops shouldn't open at all. There should be a way to telephone the filling station in case you had to have gas for emergency use. This was all worked out between them. I had often heard them talk about it. No one should go to town on Sunday, they said, for it encouraged the error of the ones who kept their places open.

My grandfather was a very tall man; I had to reach up to hold his hand while walking. He wore dark blue and dark gray herringbone worsted suits, and the coat flap was a long way up, the gold watch chain almost out of sight. I could see his walking cane moving opposite me, briskly swung with the rhythm of his stride: it was my companion. Along the way it occurred to me that we were terribly excited, that the familiar way looked new and different, as though a haze which had hung over everything had been

whipped away all at once, like a scarf. I was also having more fun than I'd ever had before.

When he came to the barbershop, my grandfather stepped inside and spoke to the barber and to all who happened to be hanging around, brought out by the sunshine. They spoke about politics, the crops, and the weather. The barber who always cut my hair came over and looked to see if I needed another trim and my grandfather said he didn't think so, but I might need a good brushing; they'd left so soon after breakfast it was a wonder I was dressed. Somebody who'd come in after us said, "Funeral in Grenada, ain't it?" which was the first anybody had mentioned it, but I knew they hadn't needed to say anything, that everybody knew about my parents' departure and why and where. Things were always known about, I saw, but not cared about too much either. The barber's strong arms, fleecy with reddish hair, swung me up into his big chair where I loved to be. He brushed my hair, then combed it. The great mirrors sparkled and everything was fine.

We presently moved on to the drugstore. The druggist, a small, crippled man, hobbled toward us, grinning to see us, and he and my grandfather talked for quite some time. Finally my grandfather said, "Give the child a strawberry cone," and so I had it, miraculous, and the world of which it was the center expanded about it with gracious, silent delight. It was a thing too wondrous actually to have eaten, and I do not remember eating it. It was only after we at last reached home and I entered the house, which smelled like my parents' clothes and their things, that I knew what they would think of what we had done and I became filled with anxiety and other dark feelings.

Then the car was coming up the drive and they were alighting in a post-funeral manner, full of heavy feelings and reminiscence and inclined not to speak in an ordinary way. When my mother put dinner in order, we sat around the table not saying very much.

"Did the fire hold out all right?" she asked my grandfather.

"Oh, it was warm," he said. "Didn't need much." He ate quietly and so did I.

In the afternoons on Sunday we all sat around looking at the paper. My mother had doubts about this, but we all indulged the desire anyway. After the ordeal of dressing up, of Sunday School and the long service and dinner, it seemed almost a debauchery to be able to pitch into those large crackling sheets, especially the funny papers, which were garish with color and loud with exclamation points, question marks, shouting, and all sorts of misdeeds. My grandfather had got sleepy before the fire and retired to his room while my mother and father had climbed out of their graveside feelings enough to talk a little and joke with one another.

"What did you all do?" my mother asked me. "How did you pass the time while we were gone?"

"We walked downtown," I said, for I had been laughing at something they had said to one another and wanted to share the morning's happiness with them without telling any more or letting any real trouble in. But my mother was on it, quicker than anything.

"You didn't go in the drugstore, did you?"

I looked up. Why did she have to ask? It wasn't in my scheme of thinking about things that she would ever do so. My father was looking at me now, too.

"Yes, ma'am," I slowly said. "But not for long," I added.

"You didn't get an ice cream cone, did you?"

And they both were looking. My face must have had astonishment on it as well as guilt. Not even I could have imagined them going this far. Why, on the day of a funeral, should they care if anybody bought an ice cream cone?

"Did you?" my father asked.

The thing to know is that my parents really believed everything they said they believed. They believed that awful punishments were meted out to those who did not remember the Sabbath was holy. They believed about a million other things. They were terribly honest about it.

Much later on, my mother went into my grandfather's room. I was silently behind her, and I heard her speak to him.

"She says you took her to town while we were gone and got an ice cream."

He had waked up and was reading by his lamp. At first he seemed not to hear; at last, he put his book face down in his lap and looked up. "I did," he said lightly.

A silence fell between them. Finally she turned and went away.

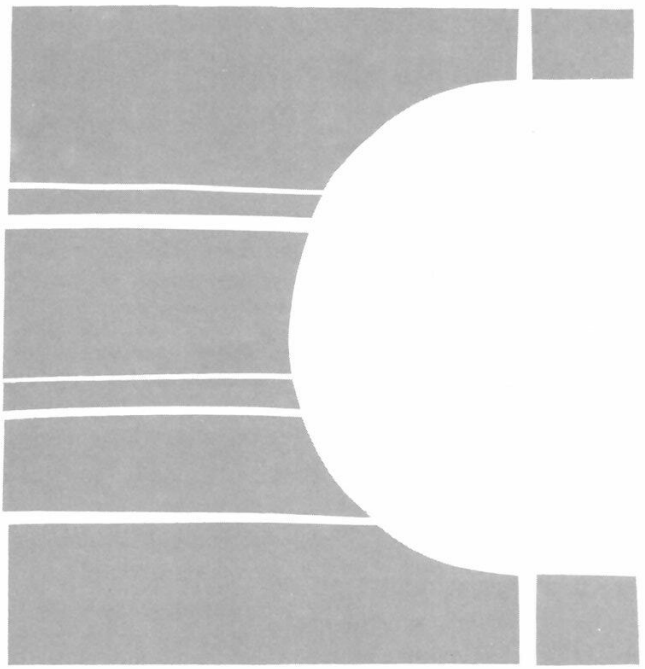
This, so far as I know, was all.

Because of the incident, that certain immunity of spirit my grandfather possessed was passed on to me. It came, I think, out of the precise way in which he put his book down on his lap to answer. There was a lifetime in the gesture, distilled, and I have been a good part of that long, growing up to all its meaning.

After this, though all went on as before, there was nothing much my parents could finally do about the church and me. They could lock the barn door, but the bright horse of freedom was already loose in my world. Down the hill, across the creek, in the next pasture—where? Somewhere, certainly: that much was proved; and all was different for its being so. □

Elizabeth Spencer lives in Canada and is the author of eleven novels, the most recent, *The Snare*, published in 1972.

But they didn't.



Some Tips on Coping with Parents

Henry Muller, son of a San Francisco physician, is a 23-year-old TIME *reporter who has lately pondered the declining art of getting through to parents. His advice:*

I HAVE never been busted for pot, my hair doesn't brush my shoulders, and you won't catch me nude in the park. I am so straight, in fact, that I actually have a job. Yet despite my failure to display the more flamboyant trademarks of the Aquarian generation, I find myself on the far side of a communications gulf born of the 30-year difference between my parents and myself.

We spar over My Lai 4 and the Chicago Seven, guaranteed incomes and Women's Lib; our tastes for entertainment have little in common; our views on America's changing mores are worlds apart; and my hair is still longer than my father's. But these differences have not severed the link between us. Disagreement is inevitable, but we are not estranged. For this, credit is due to my parents' patience. Communication, however, remains a two-way street. Here are some tactics that have proved successful in lessening the conflicts:

▶ Chances are that parents will never like Janis Joplin or Country Joe and the Fish, no matter how many times you insist they're outasight. So save your confrontations for topics that you consider important.

▶ To someone over 30, "rapping" just means knocking on wood; so steer away from contemporary jargon, a semantic roadblock that can easily alienate those who don't understand it. N.B.: lay off the word "fascist" unless you're describing Mussolini.

▶ Look for opinions you have in common. Talk about ecology, for example.

▶ When you decide to have it out on an issue, make sure you know what you're talking about. There's no quicker way to lose credibility than to be caught with unresearched facts or specious reasoning.

▶ Everyone knows this generation is supposed to be better educated and more intelligent than the last. If you find yourself mouthing this cliché, then it must be because your talents aren't obvious.

▶ Avoid emotional antics, like losing your temper. They play into the hands of parents looking for an opportunity to brand the Woodstock set immature and therefore incapable of being dealt with on an equal basis.

▶ Parents derive pleasure from reliving their own youth through the experiences of their offspring. Give them this treat by clueing them in on the unimportant things you do. You'll soon find that talking about trivia keeps the gears of communication oiled.

▶ Try seeing it from their point of view, if only occasionally. They've been around for 40 or 50 years and may be having trouble keeping up with the accelerating pace of events. Imagine what *you'll* be like after enduring half a century on this globe.

▶ There is a limit to how much you can proselytize. After a certain point, you simply have to assume that parents are educated, intelligent people able to make reasoned decisions. Your task isn't to convert everyone to uniform thinking, but rather to provide the insights by which different points of view can be judged on their merits.

▶ Discourage them from adopting the affectations of the young. Tell them that parents in button-down shirts are beautiful, but that an old man in bell-bottoms looks ridiculous.

▶ Give yourself the ultimate test of open-mindedness. If you're 20, see how easily you can talk with someone 15. And if you're 15, try it with a twelve-year-old. Meanwhile, ask your parents to take time to talk to *their* progeny.

▶ Finally, don't patronize your parents, even though some of the foregoing surely sounds patronizing.

WE ARE THE PEOPLE OUR PARENTS WARNED US AGAINST

Nicholas Von Hoffman

1,000 TEST LIFE STRAIN IN SHELTER

Athens, Ga., Aug. 27 (UPI)—One thousand volunteers, ranging in age from six months to 80 years old, entered a makeshift underground fallout shelter yesterday to see if they can withstand the strain of living together for 24 hours.

The fog came every day and destroyed the sunshine, and then the Haight was left to itself. News from the outside world sparked discontinuous. It flashed through the airy water like a stoned head flashes on a mandala, or on the nervous face of a straight. The fog and drugs filter out precision, leave a mood, an apocalyptic premonition.

GUARD BUYS AD TO RESTORE IMAGE

Washington, Aug. 30 (AP)—National Guard officers have hired a Madison Avenue advertising agency in a $50,000 effort to counter criticism of the Guard's performance in recent big city riots.

NO MORE HEROES

American youth has no heroes. More than 50 per cent of U.S. youngsters, 16 to 23 in age, hold no living American in high regard. That statement is based on a Parade Magazine poll of 2,100 young people.

BAD SPOT FOR BIRD NEST HAIRDO

Sunderland, England, Aug. 29 (Reuters)—Sea gulls attacked a woman at a bird sanctuary near here yesterday, apparently mistaking her new hair style for a nest.

In the morning before the fog came the Haight was straight and bright. That was the best time. Then the gray vapor would move across Golden Gate Park like liquid in slow-motion photography; it would curl up over itself from the fog belt to the Sunset District, penetrating through the branches and leaves of the trees topmost on the hills and pouring itself down on Parnassus Avenue where the rich hips lived; it would move up Haight Street following the trolley bus wires. The low sky would promise the coming of a hard, hailing summer storm, for the fog would bring wind and it would be cold. There was no storm. Never. Yet people adjusted their coats against the rains that would not come until October and tried to make images of the lights refracted before them in the fog.

There were reports of bats dying of unknown causes in the Carlsbad Caverns of New Mexico and of people dying of known causes in Vietnam, Nigeria, Detroit, and Bolivia. These were the reverberations from the other side of the fog, the mountains and the sea, wicked emanations from the world of Maya, from the oneiric life of American illusion. The prophets, the seers, and the magicians of the Haight knew that on their side of the mountain, where the fog blinded people from distraction, it was the center of the good vibrations, the creative energies, the self-effacing self, the cosmogonic infinity.

The morning vibrations were low frequency, loose, elongated curves. They undulated their flat waves through sunshine to the gates of Golden Gate Park where Haight Street ends. The gates are not gates but two stone columns; on top of each would be a young man, stretched out naked to the waist, taking in the warm rays. Beyond them in the center of a small, grassy incline—a natural amphitheater—would be Ashleigh Brilliant. He would be standing on a wire milk-bottle container. Next to him he'd have a shopping cart with the amplifier and loudspeaker for his power megaphone. A twinkly-eyed man with a beard and a frowzy head of hair, this was his place in the park and he'd be there every day, entertaining, selling his song book and the long-playing record of himself performing.

He was supposed to have a Ph.D. Everybody in the Haight has credentials, academic, military, or genealogical. Astounding numbers of the kids visiting for the summer were the children of chairmen of the boards of the largest corporations, the most successful lawyers, the richest stockbrokers. The same myth used to circulate about the down-and-outers on skid row; they were *must* material for every Sunday supplement around Christmastime.

Ashleigh had to put up with a degree of heckling from his indolent morning audience: a girl with an ocelot, seven or eight black winos, a girl with a police dog, fifteen or twenty dozing hippies who had probably been up all night because they couldn't find a place to crash, a girl with a Russian wolfhound, twenty-five or thirty tourists with cameras, a girl with a Spanish water spaniel, a miscellany of lawn-frolicking children, a girl with a weimaraner, two teen-age boys with one kitten, and a gossip of scandalized and aging Irish ladies on a more distant bench.

"Do you know what happened to the hippy who crossed IBM with LSD?" Ashleigh asked, and then paused to let it sink in before he answered. "He went on a business trip."

The two winos booed; the tourists took pictures; the ocelot clawed the ground; the children laughed and the dogs sniffed. "All right, all right, I'll sing a song," Ashleigh said, and he did:

IT'S A NARK

(To the Tune of the Lone Ranger theme from the William Tell Overture)

"It's a nark, it's a nark, it's a nasty nark,
If you've got any pot, better keep it dark;
To and fro let him go up the wrong tree bark;
It's a nark, it's a nasty nark."

The black winos booed some more and some of the hippies work up to groan. "What can I do to make you part of the group?" Ashleigh asked them, and they shouted back at him, "Turn us on, turn us on."

"I'll read my poetry," the entertainer responded. "I call them unpoems. Each line is a separate poem:

"Congratulate me, I don't love you anymore.
A man could grow old waiting for his life to end.
Why don't you take this life home for a few days
and see how you like it?
How can I possibly respect anyone who respects me?"

Beyond Ashleigh was a small pool where children splashed; on good days the community-minded hips would come with nets and shovels to clean its bottom of beer cans and refuse. Beyond the pool was a field where on this day five Catholic priests in mufti played touch football against five long-haired hips. Looking down on them from Hippy Hill several hundred people lay on the grass, catching the last of the sun, playing bongos, and smoking pot. A happy morning scene.

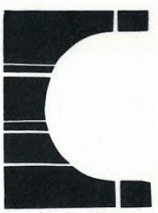
We've tried a variety of solutions – ethnic studies, study-skills centers, more student representation, accent on electives – but nothing seems to improve the situation, and the tensions get greater.

PEANUTS
YES, SIR, I REALIZE THAT I CAUSED A DISTURBANCE IN CLASS...
I GUESS I WAS SORT OF UPSET
1-28
I HAVE THE FEELING THAT I'M GETTING DUMBER EVERY DAY... I DON'T EVEN EXPECT TO GET ANY SMARTER...
I'D BE SATISFIED JUST TO SLOW DOWN MY DUMBNESS!

Cartoon © 1974 United Features Syndicate, Inc.

Maybe we should just abolish schooling.

WHY WE MUST ABOLISH SCHOOLING



Ivan Illich

Many students, especially those who are poor, intuitively know what the schools do for them. They school them to confuse process and substance. Once these become blurred, a new logic is assumed: the more treatment there is the better are the results; or, esculation leads to success. The pupil is thereby "schooled" to confuse teaching with learning, grade advancement with education, a diploma with competence, and fluency with the ability to say something new. His imagination is "schooled" to accept service in place of value. Medical treatment is mistaken for health care, social work for the improvement of community life, police protection for safety, military poise for national security, the rat race for productive work. Health, learning, dignity, independence, and creative endeavor are defined as little more than the performance of the institutions which claim to serve these ends, and their improvement is made to depend on allocating more resources to the management of hospitals, schools, and other agencies in question. Not only education but social reality itself has become "schooled."

Or at least change the requirements.

REQUIREMENTS: AID OR DETERRENT TO EDUCATION?

Orvel E. Hooker

I have some educational suggestions to make.

(1) Declare at least a one year moratorium on the use of all textbooks. Most of them are boring, poorly written, and almost all of them assume that knowledge exists prior to, independent of, and altogether outside of the learner. Let the student write his own textbook. This would be a real contribution to education.

(2) Cross professors over their fields of specialization. Let someone from the Humanities teach Chemistry and Math and someone from the Sciences teach English Literature and Philosophy. Let the Social Sciences do what they want to; they usually do anyhow.

(3) Require every professor who thinks he knows his subject to write a book on it. Should he do so, he would probably stop telling his students how much he knows and they might learn something.

(4) Abolish all "subjects," "courses," and "requirements." This proposal alone would wreck the existing educational establishment. We could start all over and teachers could no longer give excuses for their failures.

(5) Restrict every teacher to three declarative sentences per class and fifteen interrogatives. Every sentence above this limit would be subject to a twenty-five cent fine. The students can do the counting and the collecting.

(6) Forbid any professor from asking a question to which he already knows the answer. This would insure that the professor learns something as well as the student.

(7) Abolish all tests and grades. This would destroy the professor's chief weapons of coercion, and would eliminate two obstacles to the students learning.

(8) Let students work through a level of achievement. If a student can advance through Speech 101 in five weeks let him do so. If it takes him a year that is his business. Make education an achievement, not a reward for sitting through a prescribed number of classroom hours and emerging victorious.

(9) Classify all professors according to their ability and make the lists public. There would be a smart group (the eagles), an average group (the bluebirds), and a dumb group (the sparrows). The I.Q.s and reading scores of all professors should also be published as well as those who are "advantaged" and "disadvantaged."

(10) Require all instructors to take a test prepared by the students on the basis of what the students know. Only if a professor passes such a test should he be allowed to teach.

(11) Make every class an elective and withhold a teacher's paycheck if students show no interest in attending his classes. Check no absences. This proposal would place the college teacher on a level with other professional people. No one forces you to go to your doctor, your dentist or your lawyer; you go because you need to, and because you feel he can help you.

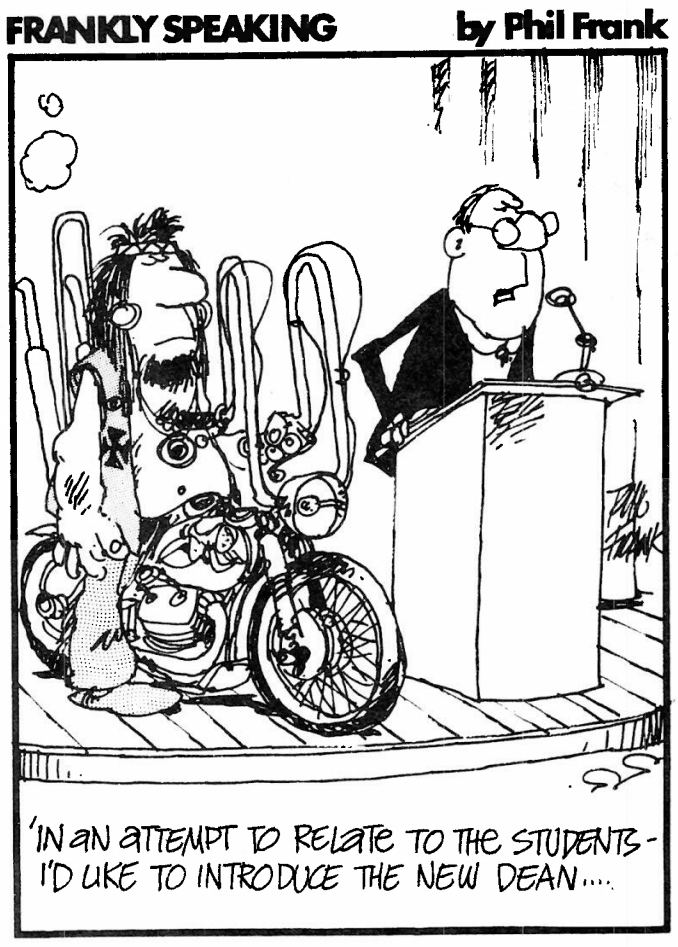
(12) Eliminate the English Proficiency and the Comprehensive Exam. If a student has no comprehension by the time he is a senior nothing can help him, not even God. If a student has taken twelve hours of English and still cannot write, it may be the fault of someone else.

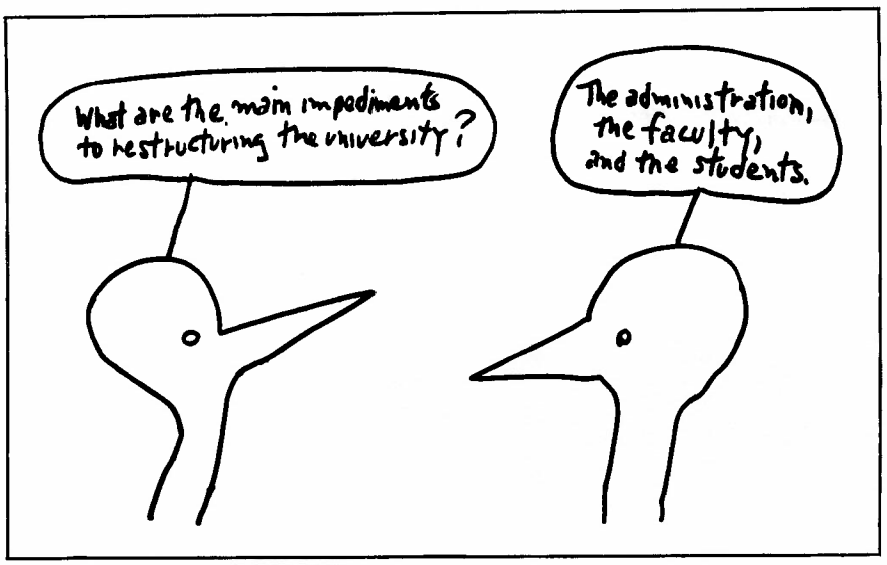
(13) Require that all graffiti from whatever area of the college be collected, printed on a large banner and hung across the front of Murrah Hall, then we would all know what the students actually think.

(14) Organize a student demonstration and march on the National Educational Testing Service in Princeton, New Jersey and burn it to the ground. I will lead the march and light the fire.

In every speech, in every idea, in every proposal, there is a degree of truth. You may determine that percentage in this speech, but if we must oversimplify the question I will take the unequivocal position that "requirements are a deterrent to education."

STUDENT-ADMINISTRATION RELATIONS WERE CLIMBING UP TO A NEW LOW!





Maybe the whole concept of schooling as it now stands can't be changed very much, since it's so much a reflection of the current American way of life.

In a large society, information must be issued in the schools in such a way that it can be used in all parts of the society. Furthermore, examinations must be given to see which students have "received" the information. An examination on the reality of anything is very difficult to compose, and the answers would be impossible to grade. An examination on received cliches is easy to compose, and the answers are either right or wrong. For example, a student who knew the subject in depth would fail the course. The required answer for "Who set the Reichstag fire?" is van der Lubbe, demented Dutch youth. A thousand words of well-informed speculation is wrong. Having passed that course, the student goes on to another set of cliches. If his interest and thinking powers are utterly numbed, one can sympathize.

Modern pedagogy is dehumanized and eviscerated by its belief that any subject must be turned into a neat, self-contained system. The idea that one might get interested in history via Genghis Khan, the Crusades, Richard Coeur de Lion, Don John, Charles V, and so on, is a horror and a nightmare to the modern pedagogue. But such a student will never lose his interest in history.

The current style of systematizing unsystematizable knowledge blankets the schools.

We still spend a lot of time in school on language, of course—

**"Reeling and Writhing
of course to begin with",
the mock turtle replied,
"and the different branches of
Ambition, Distraction,
Uglification,
and Derision"
— Lewis Carroll**

If I don't know, I can't care.

Hate is partly suspicion, envy, greed, and pride, but it's mostly misinformation.

To know is to love.

We could be made to love one another if someone would find a few compelling qualities in man amenable to the techniques Madison Avenue uses for toothpaste, cigarettes, deodorants, and aspirin.

Speak softly and carry a big stick.

The pen is mightier than the sword, but is less often understood.

We declared these truths to be self-evident, and have been fighting wars ever since to prove it.

I read what you do, not what you say.

KEEP OFF THE GRASS
People that walk on grass are ugly.
Ugliness is putting up signs.

the generation gap.

"A half-truth, like a half-brick, carries further." — Stephen Leacock

Money talks!

Often, what we communicate is ugly.

NOT COMMUNICATING IS UGLY

WHAT'S A METAPHOR FOR?

Colman McCarthy

Citizens who care about metaphors have no national lobbying office to receive donations for the protection of their endangered species—whales and porpoises are guarded by laws but metaphors must sink or swim on their own—so they are grateful for even the dishonorable mention of the Watergate metaphor. But the deep delight of their passion is when a metaphor is used skillfully, when a writer sticks up a lightning rod of words and takes the electric energy of imagery to express vividly what others express dully. A metaphor is the imagination doing its work in public. It is an escape hatch from which the literal slips out and the original Greek meaning—*metaphora*, for "transfer of sense"—slips in. The dictionary calls it "the use of a word or phrase literally denoting one kind of object of idea in place of another by way of suggesting a likeness or analogy between them." Readers are attracted to metaphors for both the precision and wizardry by which the lightning is stolen from the gods but also in appreciation for the writer's extra exertion to do magically what he could have done merely. It was Samuel Johnson—it usually is—who said, "what is written without effort is read without pleasure." Ortega y Gasset believed that the metaphor is the most fertile power man has, because only the metaphor takes us beyond reality. Aristotle called the metaphor "the mark of genius."

Aristotle also said that the metaphor "is the one thing that cannot be learned from others," and perhaps the least likely scene for modern self-education is among the politicians. Aside from his contribution of the Watergate metaphor, Mr. Nixon's other metaphors are anything but historical firsts, but instead are reliances on what he disdains most. "The easy thing." The other day he said, "You don't need to worry about my getting sick or jumping ship." That, to the Seafarer's union. Discussing his health last December, he said, "It is important to live like a Spartan." Mr. Nixon, no mixer of metaphors, prefers instead to link them together in sausage eloquence. "My fellow Americans," he told his fellow Republicans at the 1968 convention, "the dark night for America is about to end. The time has come for us to leave the valley of despair and climb the mountains so that we may see the glory of the dawn." When candidate Nixon wasn't resurrecting the dead metaphors in the speech, he did get off one prophetic line: "America is in trouble today not because the people have failed but because her leaders have failed."

Most politicians have their pet metaphors, faithfully leashed. "We must close loopholes," cry the liberals. The conservatives demand "we stop beating around the bush," and those in the middle-of-the-road—where the goriest accidents occur—say "we must get new ideas into the hopper" because "we have seen only the tip of the iceberg" regardless of the "trial balloons." Occasionally a politician will try to carry a metaphor a yard or two further into originality, either to drop or trip over it in mid-sentence. Rep. Clarence J. Brown (R-Ohio) was quoted recently in *The Wall Street Journal* on Watergate: "The responsible elected official keeps his powder dry and waits to see what develops, what's provable." How does powder develop or become provable?

The most embarrassing metaphor is one that is far-fetched but travels on and on to become farther and farther fetched. Helen Reilly in "The Line-Up" writes: "Casey had a good deal on his shoulders. He had to beat off the rotten politicians snuffling for plums as a hog roots for truffles, on one hand, and on the other endure the high-minded and utterly ridiculous suggestions of a citizenry determined to tear down the walls at one clean sweep and wreck one of the most efficient police machines in history in order to feed the populace bountifully on the cake of reform." Other authors, hating the poverty of low-paid metaphors, try for a contrived richness. In "A Walk Through Europe," John Hillaby writes: "If the Netherlands can be vulgarly likened to a cow, her udder is the rich province that hangs down under her belly, that is, between the legs of Belgium and Western Germany."

Small wonder, or no wonder at all, that as long ago as 1893 *Atlantic Monthly* ran an article on the American deficiency in creating worthy metaphors. Yet, masters are around, symbolists timing cymbals of words to crash at exactly the right moment of the symphony, not to dominate but liven it. One metaphorist of known style is John Leonard, a novelist and critic who is now editor of the *New York Times Book Review*. A Leonard metaphor shows not only his imagination publicly at work but, even more for our money, shows he finds the work enjoyable; he turns in his copy smiling. Even his knee-jerk metaphors are originals, as in a writer who "sat at the feet of R. Buckminster Fuller, tapping the great man's knee with a rubber-headed hammer and getting kicked in the preconceptions." About a Gore Vidal novel, Leonard said: "Aspiring to a souffle, he achieves a pancake, at which the reader saws without much appetite." Once he punned on metaphors themselves: "One's metaphoric retch exceeds one's metaphoric gasp." Leonard's word play might seem to be horseplay, but to those who believe the ease of a unique metaphor is easily created, let them try one. Let them write one that isn't hackneyed or weak-kneed.

In the end, no discipline of the mind is more satisfying than coupling words with images. Millions of possibilities exist, both short and long shots. The worst bore is one who has mastered plain talk, as if that is the only way to express the plain truth. It isn't. The plainness of truth is often best served by the complexity of an exact metaphor, the highest work of the imagination, because the truth is usually the last part of reality we ever actually do imagine.

Plight of the American Language

Jean Stafford

Besides the neologisms that are splashed all over the body of the American language like the daubings of a chimpanzee turned loose with fingerpaints, the poor thing has had its parts of speech broken to smithereens: Setting the fractures and dislocations has been undertaken by tinkers with tin ears they have fashioned for themselves out of old applesauce cans; and now verbs are used as nouns, and nouns are used as verbs ("This course is structured for students interested in the overall construct of existentialism," says the college catalog); and upon its stooped and arching back it carries an astounding burden of lumber piled on by the sociologists and the psychologists and the sociopsychologists and the psychosociologists, the Pentagon, the ad men, and, lately, the alleged robbers and bug planters of Watergate.

The prognosis for the ailing language is not good. I predict that it will not die in my lifetime, but I fear that it will be assailed by countless cerebral accidents and massive strokes and gross insults to the brain and finally will no longer be able to sit up in bed and take nourishment by mouth.

Perhaps I am wrong, and it may already be in the terminal ward, soon to kick the bucket.

Radio, television, the press, and all those other agencies that are dedicated to lulling and hoodwinking the public into talking falderol have so gummed up our language with solecisms and mongoloid bastards ("Vietnamize," "bodifier," "commonality") and knock-kneed metaphors (in the *New York Times Book Reviews* on Sept. 2, 1973, I read in the review of a new novel that one of the characters was "haloed with clout"; my only comment is "Faugh!") and gibberish that a new kind of censorship should be in order, the board should be made up only of persons demonstrably literate, precise, immune to the viruses of jargon and whimsey, and severe in their quarantine of carriers of the aforesaid.

At the same time that we have relaxed the prohibition of obscenities in the press and on the air and in the movies, we have clamped down on straightforward speech, and euphemisms teem; they do so with such a thunderous racket that it is next to impossible to tell what anybody is talking about.

Once when I was listening to a detective describing on television the defusing of a bomb in the $2 million TWA ransom plot in 1970, I thought how bewildered I would have been if I had not tuned in at the beginning but had only picked up, ". . . we continued to render the suspected object inert."

The fuzz are ever so keen on genteel pidgin: "The intoxicated individual exited the vehicle." You know full well that if the drunk man who got out of the car said, "Exited is not a transitive verb; it must be followed by a preposition," the arresting officer would relinquish his white gloves and, saying, "Up yours, mother," would clap on the handcuffs.

As liars are called "pathological" and on these grounds are excused because they are "sick" and are treated with a lenity that would not be accorded plain garden-variety liars, so sinners and boors and bores are said to suffer from an inability to "relate." "Relate," except when used in the sense of "to recount," requires the preposition "to" just as "exit" must be accompanied by "from."

My friend Laurence LaFore, the historian, puts the matter thus in a pamphlet of rules he gives all his students: "To say, 'He does not relate,' is not more sensible than to say, 'He does not.' " These sad sacks who can't relate are often further described as having "nothing going for them." What should be going for them? Should an agency supply them with tops and windup toys and free tickets to a carrousel? There's one thing that's going for just about everybody, whether he relates or not, and that is television, which spreads new plagues with the speed of light.

The writers of advertising copy, while they may be exemplary husbands, and fathers and citizens, are blackguards by trade, and the one who thought up "Winston tastes good like a cigarette should" ought to be put into stocks for a month and be fed mutton soup through a tube. And so treated should be his colleague who, with odious smirks, compounded the crime with the sadistic follow-up, "What do you want, good grammar or good taste?"

We are now mercifully spared this disgrace on television, since the tobacco companies can no longer hawk their poison on the air, but the damage has been done. Let us examine the willful coquetry of this illogic: If we assume that the pranksters have sufficient vocabulary to get them through a simple intelligence test, they know that "taste" has two meanings, and they are, therefore, with galloping whimsey, inventing an ambiguity out of whole cloth (except that it is not whole but is as leaky as Swiss cheese). "Taste" in the sense of "flavor," an attribute of a physical thing, cannot be offered as an alternative to "taste" in its meaning of discernment of critical judgment or the appreciation of fitness. The two cannot be equated any more than, say, bird-song and geology.

It is a lousy, stupid joke. And a dangerous one: Toddlers, who have not yet learned to smoke but have begun to learn to talk, can and do pick up most insalubrious, most deleterious habits from the mischievous rascals of the airwaves.

One summer day there stole upon my ear a chorus of lilting children's voices, and, going to the window, I beheld a band of little girls on their way to Brownie camp. Their marching song was "Winston Tastes Good," and then came the defiant battle cry, "What do you want, good grammar or good taste?"

What I wanted was to go out and tan the backsides of the whole troop, wash out their mouths with brown soap, and have their teen-aged leader cashiered from her command.

Countless useful, onetime-respectable words have been so defaced and debased and deformed that those of us who look upon ourselves as the custodians of the mother tongue find our vocabularies diminished. We hesitate to use a word lest it be misconstrued in the incorrect but faddish sense.

One functional word I miss is "irrelevant." "Irrelevance" has come to denote the condition of "not being with it" or "not making the scene," of not being involved in a cause, whether it is the legalization of marijuana, the right to substitute the peace symbol for the stars in Old Glory, the renunciation of celibacy by the clergy, the decapitation of all policemen and all members of the standing army, or the movement to unman sexists.

Lately the word "ethnic" has taken a fearful trouncing and for

all practical purposes has, I'm afraid, been kayoed for keeps. I was invited once to an "ethnic" dinner party. The eight guests were American-born Caucasions: one was a Jew, one was of German descent, one of Hungarian, one of Norwegian, the other four of Scotch-Irish-English.

Our first course was sashimi, a Japanese dish or raw fish; the entree was cous-cous, the staple of Tunisia; our salad was maste khiar, a Pakistani concoction of cucumbers and yogurt (I found it rather nasty); and for dessert we had gingered kumquats. The whisky beforehand was from Tennessee, and the wines were French.

In the original sense of the word, our menu (save for the vinous and spiritous matters) was indeed ethnic, but we were not an ethnic gathering. Nor would we have been if we had consisted of a Puerto Rican, a nonnaturalized immigrant Pole, a black from Mississippi, a Copt, an Israch, a Sardinian newly arrived from Cagliari, a Ukranian, and a Presbyterian patchouli oil merchant from the Seychelles. For, when the word first came into English in 1470 (my authority is the OED), it meant, "pertaining to nations not Christian or Jewish; heathen, pagan."

If our dinner party had been held any time between that date and 1851, we would have been securely within the ethnic pale. After 1851 the word took on a larger meaning and one closer to its root; it came to be synonymous with "ethnological," the adjective deriving from "ethnology, the science which treats of races and people, their relations, their distinctive characteristics, etc." The etymon is "ethnos," which means simply "nation" and is to be distinguished from the largest social order, "demos."

In 1972, therefore, our group was, according to the new meaning, no more and no less ethnic than if we had been a Bengali, a Berber, a Hopi, an aboriginal Australian of the Gurindji tribe, a practitioner of voodoo from Port-au-Prince, a Shintoist from Southern California, and a Gabonese pygmy with a pantheon made up of animal, vegetable, and mineral deities.

By the same token, our menu was no more and no less ethnic than if it had begun with pate de foie gras and gone on to haggis and turnips, followed by a Mexican avocado salad and topped off with baklava. (We'd all have been so sick we wouldn't have given a hang about our ancestry.)

Although the terminal letter of the word is, so far, still c, I cannot help feeling that in time it will be replaced with k, and then "ethnic" will have something in common with "beatnik" and "nudnik." The fact is that everybody on earth is ethnic.

Other words have been kidnaped, so to speak, from their rightful dwelling places, and the ransom asked for the return to their homes is too high ever to be paid. Such a word is "charisma." I am not sure, but I believe it became fashionable during the Kennedy administration, and at the start it was used more or less correctly to describe one of the President's assets, which was—and I quote again from the OEH—"a rare quality or power attributed to those persons who have demonstrated an exceptional ability for leadership and for securing the devotion of large numbers of people."

Unfortunately the admen and the gossip columnist got their grubby hands on the words, and now it is used by furriers to tout autumn haze mink jackets and by perfumers, and by press agents of Hollywood starlets.

It has come to be vaguely synonymous with "charming," and it has acquired a worldly aura. It derives, in fact, from the Greek word meaning "grace," and when it was used anciently by theologians, it meant "a gift of God." What a beautiful word! How rare and subtle an essence it defines, and, therefore, how carefully and seldom it should be used!

We are scarcely a nation now at all; we are, rather, a conglomeration of very nearly countless incoherent splinter groups. It seems to me that, paradoxically, it is our very conformity of speech and passing passions that have exploded the integer to which the founding fathers pledged their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor. And it seems to me, further, that this conformity has come about—a great part of it at any rate—through the reliance on platitudinous invectives, lifeless abstractions, and generalizations.

News now travels instantly, and so does the language in which it is couched: Let someone of importance in Washington misuse "hopefully," and before the hour is out, a cesspool repairman in Waukegan is saying to a customer, "Hopefully the pipe ain't broke too bad," and a hostess in Newport is saying, "Hopefully, the sun will shine on the day of my fete champetre," and college professors in Massachusetts and wheat farmers in Wyoming and editorial writers in Virginia are all eagerly writing down this nice, shiny, new boo-boo.

If everyone is to have a radio or a television set and is to be subliminally infused with the homogeneous palaver of the announcers and commentators and your friendly Chase Manhattan banker and the purveyors of mouthwash, eyewash, and hogwash, what is going to become of regional speech? Who will carry on the rich oral traditions of New England and the South and the West?

I reckon that convicts and children, who have the most time on their hands, will go on contriving slang and jokes, and, God willing, the wellspring will not be polluted and will not go dry, and hillbillies and pickpockets and able-bodied seamen and timbercruisers and Southern politicians will go on sweetening the pot.

But the official language of the United States is not cant.

Some bird in the Watergate hearings, testifying to his true-blue, snow-white innocence of any knowledge of the "fruits of the bug," said, "Myself and two other individuals proceeded to the aforementioned locations on Route XYZ, and Mr. Bandersnatch telephonically indicated to me that his answer to Mr. Jabberwock's inquiry was negative."

If H. W. Fowler, whose *Modern English Usage* is the most dazzling record of a temper tantrum ever written, were alive today, he would die.

"You cunctator!" she screamed.

He admired her enclitic, glanced at her orrery, and told her to cool it.

"You're like the Stymphalian birds. You're a hierodule. Every word out of your mouth is labiovelar. And don't you dare touch my koto."

"You've had too much lobeline," he said.

"And you're nothing but a megathere," she replied and then turned calmly to softly stroke her furze.

You might not find these words in your dictionary. You will in The Random House College Dictionary.

But then, language is necessary for communication.

Is teaching grammar immoral?

By BARBARA DODDS STANFORD

☐ Lately, I have been getting a funny, unpleasant little sensation in the pit of my stomach whenever I pick up a grammar book. It is kind of like the feeling I get when I spend a whole week's salary on a new dress or leave the dishes for three days, or go into class and realize I forgot to mimeograph the test. It's not because my students don't like grammar. They turn out the answers on those grammar lessons just like a sawmill turning out boards. And a good grammar lesson will keep them quiet for almost 10 minutes (20, if I make them

But there's something wrong somewhere.

I get most ill at ease with conversations like these:

"Do the 's' go at the end of the singular or plural verb?"

"You don't never supposed to use ain't!"

"I been done these exercises."

I just sometimes wonder why everybody thought it was so horrible for Sisyphus to have to push the rock up the mountain so it would roll back down again. It seems to me he could have been forced to teach English usage as well.

And then I start wondering, "Why don't you supposed to use ain't?" "Ain't I" makes just as much sense as "am I not" and is on a singular verb? We don't keep the rest of our old Anglo-Saxon conjugations, and the subject shows that it's third person singular. And nonstandard dialects often have a certain charm. "Sock it to me, Teach" certainly suffers in translation.

But then I think of the poor child applying for a job.

"I wants to apply for a job in you-all's factory."

I can imagine the personnel manager showing him the door. "I'm sorry, but we can't take anyone who can't speak English."

But why not? Why does a person need to be able to conjugate his verbs "correctly" to coil pieces of copper wire, or even to program a computer? Isn't the problem really more the manager's than his? Isn't this just a subtle form of discrimination? The employer can't say any longer, "I don't want to hire you because you are black." But he is still permitted to say indirectly, "I don't want to hire you because you talk like a black." Will we simply replace color discrimination with linguistic discrimination?

Linguistic discrimination has almost as illustrious and lengthy a history as racial discrimination. The Bible tells of the Ephraimites who were identified by their inability to pronounce "shibboleth" according to the current Judean Standard Hebrew. During the Middle Ages, a knowledge of Greek and Latin distinguished one as a member of the learned class. When the Normans conquered England, French served to distinguish the cultured elite from the boorish Saxons. And when the Normans finally learned English, the aristocracy was distinguished by its own peculiar dialect. Linguistic discrimination, therefore, has proven very useful in civil wars, as credentials for education, and in preserving class systems. But does it really have any place in a democracy that is not engaged in civil war, that intellectually opposes class barriers, and that has other, more effective methods of testing educational qualifications?

Some people argue that the best method of ending linguistic discrimination would be to teach everyone the same dialect. In that case, wouldn't the most effective method of ending racial discrimination be to dye everyone's hair black and skin brown? And religious discrimination could be ended by having everyone adopt a combination of Catholicism, Methodism, Pentecostalism, with perhaps a sprinkling of Buddhism and Voodoo. And as for proposals to eliminate discrimination by sex, I hate to imagine!

Conformity is not admired in other areas of life, so why should we deprive ourselves of the richness and variety of language that dialects provide us? Equality does not come by eliminating those that are different, or even just the differences. Black people are only asking for the basic human right to respect themselves when they reject hair straighteners and bleaching creams. And I am convinced that the inability of children to learn a simple verb conjugation in 12 years is not the result of stupidity, but a healthy subconscious refusal to deny a part of themselves. Freedom is not real if it is simply the freedom to conform to everyone else. Freedom is only real if it guarantees to everyone the right to be himself, to look like himself, and to speak like him-

Or is language really necessary?

THE WAY WE SPEAK

Flora Davis

People speak and move, and you and I respond, and we never stop to think that most of the time words express only the smallest part of our meaning—just 30-35 per cent of it, according to Ray Birdwhistell, who is senior research scientist at the Eastern Pennsylvania Psychiatric Institute and director of the Studies in Human Communication project there. How does a man know when a woman is a possible pickup? How do we know when another person is listening to us or if he really means what he is saying? Sometimes the signs are unmistakable, but often we rely on "intuition." Scientific research is now giving a clearer understanding of what lies behind our institutions. A lot of the work going on merely serves to confirm common sense, but much of it is both subtle and surprising.

DR. ALBERT E. SHEFLEN, a psychiatrist-turned-kinesicist, has demonstrated, for instance, that people in a group often mirror each other's posture. In a large gathering, as many as half a dozen may sit or stand with limbs arranged in an identical—or mirror-imaged way—and if one member of the set then shifts his body, the others quickly do the same. Where two different postures have been adopted by a gathering, those who share a posture usually turn out to share a viewpoint as well. When three people are together, most often one will arrange himself so that his upper body is congruent with one companion and his lower body with the other—making himself into a kind of human link between the two.

Some gestures have a conscious, understood meaning (psychologist Paul Ekman of the Langley Porter Neuropsychiatric Institute in San Francisco calls them "emblems"). The hitchhiker's thumbing is an example that comes easily to mind. Every culture has its own repertoire of these, and they vary from culture to culture. Catching sight of a pretty girl, an Italian will signal his appreciation by pulling one of his ear lobes, an Arab will stroke his beard, but the Englishman will assume an overly casual stance and elaborately look away.

These obsrvations are Birdwhistell's, but he cautions that it is often a mistake to interpret such gestures in isolation. The individual's facial expression or stance—or what he is saying—can give a gesture an ironic twist; as everyone knows, an Army private, when he salutes, can convey everything from blind obedience to complete contempt, depending upon the speed and duration of the gesture and what he does with the rest of his body.

Sociologist Erving Goffman of the University of Pennsylvania speaks of another sort of body language which is not communication but a means of relieving inner tension. "Creature releases," as he calls them, are brief rebellions against the social roles that we are all forced to play ("Fleeting acts slip through the individual's self-control and momentarily assert his 'animal nature.' "). Some samples: "At one extreme are the minor releases such as scratching, momentary coughing, rubbing one's eyes, sighing, yawning, and so forth; at the other extreme are such acts as flatulence, incontinence, and the like; in the middle ranges of the continuum are dozing off, belching, spitting, nose picking or loosening one's belt."

Nonverbal language, when understood, offers psychiatrists valuable clues to their patients' emotions, but most researchers in this new field shun broad theorizing about feelings and motivations. As behavioral scientists, they prefer to isolate, classify and analyze the interaction of *observable* physical acts. Really hard-nosed behavioral scientists actually deny that there is any inner-man to study ("According to some psychologists," says Dr. Scheflen, "the head is populated with all sorts of little people—id, ego, super ego. They emit communication, transmit messages, cause things to happen. It's a kind of animism, like the primitives who thought trees were alive.")

I talked to four pioneers in the field of body language—Birdwhistell, Scheflen, Goffman and Dr. Adam Kendon, a colleague of Scheflen's at the Bronx State Hospital. Significantly, none of the four refer to it as nonverbal communication. Kendon prefers the term "visible behavior"; his fellow kinesicists, Scheflen and Birdwhistell, who refuse to segregate words from gestures, define their field simply as "communication." (Bristling at the phrase nonverbal communication, Birdwhistell cracked: "That's like saying 'noncardiac physiology.' ") Goffman speaks of his specialty as "face-to-face interaction"; he is interested in how the unwritten body codes help people to get along with each other in public.

Writers, artists and psychiatrists have long known that body motions have significance, and the psychologists' first studies of facial expressions were done early in the century. But it was anthropologists such as Franz Boas, Edward Sapir and, in the 1940's, Weston LaBarre and David Efron, who first put forward the notion that body motions are actually a code that can be cracked.

However, sustained, systematic Kinesics research really began with the publication of Ray Birdwhistell's book, "Introduction to Kinesics," in 1952. Tall, 51 years old, with crisp grey hair, Birdwhistell is an anthropologist born and educated in the Midwest. His interest in body language dates back to a field study he did of the Kutenai Indians of western Canada in 1946. While he was living among the Kutenai, he noticed that they looked quite different when speaking English from the way they looked when speaking Kutenai: their gestures, their facial expressions changed. It seems that some people are bilingual in body language as well as in spoken language!

Birdwhistell's work is elusive. His book is now long out of print, although a new one, "Kinesics and Context," will be published in the fall. His papers, appearing mostly in professional journals, are properly dense and scholarly but short on the mass of documentation that other researchers expect. The man himself is a surprise, then: not at all the dry-voiced scholar, but tweedy, relaxed, with a face that creases easily into a smile and a voice that's resonantly basso profundo.

Birdwhistell concedes that all humans smile—even blind babies do—for we all have the same face muscles. However, he contends that the *meaning* of the smile is not universal. Even in the United States he has found that there are "high-smile" areas, such as the South, where people do a lot of

smiling, and "low-smile" areas, such as western New York State, where they do not (this is not a sign that Southerners are happier). In the South someone who does not often smile may be asked if he is angry, but in the Great Lakes region someone who does smile a lot may be asked what is so funny. It is culture, according to Birdwhistell, that supplies the meaning of the smile, and it cannot be said to be a simple pleasure reflex.

This is the old nature-nurture argument again, of course: heredity vs. environment. In this case, the two sides are not quite so far apart as they at first sound, since those who believe in universal gestures admit that smiles are culture-modified, and Birdwhistell admits that, anatomically speaking, they *are* universal.

In the same manner, Birdwhistell hunts through the stream of body motion for repeated movements. Each position of the head, brows, chin, eyes and other parts of the body has a shorthand symbol: these are the basic units that he calls "kines," which combine into larger patterns. He records the direction of movement of each "kine" with another set of symbols. Then, he analyzes what happens to the meaning of the message when one kine is removed from the context and everything else stays the same. The meaning, he said, is always in the context, never in any particular, isolated body motion. One case in point is Birdwhistell's and Scheflen's assertion that a woman who tightly crosses her arms or legs is relatively inaccessible to any approach. Whether this is correct, both affirm, depends upon such circumstances as what other people are around, what else she does with her body, and so on.

Kinesic stress is one way people reduce verbal ambiguities. As everyone knows, an eyebrow lift often accompanies a question. However, it is also a way to stress a word in the speech stream. There are other ways to signal a question, too, such as an upward tilt of the head or hand, and one can as easily stress something with a nod of the foot or a blink of the eyelids.

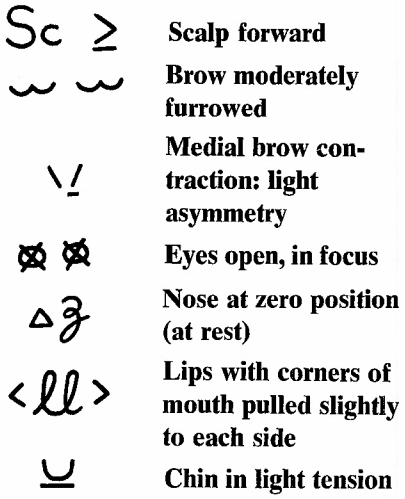
Small movements of the head, eyes, hands, fingers or even the shoulders that accompany specific pronouns, verbs, or phrases Birdwhistell describes as "markers." With the pronouns "I," "me," "we" and "us" as well as words such as "this" and "how," a hand "marker" would be a motion toward the speaker's body, while the shoulders would be squeezed, or hunched, in the direction of an imaginary vertical line through the center of the body. With future-tense verbs the marker motion is forward; with the past tense, it is backward. All this seems so logical to Americans that it is a surprise to learn that other peoples, for example some American-Indian cultures, sometimes find these markers confusing or even insulting when combined with their language.

One of the things Birdwhistell has learned from the psychotherapy project is that even the best therapists usually cannot explain what it is that they do right. In fact, sometimes they do the opposite of what they think they do. A man who believes in being completely nonauthoritative, for example, can be seen conducting a group session as firmly as a conductor leads an orchestra, telling one person to speak and another to stop with a glance or a flick of the fingers.

Over lunch that day, Dr. Birdwhistell explained his concept of "gender signals" to me. In every culture he has studied people can distinguish feminine body behaviors from masculine ones. Birdwhistell speculates that because in the human species the secondary sexual characteristics, such as breasts and body hair, are not that dramatically different, body-motion differences function as "tertiary sexual characteristics" to help humans distinguish male from female. Gender in our society determines such simple matters as who gets up to do the dishes after dinner or who goes through a door first. What is defined as masculine or feminine, furthermore, varies from one culture to the next.

"We think of male Arabs as effeminate and seductive because of the way they close their eyelids—very slowly—in contrast to the speed with which American males do it. We find the way Latin males cross their legs feminine in contrast to the broken-four spread typical of American males." Birdwhistell leaned back in his chair and indicated his own legs; four-shaped, with one ankle propped on the other knee.

KINEGRAPHS


Sc ≥
Scalp forward
Brow moderately furrowed
Medial brow contraction: light asymmetry
Eyes open, in focus
Nose at zero position (at rest)
Lips with corners of mouth pulled slightly to each side
Chin in light tension

Kinesicists refer to such symbols as these to describe various facial shifts

When sending gender signals, American women hold their thighs close together, according to Birdwhistell's studies. They walk with upper arms against their bodies and tilt their pelvises forward slightly. In contrast, American men sending gender signals stand with thighs somewhat apart. They hold their arms away from their bodies and swing them as they walk, and they carry their pelvises rolled slightly back.

Birdwhistell denies that these varying walking styles can be attributed to anatomical differences. Otherwise, he argues, they would be the same in all cultures—which they are not.

But the study of human communication is still in its infancy and it is hard to get a really clear idea of what it might grow up to be. Birdwhistell says that it is only about as far along as microbiology was when the microscope was first invented and people went around wearing face masks to protect themselves from germs. One thing seems certain, though: men will no longer be able to assume that when two people meet, all that is communicated is the words they speak. As Dr. Birdwhistell told me:

"Years ago I started with the question: How do body motions flesh out words? Now I ask instead: When is it appropriate to use words? They're very appropriate to teach or to talk on the telephone, but you and I are communicating on several levels now and on only one or two of them have words any relevance whatsoever. These days I put it another way: Man is a multi-sensorial being. Occasionally, he verbalizes."

KEEP ON TALKING OR JUST SHUT UP?

S. I. HAYAKAWA

Some information can be punched in cards, coded, computerized, converted into flashes of light or beeps and processed by machines. It can be translated from English to Russian to Japanese and back to English—and come out undistorted and unchanged.

Your monthly bank statement or the record of your insurance payments are examples of this kind of information. Because it is readily converted without loss from one "language" to another, John H. Wilson of the Lawrence Radiation Laboratory calls it "transformable" information, as opposed to that which is "non-transformable."

"Non-transformable" information is that which is contained, for example, in a poem or a work of art. Mr. Wilson illustrates this point by commenting on the difference between Toynbee's 10-volume "A Study of History" and a one-volume condensation, "which aptly summarizes Toynbee's ideas, but fails to recreate the Toynbee universe." Toynbee's vision of man and history goes beyond his facts and theories. That vision is "non-transformable."

We all know of other examples of non-transformable information. There is the poem you know in a foreign language for which there never can be a satisfactory English translation. There are the Yiddish words and sayings whose meanings can never be fully conveyed to those who don't understand Yiddish.

If Toulouse-Lautrec, Van Gogh, Sir Joshua Reynolds and Stuart Davis were each given the job of painting a field of poppies, they would all paint different pictures—radically different. The fact of poppies as botanical specimens is transformable information. But how each different artist apprehends and feels about poppies is non-transformable.

Isadora Duncan expressed the same idea of non-transformability when she was asked the meaning of one of her dances. "If I could have told you," she said, "I couldn't have danced it."

Even scientists must confront this problem. When they go beyond facts and theories to the possible meanings and human implications of their science, their ideas often cannot be paraphrased; their sentences cannot be transformed for computer processing.

In other words, some of the most important information in the world, information about how we feel and react, about our fears and joys and passions, is not transformable information. It is information that has to be experienced rather than simply read.

Thus, despite the rapid progress of technology and the information sciences, teachers of English and speech, of style and rhetoric, continue to have a function in the world. They teach their students how to commit to words—to poetry and eloquence—the evaluations, the feelings, the non-transformable experiences of the world.

Teachers of English and speech have a huge responsibility to communication. Some of their students are going to be scientists and some are going to be lawyers or politicians or advertising men or poets. To all their students they must teach the requirements of clear, verifiable, scientific prose. To all their students they must also teach eloquence. Teachers of English and speech have a responsibility not just to the world of literature, but to the entire intellectual community, scientific, political and philosophical as well as humanistic.

Semanticists are often asked, "Do you think all problems are verbal?" I have answered this question in a variety of ways, but I think the best answer was given in a poem by Claude Coleman of Southern Illinois University:

"Keep Talking"

"All problems are not merely verbal,
The philosophers tell me in uncounted thousands of words—but
I tried making love with my mouth taped shut
And I lost my love.

"I tried making friends with my mouth taped shut
And I lost my friend.

"I tried making war with my mouth taped shut
But no one was angry and the shooting stopped.
I went about the street with my mouth taped shut
And they took me to the nuthouse.

"Where I am to this day
Wondering
If all problems are not merely verbal."

Well, all this plus the culture and technology gets to be a bit of a drag.

from: "MECHANICAL RAPE"

Today's youth, the pre-adolescents of the 1950s, had to switch horses in midstream—from Connie Francis and the Hit Parade to the Psychedelic Lollipop and Hullaballoo, from Superman and Dell comics to Dr. Strange and Marvel comics, from fragmentation and noninvolvement to all-inclusive participation and psychedelic involvement. The younger set has grown up with all these latter from the start. It is strange indeed to see a generation that begins to look more to little brothers and sisters ten years younger than to parents twenty years older, for guidance and companionship.

But this is an age conducive to strangeness. Erikson, who recognizes the influence of technology with such clarity, considers the modern age a time

> when man turns other men and himself into tools and the machines he runs into machinery which runs him. Here, obviously, man reaches the impasse of his existence as a species. . . . Now, somewhere between the exploitation of nature and the self-exploitation of mercantile and mechanized man, a gigantic transformation has taken place . . . and it dawns on us that the technological world of today is about to create kinds of alienation too strange to be imagined.

But for young people who have recognized the division within themselves and the lack of fulfillment in the detached lives of those within our society, alienated behavior does not seem as strange as it does to "straight" society. For they have made the self-discovery and begun the self-therapy they equate with adulthood. Their actions are either a product of self-realization or a product of their attempts to prove this self-realization to the adult world, which refuses to recognize it. Indeed, why should today's adults recognize it? It challenges their mental health!

It is this very concern for one's own psychology that is more often than not scoffed at by older people, who feel very little in common with those on this quest for self-knowledge. (Remember the man who told his son, "There's entirely too much introspection going on these days." But the young man of today urges himself on because he is aware of the human toll of living in a world that all too well fits Erikson's description. He can see it in the adult generation, from whose eyes it is hidden, and he can see it in himself. He can do nothing but travel further along the road of self-questioning in order to root out the psychological limitations on his enjoyment of life —limitations adult society does not recognize.

Those who engage in this socially unrecognized venture are at first alone or isloated because of it. They are finding out something important for themselves and they want to share it. So much of the behavior of alienated young people is an attempt to get across to adult society not that they are different, but that they want to be.

I was walking in Golden Gate Park in San Francisco, around the museums and aquariums which form the borders of an ornate square. In the middle of the square is a fancy fountain encircled by a small wall. The summer's tourists—in golf-hat, sun-visor, camera-and-light-meter uniform—were taking in the sights. Suddenly three figures jumped up on the wall of the fountain and began to dance rhythmically around it in time to the melody played by one of the members of the troupe on his flute. The tourists tried to figure out the sexes of the three minstrels. Their children pointed out that the one in jeans with shoulder-length hair was a girl, while the one with hair down to his waist, and the flutist with a water gourd around *his* waist, were boys. The cameras, which had been mostly idle before, started clicking—not at the edifices, not at the alligator holes or porpoises and turtles in the aquarium, but at the weird kids around the fountain. Now there was really something to show the folks back home! The younger generation was a more exotic subject than the animal world.

In an admittedly inarticulate way, the minstrels, like the generation of which they are a part, are trying to show the adult generation that the price paid for material overabundance and social prestige is a psychological limitation on the enjoyment of life; that the fragmented, specialized way of living was perhaps necessary for gaining the industrial and technological capacity of today but that it is not a way of life that will be accepted by a generation that doesn't have to accept it. In the eyes of today's youth, the goals of affluence and security and of social prestige and respectability were carried too far—too far because the sacrifice that was made was the human capacity for deep involvement with other people and with life. The socially successful man is respectable, secure, and affluent. But he is also too often detached and emotionally alone.

Detachment, or "coolness," when it becomes extreme, leads to a feeling of missing out on life. Adults who feel this look outside themselves for the way to overcome their separateness from life. If only they could earn more, or know more, or buy more, or travel more, or know more important people, they think, then at last they would be involved with living and living fully. But young men are becoming aware that, because society ingrains this feeling of missing out on life within the individual, the individual must look within himself to be able to overcome the socially patterned detachment from life.

I have come in contact with no more eloquent expression of this feeling of emptiness toward life than the following poem by Christ Hart, a young man of college age from New York City.

EPITAPH

A blade of grass
Tall and slender
Lives only to be walked upon,
And bends.
A dog, with a face that never smiles,
Lives only for the caress of a hand.
A tree
With limbs only a boy can climb,
Lifts his laughing face
Through the leaves.
And I,
A fool,
Who watched them all,
And died one day
Without living at all
Like grass, a tree, or a dog

COLLEGE DECISION: CAREER TRAINING VS. THE LIBERAL ARTS

A wave of vocationalism is sweeping through American higher education.

Across the country, students have been turning toward career-oriented studies as a shortage of jobs and a surplus of college graduates in some fields have combined to make students question the value of a liberal arts education.

This trend is praised by those who think general education does not train young people adequately to take their places in the world of work. But it is deplored by those who believe the future will require broadly trained graduates.

The youth of America is their oldest tradition. It has been going on now for three hundred years.

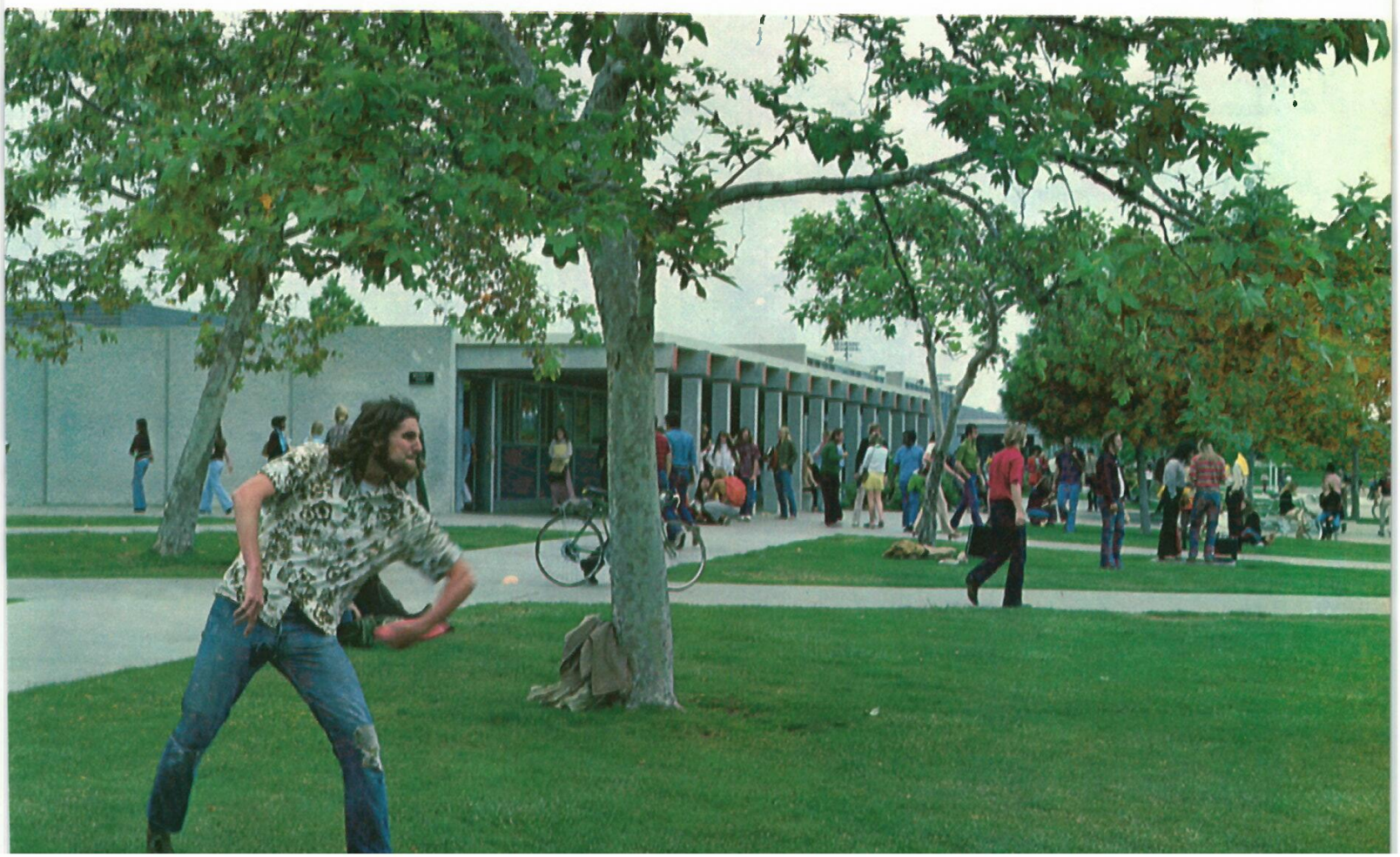
Oscar Wilde
Woman of No Importance

"Teachers are overworked and underpaid. True. It is an exhausting business, this damming up the flood of human potentialities. What energy it takes to turn a torrent into a trickle, to train that trickle along narrow, well-marked channels! . . . Do not blame teachers if they fail to educate. The task of *preventing* children from changing in any significant way is precisely what most societies require."

George B. Leonard,
Education and Ecstasy

Students are probably the most overworked and underpaid class in our society. Their training has now been shown by many studies to be the most important element in the economic development and prosperity of a country, and yet they are not paid as well as their brothers who became plumbers' apprentices. The 18-year-old brother or sister who works in a factory or a store gets off at five o'clock and has enough income to have an apartment and a car and books and records and recreation and a paid vacation. He can have guests in and can come in or go out at any hour. But the student is treated, not like his brothers or parents or teachers, but like a monk with a vow of poverty, austerity, and overwork—a vow which is not even his own vow but has been taken for him. He often works until midnight or later at subjects his brothers might never master, and he is supposed to get money from his family, or borrow it, or be grateful for a fellowship that still leaves him below the poverty level. He is frequently locked in at night and forbidden to have a car or an apartment, and has little money for his own books or for good meals or concerts. He is given cafeteria fare in cinder-block buildings and never learns to live like a human being.

John R. Platt,
"Diversity"



When you add the emotional hangups from today...

PEANUTS
SOMETIMES I WAKE UP KNOWING I'M GOING TO HAVE A BAD DAY, AND, SURE ENOUGH, I HAVE A BAD DAY..
SOMETIMES I WAKE UP THINKING I'M GOING TO HAVE A GOOD DAY, BUT IT ALWAYS TURNS OUT TO BE A BAD DAY..
HOW COME I NEVER WAKE UP THINKING I'M GOING TO HAVE A GOOD DAY, AND THEN REALLY HAVE A GOOD DAY? OR HOW COME I NEVER WAKE UP THINKING I'M GOING TO HAVE A BAD DAY, AND THEN HAVE A GOOD DAY?
10-30
MY STOMACH HURTS..
SCHULZ

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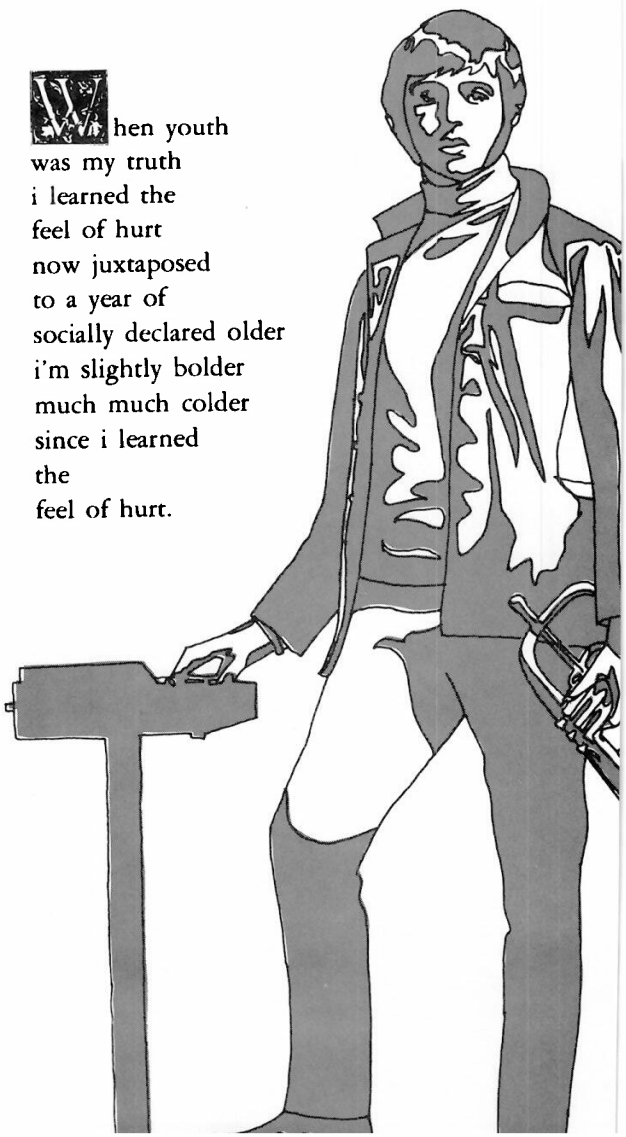
Tender
the way she'd hold a hand
and kiss an arm
making you feel
unverbally
a whole
and you could
anticipate each unbeaten
pound of heart
rising expectantly
to the tempo
of now
as the two of you
climbed
to the peak
yeses
stacked beautifully
with best of timing
and retained
by the detained
fusing of feel
refusing the real
confusing ideals
of this hour of
tears
for a tender
sometime
never to be
because

by TERRY KIRKMAN

When youth
was my truth
i learned the
feel of hurt
now juxtaposed
to a year of
socially declared older
i'm slightly bolder
much much colder
since i learned
the
feel of hurt.



and yesterday...

HOSE AND IRON

Greg Kuzma

It was always
father with the hose
and mother with the iron

then later it was
father with the iron
mother with the hose

but it was always
the hose and the iron

First, the hose:

Father said,
"when I was in
chemistry
this little guy came in
and all the wiseapples
were wisecracking
so he took out this hose
and bang on the desk
everybody shut up."

"The only way to treat kids."

Mother said,
"do you want your socks ironed
your pants ironed
your shirts
if you want those shirts ironed today
put them out for me
don't leave them balled up
on the stairway."

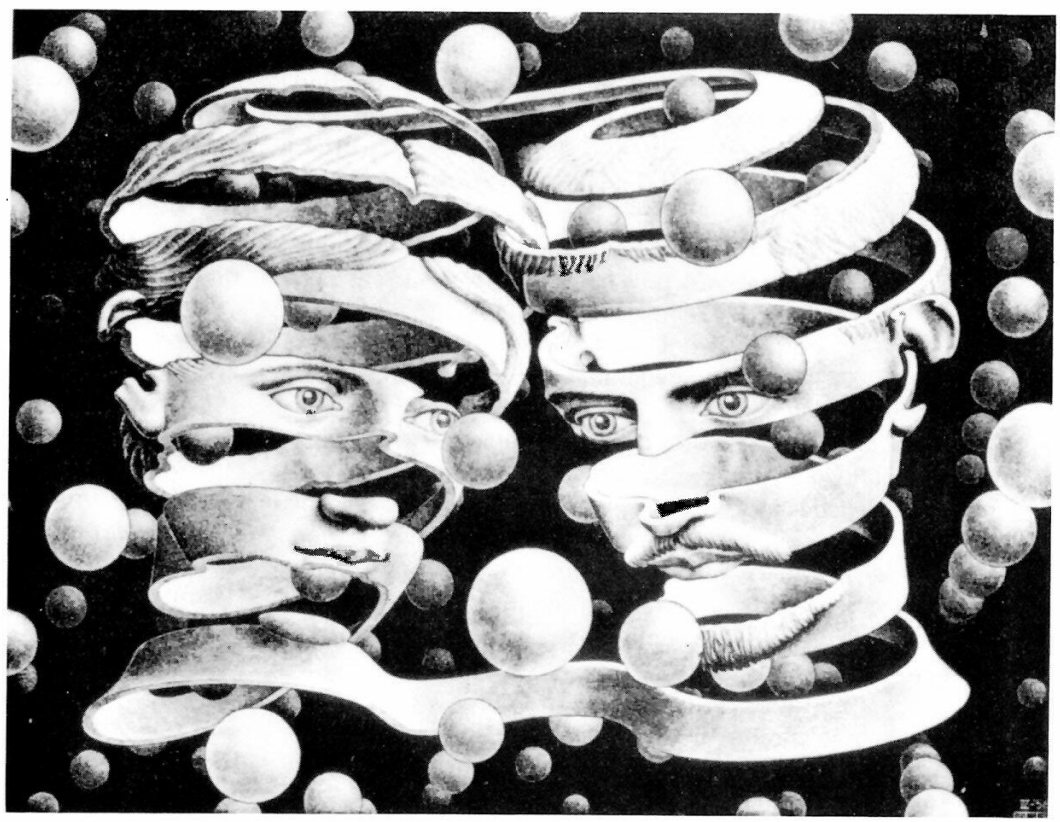
A long heavy hose
as big around as an arm
whack
they shut up

square shirts
pink yellow striped shirts
nice shirts

Hose me father
make me mind
hose me

iron me mother
I need to be ironed out

Father mother
I am dying of wisecracks



...it's hard to get it all together.

COLLEGE CRACK-UPS • Lindsay Miller

"College blew my mind. For the first time in my life, I could do anything I pleased. Like a lot of freshmen, I guess I was overwhelmed by my freedom. The only thing I *had* to do was to go to gym class—or that's the way it seemed, until all this happened . . . "

Charlotte sat up in the infirmary bed, still somewhat shaky. She was trying to recapture her crack-up the night before for the Vassar psychiatrist. As she reached the crux, her voice rose:

"Exams came—and I panicked. If I flunked out, my parents would kill me. So would I, I suppose. I pushed myself through three exams. But last night I couldn't push any longer.

"I thought I was going crazy. It was awful. I was shaking all over and couldn't stop crying and crying. If my roommate hadn't made me come over here I don't know what would have happened."

What would have happened? In fact, why did the crack-up happen at all?

Both Charlotte and her parents wanted to know. In their eyes, she has always been a model daughter—bright, attractive, a "leader" in the girls' school she had attended. Now, after only one semester away at college, she has cracked up. Is it all Charlotte's fault? Is the college to blame? The answers, it turns out, aren't that easy.

Multiply Charlotte by a few hundred thousand young men and women, and you have a fairly accurate picture of what occurs regularly at colleges today. Crack-ups—like mononucleosis and Sophomore Slump—are regarded as almost inevitable hazards of campus life today.

According to Dr. Robert Gage, director of the American College Health Association, one in ten college students reaches a period of severe crisis each year. Some commit suicide or have a nervous breakdown. Others may drop out of college or turn to "dropping acid" (taking LSD). The majority, though, seek alternate—often highly self-destructive—escapes from the pressures that engulf them.

For Charlotte, the pressure of exams was the final agent that sprang the trap on her. They weren't the only factors, though. She'd been hovering on the brink for quite a while. But let Charlotte tell her story:

"You'd think so much freedom would be ideal. The truth is you've got to know how to handle it, and I didn't. Instead of taking charge, I let whatever anyone else was doing schedule my life. A bridge game? I'd join. Or a lecture, a rally, a blind date, a mixer. I'd drop everything and go. It's part of my college experience, I kept saying.

"Then—when I became hysterical about exams—I went to the other extreme. I made a super-strict schedule and swore to stick to it. That meant studying straight for 19 or 20 hours a day. When I'd finally fall into bed around 4 a.m., I was too nervous to sleep. Not that I could have slept anyway. Even at that hour there were girls screaming at each other to be quiet.

"Last night was when I actually started shaking. It's horrible to watch your mind whiz by, knowing everything is going out of control. 'So this is what a nervous breakdown feels like.' I thought. 'Maybe I'll just flip out and be gone forever.' The idea was pretty tempting. But I didn't even have enough energy to push myself over the brink. I just sat there like a zombie repeating 'I must be losing my mind!' "

At this point the psychiatrist interrupted. "Charlotte, you're not crazy," he said. "You're not going crazy. In fact, you saved yourself by sensing when you'd reached your limits—physically and emotionally. You can't go any further than that.

"Time wasn't the only thing that was trapping you," the doctor continued. "Guilt about not studying and anxiety about not passing were also closing in on you. At that point, you weren't equipped to fight back. The longer you refuse to admit you're trapped, the more violence it takes to break out."

One ironic aspect, then, of the college crack-up is that what may seem insane to parents often appears to the student as the only sane recourse. Here we are again at the Generation Gap. Compared with the Class of 1970, there were many more young people 10 or 20 years ago who shared their parents' overall set of values —even though they might not have admitted it. The colleges they chose and the life they led once they got there often reinforced these values—while college today often has the opposite effect on students.

Now they want to cut off more than apron strings. They're spurning the Money, Status, and Success that they think their parents value. For some, it's the fashionable thing to do. For others, it's a sincere attempt at a counter culture.

Every young person, to a certain degree, has to declare his independence from his parents, even if it's only to come back to their values in the end.

College becomes an invitingly convenient and conducive place for this self-determination. Still, for even the toughest, breaking with parents and what they represent produces a surprising amount of pain. And this pain is often a prologue to a type of crisis related as much to past experience as to current college pressures.

The college crisis could be regarded as a mixed blessing rather than a disaster, according to Dr. Jeanette H. Corwin, a consulting psychiatrist at Wellesley College. "Sometimes it takes a crisis to point out how fundamental the issues are that you've been avoiding. Once you give in to your emotions, make some decisions, you're much less afraid of these things."

Of course, not everyone comes through a crisis on his feet. "Some people get stuck," adds Dr. Corwin. "They drop out of college or jump into marriage. Whether it's helpful in the long run or not, however, a crisis is still a painful and disturbing experience."

The alarming fact remains that the conditions that lead to these crises are firmly built into our college system almost universally.

A few colleges have responded to the problems of academic pressure by switching to a pass-fail system of grading. Paradoxically, some students complain that they don't work so hard without the competition that grades produce.

Many more colleges have loosened up or completely eliminated social restrictions, largely in response to student demands. This abandonment of the *in loco parentis* role is basically a necessary and healthy development. Still, as Dr. Thomas J. Keighley, director of Wellesley's Health Services, points out, "There are many students unprepared—academically and emotionally—to contend with the pressures and decisions. Suddenly they've got so much freedom. Whatever goes wrong, they get the blame."

BUT SHOULD THEY REALLY BE?

Should students always be blamed for the binds they're caught in? "Not always," insists Wellesley's chaplain, Paul Santmire. "Sometimes the work load is outrageously heavy, or parents are insensitive in their demands. The student had to run so fast all her life to get to college that she may keep running and pushing herself. You kind of hope she'll stop for a while to get her breath."

Regardless of who's at fault, crises are still occurring. Since it's the beleaguered student herself and often her roommate, with a ringside seat, who first sense a crisis growing, they're in the best position to administer mental first aid.

For them, a group of leading psychiatrists and a number of students who have weathered crack-ups themselves have drawn up this compendium of home (or dorm) remedies:

Don't panic. There's a way out of most predicaments. It may be as simple as getting up and taking a walk. Or quitting for the day and going to a movie.

Definitely, get away from your up-tight classmates for a breather. Panic is contagious.

Seek help, if you feel trapped. You might turn to a good friend who knows you well enough to comprehend what's going on.

Sometimes, just putting the problem into words—by writing or telling—makes things fall into place.

If it's an academic problem, forget about pride and see your dean or other faculty friend. An extension can be a gift from heaven. But it also can be a method of prolonging the agony of getting a piece of work finished and off your hands.

Many colleges now have psychiatrists available free or for a minimal charge. You can count on strict confidentiality. The psychiatrist may recommend therapy if he thinks your problem is serious.

Get some perspective. Maybe you're worried that you got four B's this term. Does that really mean you're a B person? Maybe you're worried that everyone on the hall has a date except you. Or you received a royal snub in the lunch line from a senior you admire. Remember, the dormitory is a very small place. What matters tremendously today is forgotten tomorrow and is meaningless outside the college gate.

Know your limits. Recognize how much you can push yourself to get something done. If you're determined to achieve, you're going to have to work hard. You can tell when the deadline pressure is favorably firing you up, or unfavorably clutching you up.

When you make a schedule, be realistic. Don't try to keep pace with your roommate or anyone else. Different people need different amounts of sleep, nutrition, and recreation.

Don't be afraid of your emotions. Sometimes it's best to give in to them. If you've lost a boyfriend, it's a good reason to mourn for a while. If you're angry or sad or happy, show it. If you want to be silly, be silly.

If you're trapped, admit it. In the end, you've got to free yourself.

Town and Country

Of course, change is part of it all.

REFLECTIONS OF MY LIFE

Campbell, McAleese (BMI)

The changing
Of sunlight to moonlight
Reflections of my life
Oh, how they fill my eyes.
The greetings
Of people in trouble
Reflections of my life
Oh, how they fill my eyes.

All my sorrow
Sad tomorrow
Take me back to my own home.
All my crying
Feel I'm dying, dying,
Take me back to my own home.

I'm changing, arranging,
I'm changing, changing,
Everything—
Everything around me.
The world is
A bad place,
A bad place,
A terrible place to live.
Oh, but I don't want to die.

All my sorrow
Sad tomorrow
Take me back to my home.
All my crying
Feel I'm dying, dying,
Take me back to my own home.

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The question is, despite ads like this that encourage the old culture to support the new, can they become reconciled to the young?

The generation gap: it may be America's best hope.

Millions of young Americans not only stand taller than their fathers—they're aiming higher. Sometimes, in a different direction.

They have a vision of a more equal economy and society, and the will to take part in shaping them.

Over 7,000,000 young men and women are now in our colleges and universities. Keeping up with their numbers, and the challenge of filling their knowledge needs, has brought about a financial crisis in higher education.

Tuitions, on the average, pay only ⅓ the cost of educating a student. The other ⅔ must come from other sources. And the difference in dollars amounts to billions.

Our higher education must keep moving ahead—with more facilities, larger faculties—and academic advances that will help our new generation move ahead.

It can't be done without more help from more individuals, more businesses—with gifts and grants that encourage progress and innovation.

To better understand the need, ask a college.

Give to the college of your choice.

ADVERTISING COUNCIL

COUNCIL FOR FINANCIAL AID TO EDUCATION

Whatever the actual nature of any generation gap, views of it differ considerably.

Once upon a time there was a frog who believed in the Protestant ethic. He began life as a tadpole, of course, but soon he grew legs and hopped off to find a mate. Then he looked for a pond where he could settle down. Unfortunately, it was a year of drought. Only after a long and hungry search did the frog discover a pond that he thought could support himself, his mate and their unborn progeny—not quite the one he would have chosen in moister times, but one he was grateful to have found at all.

He settled down in a small patch of reeds and commenced catching flies with his tongue. Exhilarating at first, in time it grew dull. The frog began to wish for larger, harder-to-catch bugs. He practiced diligently, learning to extend his tongue to unprecedented lengths and move it with extraordinary speed. Soon he was catching moths. "The pond helps those who help themselves," he murmured to his wife. "You are a prince among frogs," she replied, wondering if he would be amenable to another batch of eggs.

One day some months hence a muscular young bullfrog hopped into the reeds. He watched the old frog work for a while, admiring his technique. Then he saw the old frog glance covetously at a pair of dragonflies hovering over the reeds. "Pretty, aren't they," he remarked. "They'd speak frankly, you'll never catch them here. Now, at the pond where I was last week, things were different. No reeds. If it's dragonfly-hunting you like, you ought to look around a bit. Maybe try a new place."

The old frog was appalled. "Young frog," he said, "I am appalled. I have a family to support, and I know where there is food and where there is not. And kindly keep in mind that I am maintaining the Balance of Nature here. I use my tongue as best I can. I have been rewarded with moths. In time, I expect to be offered dragonflies."

The young frog looked puzzled. "The drought is over," he said. "There are lots of ponds around. And swamps —you should see the swamps! You'd have the time of your life. All you need to do is use your legs."

"Nonsense," said the old frog, tuning out. "Legs are for chasing a mate and, when one must, for escaping from danger. Tongues are for catching food. Fun is fun and work is work and practice makes perfect. The pond provides for its own." The young frog shrugged, flexed his hind legs, and disappeared behind a rock 20 feet away.

The old frog blinked slowly several times, then turned to his mate. "If Mother Nature had meant frogs to jump about all the time," he muttered irritably, "she wouldn't have given them tongues. Isn't that so?"

the pursuit of loneliness

THE OLD CULTURE AND THE NEW

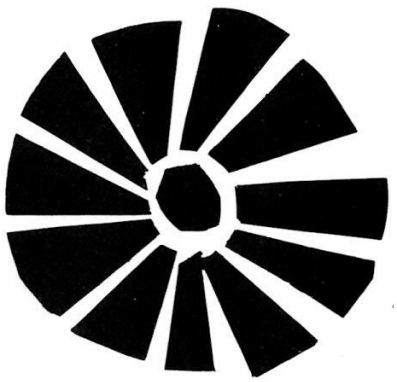
Philip E. Slater

There are an almost infinite number of polarities by means of which one can differentiate between the two cultures. The old culture, when forced to choose, tends to give preference to property rights over personal rights, technological requirements over human needs, competition over cooperation, violence over sexuality, concentration over distribution, the producer over the consumer, means over ends, secrecy over openness, social forms over personal expression, striving over gratification, Oedipal love over communal love, and so on. The new counterculture tends to reverse all of these priorities.

Now it is important to recognize that these differences cannot be resolved by some sort of compromise or "golden mean" position. Every cultural system is a dynamic whole, resting on processes that must be accelerative to be self-sustaining. Change must therefore affect the motivational roots of a society or it is not change at all. An attempt to introduce some isolated element into such a system produces cultural redefinition and absorption of the novel element if the culture is strong, and deculturation if it is susceptible. As Margaret Mead points out, to introduce cloth garments into a glass- or bark-clad population, without simultaneously introducing closets, soap, sewing, and furniture, merely transforms a neat and attractive tribe into a dirty and slovenly one. Cloth is part of a complex cultural pattern that includes storing, cleaning, mending, and protecting—just as the automobile is part of a system that includes fueling, maintenance, and repair. A fish with the lungs of a land mammal still will not survive out of water.

Imagine, for example, that we are cooperation purists attempting to remove the invidious element from a foot race. We decide, first of all, that we will award no prize to the winner, or else prizes to everyone. This, we discover, brings no reduction in competitiveness. Spectators and participants alike are still preoccupied with who won and how fast he ran relative to someone else now or in the past. We then decide to eliminate even *announcing* the winner. To our dismay we discover that our efforts have generated some new cultural forms: the runners have taken to wearing more conspicuous identifying clothing—bright-colored trunks or shirts, or names emblazoned in iridescent letters—and underground printed programs have appeared with names, physical descriptions, and other information facilitating this identification. In despair we decide to have the runners run one at a time and we keep no time records. But now we find that the sale of stopwatches has become a booming enterprise, that the underground printed programs have expanded to include voluminous statistics on past time records of participants, and that private "timing services," comparable to the rating services of the television industry, have grown up to provide definitive and instantaneous results for spectators willing to pay a nominal sum (thus does artificial deprivation facilitate enterprise).

At this point we are obliged to eliminate the start and finish lines—an innovation which arouses angry protest from both spectators and participants, who has evinced only mild grumbling over our previous efforts. "What kind of a race can it be if people begin and end wherever they like? Who will be interested in it?" To mollify their complaints and combat dwindling attendance, we reintroduce the practice of having everyone run at the same time. Before long we observe that the runners have evolved the practice of all starting to run at about the same time (although we disallow beginning at the same place), and that all of the races are being run on the circular track. The races get longer and longer, and the underground printed programs now record statistics on how many laps were run by a given runner in a given race. All races have now become longevity contests, and one goes to them equipped with a picnic basket. The newer fields, in fact, do not have bleachers, but only tables at which drinks are served, with scattered observation windows through which the curious look from time to time and report to their tables the latest news on which runners are still going. Time passes, and we are increasingly subjected to newspaper attacks concerning the corrupt state into which our efforts have fallen. With great trepidation, and in the face of enormous opposition from the ideologically apathetic masses, we inaugurate a cultural revolution and make further drastic alterations in racing rules. Runners begin and end at a signal, but there is no track, merely an open field. A runner must change direction every thirty seconds, and if he runs parallel with another runner for more than fifteen seconds he is disqualified. At first attendance falls off badly, but after a time spectators become interested in how many runners can survive a thirty-



minute race without being eliminated for a breach of these rules. Soon specific groups become so skilled at not running parallel that none of them are ever disqualified. In the meantime they begin to run a little more slowly and to elaborate intricate patterns of synchronizing their direction changes. The more gifted groups become virtuosi at moving parallel until the last split second and then diverging. The thirty-second rule becomes unnecessary as direction changes are voluntarily frequent, but the fifteen-second rule becomes a five-second one. The motions of the runners become more and more elegant, and a vast outpouring of books and articles descends from and upon the university (ever a dirty bird) to establish definitive distinctions between the race and the dance.

The first half of this parable is a reasonably accurate representation of what most liberal reform amounts to: opportunities for the existing system to flex its muscles and exercise its self-maintaining capabilities. Poverty programs put very little money into the hands of the poor because middle-class hands are so much more gifted at grasping money—they know better where it is, how to apply for it, how to divert it, how to concentrate it. That is what being middle class means, just as a race means competition. No matter how much we try to change things it somehow ends as merely a more complex, intricate, bizarre, and interesting version of what existed before. A heavily graduated income tax somehow ends by making the rich richer and the poor poorer. "Highway beautification" somehow turns into rural blight, and so on.

But there is a limit to the amount of change a system can absorb, and the second half of the parable suggests that if we persist in our efforts and finally attack the system at its motivational roots we may indeed be successful. In any case there is no such thing as "compromise"; we are either strong enough to lever the train onto a new track or it stays on the old one or it is derailed.

Thus it becomes important to discern the core motivational logic behind the old and the new cultures. Knowing this would make rational change possible—would unlock the door that leads most directly from the old to the new.* For a prolonged, unplanned collision will nullify both cultures, like bright pigments combining into gray. The transition must be as deft as possible if we are to minimize the destructive chaos that inevitably accompanies significant cultural transformations.

The core of the old culture is scarcity. Everything in it rests upon the assumption that the world does not contain the wherewithal to satisfy the needs of its human inhabitants. From this it follows that people must compete with one another for these scarce resources —lie, swindle, steal, and kill, if necessary. These basic assumptions create the danger of a "war of all against all" and must be buttressed by a series of counternorms which attempt to qualify and restrain the intensity of the struggle. Those who can take the largest share of the scarce resources are said to be "successful," and if they can do it without violating the counternorms they are said to have character and moral fibre.

The key flaw in the old culture is, of course, the fact that the scarcity is spurious—man-made in the case of bodily gratifications and man-allowed or man-maintained in the case of material goods. It now exists only for the purpose of maintaining the system that depends upon it, and its artificiality becomes more palpable each day. Americans continually find themselves in the position of having killed someone to avoid sharing a meal which turns out to be too large to eat alone.

The new culture is based on the assumption that important human needs are easily satisfied and that the resources for doing so are plentiful. Competition is unnecessary and the only danger to humans is human aggression. There is no reason outside of human perversity for peace not to reign and for life not to be spent in the cultivation of joy and beauty. Those who can do this in the face of the old culture's ubiquity are considered "beautiful."

The flaw in the new culture is the fact that the old culture has succeeded in hiding the cornucopia of satisfactions that the new assumes—that a certain amount of work is required to release the bounty that exists from the restraints under which it is now placed. Whereas the flaw in the old culture has caused it to begin to decompose, the flaw in the new culture has produced a profound schism in its ranks—a schism between activist and dropout

*This of course makes the assumption that some kind of drastic change is either desirable or inevitable. I do not believe our society can long continue on its old premises without destroying itself and everything else. Nor do I believe it can contain or resist the gathering forces of change without committing suicide in the process.

approaches to the culture as it now exists. We will return to this problem a little later.

It is important to recognize the internal logic of the old culture, however absurd its premise. If one assumes scarcity, then the knowledge that others want the same things that we have leads with some logic to preparations for defense, and, ultimately (since the best defense is offense), for attack. The same assumption leads to a high value being placed on the ability to postpone gratification (since there is not enough to go around). The expression of feelings is a luxury, since it might alert the scarce resources to the fact that the hunter is near.

The high value that is placed on restraint and coldness generates in turn another norm: that of "good taste." One can best understand the meaning of such a norm by examining what is common to those acts considered to be in violation of it, and on this basis the meaning of "good taste" is very clear. "Good taste" means tasteless in the literal sense. Any act or product which contains too much stimulus value is considered to be "in bad taste" by old-culture adherents. Since gratification is viewed as a scarce commodity, arousal is dangerous. Clothes must be drab and inconspicuous, colors of low intensity, smells nonexistent ("if it weren't for bad taste there wouldn't be no taste at all"). Sounds should be quiet, words should lack affect. Four-letter words are always in bad taste because they have high stimulus value. Satire is in bad taste if it arouses political passions or creates images that are too vivid or exciting. All direct references to sexuality are in bad taste until proven innocent, since sexual arousal is the most feared result of all. The lines in old-culture homes, furnishings, and public buildings are hard and utilitarian. Since auditory overstimulation is more familiarly painful than its visual counterpart, brilliant, intense, vibrant colors are called "loud," and the preferred colors for old-culture homes are dull and listless. Stimulation in any form leaves old-culture Americans with a "bad taste" in their mouths. This taste is the taste of desire—a reminder that life in the here-and-now contains many pleasures to distract them from the carrot dangling beyond their reach. Too much stimulation makes the carrot hard to see. Good taste is a taste for carrots.

In the past decade, however, this pattern has undergone a merciless assault from the new culture. For if we assume that gratification is easy and resources plentiful, stimulation is no longer to be feared. Psychedelic colors, amplified sound, erotic books and films, bright and elaborate clothing, spicy food, "intense" (i.e., Anglo-Saxon) words, angry and irreverent satire—all go counter to the old pattern of understimulation. Long hair and beards provide a more "tactile" appearance than the bland, shaven-and-shorn, geometric lines of the fifties. Even Edward Hall's accusation that America is a land of "olfactory blandness" (a statement any traveler will confirm) must now be qualified a little, as the smells of coffee shops, foreign cooking, and incense combine to breathe a modicum of sensation even into the olfactory sphere. (Hall is right, however, in the sense that when America is filled with intense color, music, and ornament, deodorants will be the old culture's last-ditch holdouts. It is no accident that hostility to hippies so often focuses on their olfactory humanity.) The old culture turned the volume down on emotional experience in order to concentrate on its dreams of glory, but the new culture has turned it up again.

New-culture adherents, in fact, often display symptoms of *under*sensitivity to stimuli. They say "Wow!" in response to almost everything, but in voices utterly devoid of either tension or affect. They seem in general to be more certain that desire can be gratified than it can be aroused.

This phenomenon probably owes much to early child-rearing conditions. Under ordinary circumstances a mother responds to her child's needs when they are expressed powerfully enough to distract her from other cares and activities. Mothers who overrespond to the Spockian challenge, however, often try to anticipate the child's needs. Before arousal has proceeded very far they hover about and try several possible satisfactions. Since we tend to use these early parental responses as models for the way we treat our own impulses in adulthood, some new-culture adherents find themselves moving toward gratification before need arousal is clear or compelling. Like their mothers they are not altogether clear which need they are feeling. To make matters worse they are caught in the dilemma that spontaneity automatically evaporates the moment it becomes an ideology. It is a paradox of the modern condition that only those who oppose complete libidinal freedom are capable of ever achieving it.

Another logical consequence of scarcity assumptions is structured inequality. If there is not enough to go around then those who have more will find ways to prolong their advantage, and even legitimate it through various devices. The law itself, although philosophically committed to equality, is fundamentally a social device for maintaining structured systems of inequality (defining as crimes, for example, only those forms of theft and violence in which lower class persons engage). One of the major thrusts of the new culture, on the other hand, is equality: since the good things of life are plentiful, everyone should share them: rich and poor, black and white, female and male.

It is a central characteristic of the old culture that means habitually become ends, and ends means. Instead of people working in order to obtain goods in order to be happy, for example, we find that people should be made happy in order to work better in order to obtain more goods, and so on. Inequality, originally a consequence of scarcity, is now a means of creating artificial scarcities. For in the old culture, as we have seen, the manufacture of scarcity is the principal activity. Hostile comments of old-culture adherents toward new-culture forms ("people won't want to work if they can get things for nothing," "people won't want to get married if they can get it free") often reveal this preoccupation. Scarcity, the presumably undesired but unavoidable foundation for the whole old-culture edifice, has now become its most treasured and sacred value, and to maintain this value in the midst of plenty it has been necessary to establish invidiousness as the foremost criterion of worth. Old-culture Americans are peculiarly drawn to anything that seems to be the exclusive possession of some group or other, and find it difficult to enjoy anything they themselves have unless they can be sure that there are people to whom this pleasure is denied.

For those in power even life itself derives its value invidiously: amid the emptiness and anesthesia of a power-oriented career many officials derive reassurance of their vitality from their proximity to the possibility of blowing up the world.

The centrality of invidiousness offers a strong barrier to the diffusion of social justice and equality. But it provides a *raison d'etre* for the advertising industry, whose primary function is to manufacture illusions of scarcity. In a society engorged to the point of strangulation with useless and joyless products, advertisements show people calamitously running out of their food or beer, avidly hoarding potato chips, stealing each other's cigarettes, guiltily borrowing each other's deodorants, and so on. In a land of plenty there is little to fight over, but in the world of advertising images, men and women will fight before changing their brand, in a kind of parody of the Vietnam war.

The fact that property takes precedence over human life in the old culture also follows logically from scarcity assumptions. If possessions are scarce relative to people, they come to have more value than people. This is especially true of people with few possessions, who come to be considered so worthless as to be subhuman and hence eligible for extermination. Many possessions, on the other hand, entitle the owner to a status somewhat more than human. But as a society becomes more affluent these priorities begin to change —human life increases in value and property decreases. New-culture adherents challenge the high relative value placed on property, although the old priority still permeates the society's normative structure. It is still considered permissible, for example, to kill someone who is stealing your property under certain conditions. This is especially true if that person is without property himself—a wealthy kleptomaniac (in contrast to a poor black looter) would probably be worth a murder trial if killed while stealing.*

A recent sign of the shift in values was the *Pueblo* courtmartial. While the Navy, standing firmly behind old-culture priorities, argued that the Commander of the spy ship should have sacrificed the lives of ninety men to prevent the loss of "expensive equipment" to the enemy, the public at large supported his having put human life first. Much of the intense legal upheaval visible today—expressed most noticeably in the glare of publicity that now attaches to the activities of the U.S. Supreme Court—derives from the attempt to adapt an old-culture legal system to the changing priorities that render it obsolete.

It would not be difficult to show how the other characteristics of the old culture are based on the same scarcity assumptions, or to trace out in detail the derivation of the new culture from the premise that life's satisfactions exist in abundance and sufficiency for all. Let us instead look more closely at the relationship that the new culture bears to the old—the continuities and discontinuities that it offers—and explore some of the contradictions it holds within itself.

First of all it should be stressed that affluence and economic security are not in themselves responsible for the new culture. The rich, like the poor, have always been with us to some degree, but the new culture has not. What is significant in the new culture is not a celebration of economic affluence but a rejection of its foundation. The new culture is concerned with rejecting the artificial scarcities upon which material abundance is based. It argues that instead of throwing away one's body so that one can accumulate material artifacts, one should throw away the artifacts and enjoy one's body. The new culture is not merely blindly reactive, however, but embodies a sociological consciousness. In this consciousness lies the key insight that possessions actually generate scarcity. The more emotion one invests in them the more chances for significant gratification are lost—the more committed to them one becomes the more deprived one feels, like a thirsty man drinking salt water. To accumulate possessions is to deliver pieces of oneself to dead things. Possessions can absorb an emotional cathexis, but unlike personal relationships they feed nothing back. Americans have combined the proliferation of possessions with the disruptive, circumscriptive, and trivialization of most personal relationships. An alcoholic becomes malnourished because drinking obliterates his hunger. Americans become unhappy and vicious because their preoccupation with amasing possessions obliterates their loneliness. This is why production in America seems to be on such an endless upward spiral: every time we buy something we deepen our emotional deprivation and hence our need to buy something. This is good for business, of course, but those who profit most from this process are just as trapped in the general deprivation as everyone else. The new-culture adherents are thus not merely affluent—they are trying to substitute an adequate emotional diet for a crippling addiction.

The new culture is nevertheless a product of the old, not merely a rejection of it. It picks up themes latent or dormant or subordinate in the old and magnifies them. The hippie movement, for example, is brimming with nostalgia —a nostalgia peculiarly American and shared by old-culture adherents. This nostalgia embraces the Old West, Amerindian culture, the wilderness, the simple life, the utopian community—all venerable American traditions. But for the old culture they represent a subordinate, ancillary aspect of the culture, appropriate for recreational occasions or fantasy representation—a kind of pastoral relief from everyday striving—whereas for the new culture they are dominant themes. The new culture's passion for memorabilia, paradoxically, causes uneasiness in old-culture adherents, whose future-oriented invidiousness leads to a desire to sever themselves from the past. Yet for the most part it is a question of the new culture making the old culture's secondary themes primary, rather than simply seeking to discard the old culture's primary theme. Even the notion of "dropping out" is an important American tradition—neither the United States itself nor its populous suburbs would exist were this not so.

Americans have always been deeply ambivalent about the issue of social involvement. On the one hand they are suspicious of it and share deep romantic fantasies of withdrawal to a simple pastoral or even sylvan life. On the other hand they are much given to acting out grandiose fantasies of taking

*A more trivial example can be found in the old culture's handling of noise control. Police are called to prevent distraction by the joyous noises of laughter and song, but not to stop the harsh and abrasive roar of power saws, air hammers, power mowers, snow blowers, and other baneful machines.

society by storm, through the achievement of wealth, power, or fame. This ambivalence has led to many strange institutions—the suburb and the automobile being the most obvious. But note that both fantasies express the viewpoint of an outsider. Americans have a profound tendency to feel like outsiders—they wonder where the action is and wander about in search of it (this puts an enormous burden on celebrities, who are supposed to know, but in fact feel just as doubtful as everyone else). Americans have created a society in which they are automatically nobodies, since no one has any stable place or enduring connection. The village idiot of earlier times was less a "nobody" in this sense than the mobile junior executive or academic. An American has to "make a place for himself" because he does not have one.

Since the society rests on scarcity assumptions, involvement in it has always meant competitive involvement, and, curiously enough, the theme of bucolic withdrawal has often associated itself with that of cooperative, communal life. So consistently, in fact, have intentional communities established themselves in the wilderness that one can only infer that society as we know it makes cooperative life impossible.

Be that as it may, it is important to remember that the New England colonies grew out of utopian communes, so that the dropout tradition is not only old but extremely important to our history. Like so many of the more successful nineteenth century utopian communities (Oneida and Amana, for example) the puritans became corrupted by involvement in successful economic enterprise and the communal aspect was eroded away—another example of a system being destroyed by what it attempts to ignore. The new culture is thus a kind of reform movement, attempting to revive a decayed tradition once important to our civilization.

In stressing these continuities between the new culture and the American past, I do not mean to imply a process unique to our society. One of the most basic characteristics of all successful social systems—indeed, perhaps all living matter as well—is that they include devices that serve to keep alive alternatives that are antithetical to their dominant emphases, as a kind of hedge against change. These latent alternatives usually persist in some encapsulated and imprisoned form ("break glass in case of fire"), such as myths, festivals, or specialized roles. Fanatics continually try to expunge these circumscribed contradictions, but when they succeed it is often fatal to the society. For, as Lewis Mumford once pointed out, it is the "laxity, corruption, and disorder" in a system that makes it viable, considering the contradictory needs that all social systems must satisfy. Such latent alternatives are priceless treasures and must be carefully guarded against loss. For a new cultural pattern does not emerge out of nothing—the seed must already be there, like the magic tricks of wizards and witches in folklore, who can make an ocean out of a drop of water, a palace out of a stone, a forest out of a blade of grass, but nothing out of nothing. Many peoples keep alive a tradition of a golden age, in which a totally different social structure existed. The Judeo-Christian God, patriarchal and omnipotent, has served in matrifocal cultures to keep alive the concept of a strong and protective paternal figure in the absence of real-life examples. Jesters kept alive a wide variety of behavior patterns amid the stilted and restrictive formality of royal courts. The specialized effeminate roles that one finds in many warrior cultures are not merely a refuge for those who fail to succeed in the dominant pattern—they are also a living reminder that the rigid "protest masculinity" that prevails is not the only conceivable kind of behavior for a male. And conversely, the warrior ethos is maintained in a peaceful society or era by means of a military cadre or reserve system.

These phenomena are equivalent to (and in literate cultures tend increasingly to be replaced by) written records of social practices. They are like a box of seldom-used tools, or a trunk of old costumes awaiting the proper period-play. Suddenly the environment changes, the tolerated eccentric becomes a prophet, the clown a dancing-master, the doll an idol, the idol a doll. The elements have not changed, only the arrangement and the emphases have changed. Every revolution is in part a revival.

Sometimes societal ambivalence is so marked that the latent pattern is retained in a form almost as elaborated as the dominant one. Our society, for example, is one of the most mobile (geographically, at least) ever known; yet, unlike other nomadic cultures it makes little allowance for this fact in its patterns of material accumulation. Our homes are furnished as if we intended to spend the rest of our lives in them, instead of moving every few years. This perhaps represents merely a kind of technological neurosis—a yearning for stability expressed in a technological failure to adapt. Should Americans ever settle down, however, they will find little to do in the way of readjusting their household furnishing habits.

Ultimately it seems inevitable that Americans must either abandon their nomadic habits (which seems unlikely) or moderate their tendency to invest their libido exclusively in material possessions (an addiction upon which the economy relies rather heavily). The new culture is of course pushing hard to realize the second alternative, and if it is successful one might anticipate a trend toward more simply furnished dwellings in which all but the most portable and decorative items are permanent installations. In such a case we might like or dislike a sofa or bed or dresser, but would have no more personal involvement with it than we now do with a stove, furnace, or garage. We would possess, cathect, feel as a part of us, only a few truly personal and portable items.

This tendency of human societies to keep alternative patterns alive has many biological analogues. One of these is *neoteny*—the evolutionary process in which foetal or juvenile characteristics are retained in the adult animal. Body characteristics that have long had only transitional relevance are exploited in response to altered environmental circumstances (thus many human features resemble foetal traits of apes). I have not chosen this example at random, for much of the new culture is implicitly and explicitly "neotenous" in a cultural sense: behavior, values, and life-styles formerly seen as appropriate only to childhood are being retained into adult-

hood as a counterforce to the old culture.

I pointed out earlier, for example, that children are taught a set of values in earliest childhood — cooperation, sharing, equalitarianism—which they begin to unlearn as they enter school, wherein competition, invidiousness, status differentiation, and ethnocentrism prevail. By the time they enter adult life children are expected to have largely abandoned the value assumptions with which their social lives began. But for affluent, protected, middle-class children this process is slowed down, while intellectual development is speeded up, so that the earlier childhood values can become integrated into a conscious, adult value system centered around social justice. The same is true of other characteristics of childhood: spontaneity, hedonism, candor, playfulness, use of the senses for pleasure rather than utility, and so on. The protective, child-oriented, middle-class family allows the child to preserve some of these qualities longer than is possible under more austere conditions, his intellectual precocity makes it possible for him to integrate them into an ideological system with which he can confront the corrosive, life-abusing tendencies of the old culture.

When these neotenous characteristics become manifest to old-culture adherents the effect is painfully disturbing, for they vibrate feelings and attitudes that are very old and very deep, although long and harshly stifled. Old-culture adherents have learned to reject all this, but since the learning antedated intellectual maturity they have no coherent ideological framework within which such a rejection can be consciously understood and thoughtfully endorsed. They are deeply attracted and acutely revolted at the same time. They can neither resist their fascination nor control their antipathy. This is exemplified by the extravagant curiosity that hippie communes attract, and by the harassment that so often extinguishes them. It is usually necessary in such situations for the rote-learned abhorrence to discharge itself in persecutory activity before the more positive responses can be released. This was true in the case of the early Chistians in Rome, with whom contemporary hippies are often compared (both were communal, utopian, mystical, dropouts, unwashed; both were viewed as dangerous, masochistic, ostentatious, the cause of their own troubles; both existed in societies in which the exclusive pursuit of material advantages had reached some kind of dead end), and seems equally true today. The absorption of this persecution is part of the process through which the latent values that the oppressed group protects and nurtures are expropriated by the majority and released into the mainstream of the culture.

Up to this point we have (rather awkwardly) discussed the new culture as if it were an integrated, monolithic pattern, which is certainly very far from the case. There are many varied and contradictory streams feeding the new culture, and some of these deserve particular attention, since they provide the raw material for future axes of conflict.

The most glaring split in the new culture is that which separates militant activism from the traits we generally associate with the hippie movement. The first strand stresses political confrontation, revolutionary action, radical commitment to the process of changing the basic structure of modern industrial society. The second involves a renunciation of that society in favor of the cultivation of inner experience and pleasing internal feeling-states. Heightening of sensory receptivity, commitment to the immediate present, and tranquil acceptance of the physical environment are sought in contradistinction to old-culture ways, in which the larger part of one's immediate experience is overlooked or grayed out by the preoccupation with utility, future goals, and external mastery. Since, in the old culture, experience is classified before it is felt, conceptualization tends here to be forsworn altogether. There is also much emphasis on aesthetic expression and an overarching belief in the power of love.

This division is a crude one, and there are, of course, many areas of overlap. Both value systems share an antipathy to the old culture, both share beliefs in sexual freedom and personal autonomy. Some groups (the Yippies, in particular) have tried with some success to bridge the gap in a variety of interesting ways. But there is nonetheless an inherent contradiction between them. Militant activism is task-oriented, and hence partakes of certain old-culture traits such as postponement of gratification, preoccupation with power, and so on. To be a competent revolutionary one must possess a certain tolerance for the "Protestant Ethic" virtues, and the activists' moral code is a stern one indeed. The hippie ethic, on the other hand, is a "salvation now" approach. It is thus more radical, since it remains relatively uncontaminated with old-culture values. It is also far less realistic, since it ignores the fact that the existing culture provides a totally antagonistic milieu in which the hippie movement must try to survive in a state of highly vulnerable parasitic dependence. The activists can reasonably say that the flower people are absurd to pretend that the revolution has already occurred, for such pretense leads only to severe victimization by the old culture. The flower people can reasonably retort that a revolution based to so great a degree on old-culture premises is lost before it is begun, for even if the militants are victorious they will have been corrupted by the process of winning.

The dilemma is a very real one and arises whenever radical change is sought. For every social system attempts to exercise the most rigid control over the mechanisms by which it can be altered—defining some as legitimate and others as criminal or disloyal. When we examine the characteristics of legitimate and nonlegitimate techniques, however, we find that the "legitimate" ones involve a course of action requiring a sustained commitment to the core assumptions of the culture. In other words, if the individual follows the "legitimate" pathway there is a very good chance that his initial radical intent will be eroded in the process. If he feels that some fundamental change in the system is required, then, he has a choice between following a path that subverts his goal or one that leads him to be jailed as a criminal or traitor.

This process is not a Machiavellian invention of American capitalists, but rather a mechanism which all viable social systems must evolve spontaneously in order to protect themselves from instability. When the system as it stands is no longer viable, however, the mechanism must be exposed for the

swindle that it is; otherwise the needed radical changes will be rendered ineffectual.

The key to the mechanism is the powerful human reluctance to admit that an achieved goal was not worth the unpleasant experience required to achieve it. This is the basic principle underlying initiation rituals: "if I had to suffer so much pain and humiliation to get into this club it must be a wonderful organization." The evidence of thousands of years is that the mechanism works extremely well. Up to some point, for example, war leaders can count on high casualties to increase popular commitment to military adventures.

Thus when a political leader says to a militant, "why don't you run for political office (get a haircut, dress conservatively, make deals, do the dirty work for your elders) and try to change the system in that way"—or the teacher says to the student, "wait until you have your Ph.D. (M.D., LL.B.) and then you can criticize our program," or the white man says to the black man, "when you begin to act like us you'll receive the same opportunities we do" —there is a serious subterfuge involved (however unconscious it may be) in that the protester, if he accepts the condition, will in most cases be automatically converted by it to his opponent's point of view.

The dilemma of the radical, then, is that he is likely to be corrupted if he fights the *status quo* on its own terms, but is not permitted to fight it in any other way. The real significance of the New Left is that it has discovered, in the politics of confrontation, as near a solution to this dilemma as can be found: it is always a bit problematic whether the acts of the new militants are "within the system" or not, and substantial headway can be made in the resulting confusion.

Yet even here the problem remains: if an activist devotes his life to altering the power structure, will he not become like old-culture adherents—utilitarian, invidious, scarcity-oriented, future-centered, and so on? Having made the world safe for flower people will he be likely to relinquish it to them? "You tell me it's the institution," object the Beatles, "you'd better free your mind instead." But what if all the freed minds are in jail?

The dilemma is particularly clear for in rediscovering and celebrating those characteristics which seem most distinctively black and in sharpest contrast to white Western culture: black expressiveness, creativity, sensuality, and spontaneity being opposed to white constrictedness, rigidity, frigidity, bustle, and hypocrisy. For these blacks, to make too great a commitment to the power game is to forsake one's blackness. Power is a white hangup. Yet the absence of power places rather severe limits on the ability of blacks to realize their blackness or anything else.

There is no way to resolve this dilemma, and indeed, it is probably better left unresolved. In a revolutionary situation one needs discipline and unity of purpose, which, however, leads to all kinds of abuses when the goal is won. Discipline and unity become ends in themselves (after the old-culture pattern) and the victory becomes an empty one. It is therefore of great importance to have the envisioned revolutionary goals embodied in a group culture of some kind, with which the acts of those in power can be compared. In the meantime the old culture is subject to a two-pronged attack: a direct assault from activists—unmasking its life-destroying proclivities, its corruption, its futility and pointlessness, its failure to achieve any of its objectives—and an indirect assault by the expansion of expressive countercultures beyond a tolerable (i.e., freak) size.

Closely related to the activist-hippie division is the conflict over the proper role of aggression in the new culture. Violence is a major theme in the old culture and most new-culture adherents view human aggression with deep suspicion. Nonviolence has been the dominant trend in both the activist and hippie segments of the new culture until recently. But more and more activists have become impatient with the capacity of the old culture to strike the second cheek with even more enthusiasm than the first, and have endorsed violence under certain conditions as a necessary evil.

For the activists the issue has been practical rather than ideological: most serious and thoughtful activists have only a tactical commitment to violence. For the dropout ideologues, however, aggression poses a difficult problem: if they seek to minimize the artifical constriction of emotional expression, how can they be consistently loving and resolved by ignoring it: the love cult typically represses aggressive feelings ruthlessly—the body is paramount only so long as it is a loving body.

At the moment the old culture is so fanatically absorbed in violence that it does the work for everyone. If the new culture should prevail, however, the problem of human aggression would probably be its principal bone of contention. Faced with the persistence of aggressiveness (even in the absence of the old culture's exaggerated violence-inducing institutions), the love cult will be forced to reexamine its premises, and opt for some combination of expression and restraint that will restore human aggression to its rightful place as a natural, though secondary, human emotion.

A third split in the new culture is the conflict between individualism and collectivism. On this question the new culture talks out of both sides of its mouth, one moment pitting ideals of cooperation and community against old-culture competitiveness, the next moment espousing the old culture in its most extreme form with exhortations to "do your own thing." I am not arguing that individualism need to be totally extirpated in order to make community possible, but new-culture enterprises often collapse because of a dogmatic unwillingness to subordinate the whim of the individual to the needs of the group. This problem is rarely faced honestly by new-culture adherents, who seem unaware of the conservatism involved in their attachment to individualistic principles.

It is always disastrous to attempt to eliminate any structural principle altogether; but if the balance between individualistic and collective emphases in America is not altered, everything in the new culture will be perverted and caricatured into simply another bizarre old-culture product. There must be continuities between the old and the new, but these cannot extend to the relative weights assigned to core motivational principles. The new culture seeks to create a tolerable society within the context of persistent American strivings—utopianism, the pursuit of happiness. But nothing will change until individualism is assigned a subordinate place in the American value system—for individualism lies at the core of the old culture, and a prepotent individualism is not a viable foundation for

from *Culture and Commitment,* Introduction

MARGARET MEAD

An essential and extraordinary aspect of man's present state is that, at this moment in which we are approaching a world-wide culture and the possibility of becoming fully aware citizens of the world in the late twentieth century, we have simultaneously available to us for the first time examples of the ways men have lived at every period over the last fifty thousand years: primitive hunters and fishermen; people who have only digging sticks to cultivate their meager crops; people living in cities that are still ruled in theocratic and monarchical style; peasants who live as they have lived for a thousand years, encapsulated and walled off from urban cultures; peoples who have lost their ancient and complex cultures to take up simple, crude, proletarian existences in the new; and peoples who have left thousands of years of one kind of culture to enter the modern world, with none of the intervening steps. At the time that a New Guinea native looks at a pile of yams and pronounces them "a lot" because he cannot count them, teams at Cape Kennedy calculate the precise second when an Apollo mission must change its course if it is to orbit around the moon. In Japan, sons in the thirteenth generation of potters who make a special ceremonial pot are still forbidden to touch a potter's wheel or work on other forms of pottery. In some places old women search for herbs and mutter spells to relieve the fears of pregnant girls, while elsewhere research laboratories outline the stages in reproductivity that must each be explored for better contraceptives. Armies of twenty savage men go into the field to take one more victim from a people they have fought for five hundred years, and international assemblies soberly assay the vast destructiveness of nuclear weapons. Some fifty thousand years of our history lie spread out before us, accessible, for this brief moment in time, to our simultaneous inspection.

This is a situation that has never occurred before in human history and, by its very nature, can never occur in this way again. It is because the entire planet is accessible to us that we can know that there are no people anywhere about whom we might know but do not. One mystery has been resolved for us forever as it applies to earth, and future explorations must take place among the planets and the stars. We have the means of reaching all of earth's diverse peoples and we have the concepts that make it possible for us to understand them, and they now share in a world-wide, technologically propagated culture, within which they are able to listen as well as to talk to us. For the one-sided explorations of the early anthropologist who recorded the strange kinship systems of alien peoples, to whom he himself was utterly unintelligible, we now can substitute open-ended conversations, conducted under shared skies, when airplanes fly over the most remote mountains, and primitive people can tune in transistor radios or operate tape recorders in the most remote parts of the world. The past culture of complex civilizations is largely inaccessible to the technologically simplest peoples of the world. They know nothing of three thousand years of Chinese civilization, or of the great civilizations of the Middle East, or of the tradition of Greece and Rome from which modern science has grown. The step from their past to our present is condensed, but they share one world with us, and their desire for all that new technology and new forms of organization can bring, now serves as a common basis for communication.

This has happened while many other things have been happening in the world. The old colonial empires have broken up. Countries with a dozen college graduates have become nations, and peoples newly joined together politically demand to be heard as nations. The voiceless and the oppressed in every part of the world have begun to demand more power. Fourth-grade children conduct sit-ins and undergraduates claim the right to choose their professors. A profound disturbance is occurring in the relationships between the strong and the weak, the possessors and the dispossessed, elder and younger, and those who have knowledge and skill and those who lack them. The secure belief that those who knew had authority over those who did not has been shaken.

Profound as these changes are, I do not think we would have found it easy to bring into our councils the full contribution of members of exotic and primitive cultures, if at the same time a world-wide culture had not been developing.

Are we to face a new situation, confronted simultaneously by what is happening all over the world? For today we can visit a Shriners' hospital for burned children and find there the extraordinary beauty and devotion of a whole team of highly trained doctors and nurses who dedicate thousands of hours to the care of a badly burned child, patiently regrafting skin and remodeling features to give to a brave and optimistic child a semblance of what he might have been. Such single-minded devotion to recovery, to remade skin, and to simulated hands, gives one an extraordinary hope for the future. We see, however, that in that same hospital another child who has no capacity for such optimism and who faces with despair his future as a deformed and mutilated creature is still forced to live, ingenuously and lovingly wooed back to life and partial functioning by the same system that saves his optimistic

little roommate. When we realize that those who have given money and time and skill to make such miracles possible are citizens, and in most cases not actively dissenting citizens, of a country engaged each day in a war in which more children are burned with napalm than such hospitals save in a year, one's heart falters. Are we trapped, one is forced to ask? Are we trapped, not by a set of immutable instincts which determine that we will always in all cases turn to aggression and exploitation of others whenever we are strong enough—or, to quote an equally persuasive theory, whenever we are too weak? But are we trapped instead within a set of inventions called civilization that is now so well supported by technology and population expansion that we must follow a predetermined course to destruction, just as all the earlier civilizations did, but this time on a planetary scale which will end the history of the inhabitants of Terra of Sol?

I believe that the reason we can look at all the great civilizations of the past and at the successive stages in the history of our own era as a succession of repetitive traps is that *we do not know enough about them.* It is upon great historic emptinesses—the lives of unknown peoples lived out within high-standing broken walls now in ruins, the songs sung to infants that we cannot reconstruct, and the lives of the unsung poor and dispossessed who left no records at all—that the human imagination can project its fantasies and its despair. In history as in science, the grand design without the detail shakes belief and trust to the core. The first understanding of Darwinian theory aroused only anguish in those who trusted their God, and justified a dog-eat-dog social theory in those who did not.

Every detailed exploration of the mechanisms of survival—of the delicate adjustments that permit many brightly colored creatures to live crowded together in distinctive niches in the tropical seas, and less specialized creatures to move from one habitat to another—modulates the original response of the sensitive to the idea of the survival of the fittest. For the theory of a death instinct in lemmings or rabbits, we can substitute the delicate responses of their enzyme systems to conditions of overcrowding or shortage of food.

Each view of the world, in a crude overstatement of theory, has led us into one trap after another as we have seen human society as a sanctioned analogue of nature red in tooth and claw, or the universe as a machine that man can learn to control, or man himself as a machine-like mechanism that can soon be manufactured in large replicated quantities. But the next advances in theory, the use of new instruments, and finer methods of observation and analysis have transformed these crude exploitative ideas and the complementary despair that they arouse in the sensitive into new levels of complexity.

From the other side of the gap, some honest advice might help.

"WHAT ADVICE WOULD YOU GIVE TO THE YOUNG COLLEGE STUDENTS OF TODAY WHO ARE WONDERING WHAT COMMITMENTS TO MAKE AND HOW TO USE THEIR TIME AND ENERGY?"

This is going to sound so square . . . I who hoped never to be called that . . . but the only thing I know that finally works toward making things better with yourself or with the world is to go to work . . . hard, gruelling work . . . and that, my dear young friend, will get you whatever you want. I have always taken the self-improvement route—because it's so handy . . . you don't have to get anybody else's cooperation! . . . and have found by moving from better to better job, with more and more money, and finally more power and more prestige you are then POW . . . in a position to use those last three commodities toward improving something considerably beyond yourself. I don't mean that you are not compassionate about and interested and involved in the causes of society all your life but I say your protesting and righting of the wrongs will be more effectual when you speak from strength . . . when you are somebody. (Margaret Mead, Norman Mailer, John Lindsay have considerable more impact speaking from their present platform than if they were merely dedicated unknowns). To achieve the kind of impact I'm talking about you work harder, longer and stronger than other people . . . there are no nine to five jobs for you. There are no really effectual people who do not put in a longer day than other people. That's about it.

What Students Can Do Senator J. W. Fulbright

I am aware of the skepticism young people may feel when they are called upon to respect their country's institutions. They have seen these institutions misused and even corrupted in too many instances in recent years. Some of us in the Senate have shared that experience.

If many of our young people feel contempt for their country's institutions, it must be admitted that an example was set for them on the highest level. No one, however, is under any obligation to follow that example. We can, if we wish, undertake to restore the integrity of American democracy rather than compound the problem, as some liberals have done, by bestowing their benedictions on violence and disorder. To my mind it makes no sense at all, when we see our democratic institutions misused, to decide that we might as well go on to finish the job by destroying the institutions altogether.

Although the campus dissent and rebellion against the structured order of our system which characterized the Vietnam war era has vanished, there remains an even greater undercurrent of frustration and disenchantment which is being manifested in an antithetical manner. Where open opposition and involvement outside the system were the characteristics of that era, post-Watergate alienation has adopted the apathetic form of the late 50s. Students are covering themselves with a blanket of carefree self-interest, pursuing individual goals, disinvolving themselves from public awareness.

If exhortations to work hard, maintain patience, and work within the system were sound advice in the past, they are doubly so today. Now more than ever, if I may employ that phrase, young people must realize that it is essential to devote their intelligence, talents, and creativity to public service, seeking new directions and making those desperately needed changes within the system that they have sought to bring about outside the system in the past.

With kindest regards and best wishes, I am

Sincerely yours,

More than any time in our Nation's history, students are expressing concern and even contempt for decisions which have been made by our country's leaders—decisions that vitally affect young people. And never before have we looked to our young people with higher respect and expectation. As my brother, Senator Robert Kennedy, said, . . . "we may not approve of every student movement or agree with every expression of concern, but the important thing is that our young people now care and care deeply, and will be better citizens tomorrow for their involvement of today".

And so, involvement is a key word—it is a word of action and not passive acceptance. It is a word of concern and commitment and not dispair and apathy. But involvement must be rooted in a desire to bring about change in a non-violent and orderly way. If involvement leads to irrational spontaneous action, it defeats itself. I know that the slow pace of progress and of much-needed changes in our society is frustrating, but time is on the side of our young people, and with dedication, intelligent and involved commitment, your generation will succeed in assuring for all our citizens a life of dignity and a guarantee of social justice. This was the dream of our founding fathers, and this is still the dream—and hope—and goal—of all Americans.

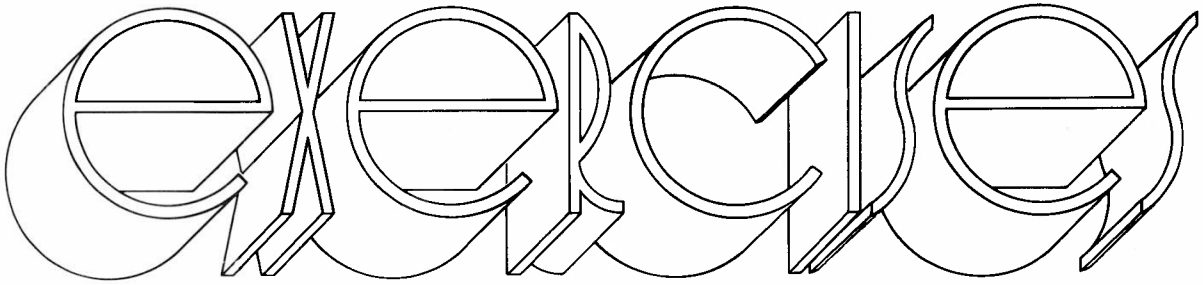
Sincerely,

Edward M. Kennedy

There was a day, but it is past now, and is likely to be forever behind us, when social units were small enough to permit the individual an effective withdrawal from the life of the community. . . . Politics, it has been said, is the preoccupation of the quarter-educated, and I do most solidly endorse that observation, and therefore curse this century above all things for its having given all sentient beings very little alternative to occupying themselves with politics. It is very well to say that we will ignore the Great Society. But will the Great Society repay us our courtesy by ignoring us? How is it possible, therefore, for a man sensitive to the sufferings of others to devote himself wholly to his and his family's private concerns?

No such freedom exists nowadays, which is the exclusive reason, surely, to deplore this century's most distinctive aggression, which is against privacy, publicly understood. Move your ashtray from here to there, and in this century there are vibrations born that rattle the bones of other men far, far away. Fail to bestir yourself in foreign policy, and you fail to bring hope to desperate people. Decline to talk back to the editor of your newspaper, and you will find before long that he is reaching into your very living room to regulate the temperature of your life. Students who accept passively the strictures of their textbooks will find that they are indulging not abstract arguments relating to other people in other times, but terribly concrete arguments binding on their own life and their own thought. Mr. Norman Mailer can counsel us to an existentialist permissiveness; but soon we recognize that thrill-seeking is a tedious, strategic substitute for the headier pleasures of duty and restraint, of order and peace, of self-discipline and self-cultivation. Mr. Jack Kerouac and his apostles at Haight-Ashbury and Millbrook, New York, can counsel us to go on the road and to drop out and anesthetize our senses; but to do that is right away to acknowledge that we are refugees, seeking the privacy of the Flying Dutchman. . . .

Wm. F. Buckley, Jr.



HAND LANGUAGE

: *typing paper and pencils.*

is to design a hand language for a specific field ory of activity. Each student selects his or her egory (i.e., football, traffic direction, etc.) and igns 25 different hand signals which would in- saying, phrase or command within that category. test of the success of the exercise is to have the perform the signals to see if a system of effective ication has been devised.

THE VELVETEEN RABBIT" BY M. BIANCO

ONE MINUTE CAMERA

materials: *8mm film and camera, projector and screen.*

The student is given one minute to perform without props of any kind before the camera. He or she can do whatever comes to mind without going off-camera. Jump, make faces, cover face with hands, appeal, mimic or pantomime. The screening is done in continuous montage without breaks and can be projected with accompanying music or sound effects.

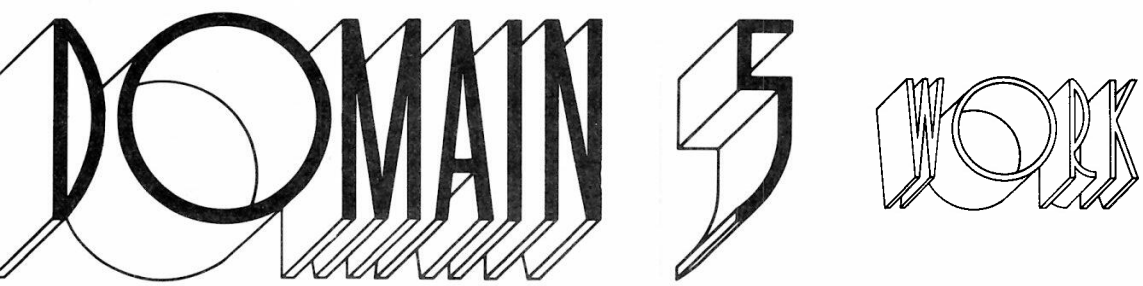
SEE: *"a movie"* (*film by* BRUCE CONNER)

SLANTED LANGUAGE

Selections in this category are similar to those given as examples of commitment. Slanted language, however, is the term used for pieces that seem to be cliche-ridden or which are so clearly biased that one could label them as this particular aspect of argumentation.

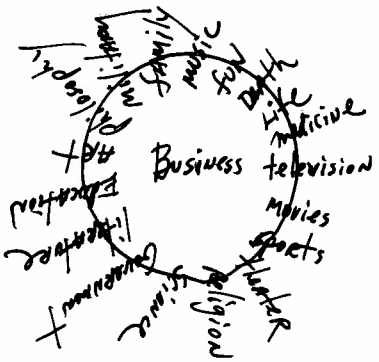
1) Use one of the pieces in the slanted-language category as the basis for a paper analyzing some of the various appeals used to influence your thinking on the topic. Be sure to include examples of the way connotation and word choice indicate the writer's bias.

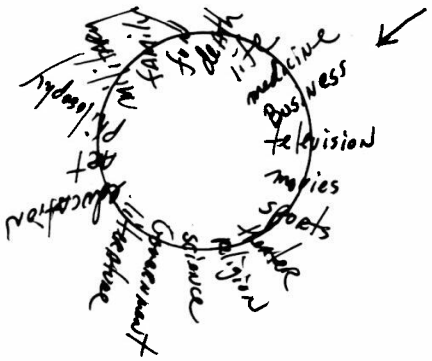
2) Choose the piece you consider most biased and counter it with one of your own that is reasonable; or, in a longer paper, contrast the selected piece with one from the Commitment section.


DOMAIN
WORK

Work.
What's it all about?
It's the real world.

Some of us enjoy it.
Many of us don't.





Business should be a part of living, not the center of it.

ANT STAMPED AS LAZY, VAIN

BERKELEY (UPI) — Science finally has caught up with ants. They're lazy—not busy, industrious workers.

Dr. George Wheeler, University of California entomologist, declared yesterday that "individual ants spend a great deal of time just loafing.

"And, worse than that, the worker ants, who all are females, spend a lot of time primping," he added after research at the school's desert research center.

You can't eat for eight hours a day nor drink for eight hours a day nor make love for eight hours a day—all you can do for eights hours is work. Which is the reason why man makes himself and everybody else so miserable and unhappy.

William Faulkner

"That's the stuff that gets us up early in the morning and makes us go to bed before the 'Late Show,' Harold."

Drawing by Stan Hunt; © 1970 The New Yorker Magazine, Inc.

A Hard Day's Night

The Beatles

It's been a hard day's night,
And I've been working like a dog,
It's been a hard day's night,
I should be sleeping like a log,
But when I get home to you,
I find the thing that you do,
Will make me feel alright.
You know I work all day,
To get you money to buy you things,
And it's worth it just to hear you say,
You're gonna give me ev'rything,
So why on earth should I moan,
'Cos when I get you alone,
You know I feel okay.
When I'm home ev'rything seems to be right,
When I'm home feeling you holding me tight, tight, yeh.
It's been a hard day's night,
And I've been working like a dog,

It's been a hard day's night,
I should be sleeping like a log,
But when I get home to you,
I find the things that you do,
Will make me feel alright.
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I should be sleeping like a log,
But when I get home to you,
I find the things that you do,
Will make me feel alright.
You know I feel alright.
You know I feel alright.

Whether our tasks are voluntary or involuntary may have something to do with our enjoying work.

Abasement, n. A decent and customary mental attitude in the presence of wealth and power. Peculiarly appropriate in an employee when addressing an

And what is it like to lose your work?

QUALITY *John Galsworthy*

I KNEW HIM from the days of my extreme youth, because he made my father's boots; inhabiting with his elder brother two little shops let into one, in a small by-street—now no more, but then most fashionably placed in the West End.

That tenement had a certain quiet distinction; there was no sign upon its face that he made for any of the Royal Family—merely his own German name of Gessler Brothers; and in the window a few pairs of boots. I remember that it always troubled me to account for those unvarying boots in the window, for he made only what was ordered, reaching nothing down, and it seemed so inconceivable that what he made could ever have failed to fit. Had he bought them to put there? That, too, seemed inconceivable. He would never have tolerated in his house leather on which he had not worked himself. Besides, they were too beautiful—the pair of pumps, so inexpressibly slim, the patent leathers with cloth tops, making water come into one's mouth, the tall brown riding-boots with marvellous sooty glow, as if, though new, they had been worn a hundred years. Those pairs could only have been made by one who saw before him the Soul of Boot—so truly were they prototypes incarnating the very spirit of all footgear. These thoughts, of course, came to me later, though even when I was promoted to him, at the age of perhaps fourteen, some inkling haunted me of the dignity of himself and brother. For to make boots—such boots as he made—seemed to me then, and still seems to me, mysterious and wonderful.

I remember well my shy remark, one day, while stretching out to him my youthful foot:

"Isn't it awfully hard to do, Mr. Gessler?"

And his answer, given with a sudden smile from out of the sardonic redness of his beard: "Id is an Ardt!"

Himself, he was a little as if made from leather, with his yellow crinkly face, and crinkly reddish hair and beard, and neat folds slanting down his cheeks to the corners of his mouth, and his guttural and one-toned voice; for leather is a sardonic substance, and stiff and slow of purpose. And that was the character of his face, save that his eyes, which were grey-blue, had in them the simple gravity of one secretly possessed by the Ideal. His elder brother was so very like him—though watery, paler in every way, with a great industry—that sometimes in early days I was not quite sure of him until the interview was over. Then I knew that it was he, if the words, "I will ask my brudder," had not been spoken; and that, if they had, it was his elder brother.

When one grew old and wild and ran up bills, one somehow never ran them up with Gessler Brothers. It would not have seemed becoming to go in there and stretch out one's foot to that blue iron-spectacled glance, owing him for more than—say—two pairs, just the comfortable reassurance that one was still his client.

For it was not possible to go to him very often—his boots lasted terribly, having something beyond the temporary—some, as it were, essence of boot stitched into them.

One went in, not as into most shops, in the mood of: "Please serve me, and let me go!" but restfully, as one enters a church; and, sitting on the single wooden chair, waited—for there was never anybody there. Soon, over the top edge of that sort of well—rather dark, and smelling soothingly of leather—which formed the shop, there would be seen his face, or that of his elder brother, peering down. A guttural sound, and the tip-tap of bast slippers beating the narrow wooden stairs, and he would stand before one without coat, a little bent, in leather apron, with sleeves turned back, blinking—as if awakened from some dream of boots, or like an owl surprised in daylight and annoyed at this interruption.

And I would say: "How do you do, Mr. Gessler? Could you make me a pair of Russia leather boots?"

Without a word he would leave me, retiring whence he came, or into the other portion of the shop, and I would continue to rest in the wooden chair, inhaling the incense of his trade. Soon he would come back, holding in his thin, veined hand a piece of gold-brown leather. With eyes fixed on it, he would remark: "What a beaudiful biece!" When I, too, had admired it, he would speak again. "When do you wand dem?" And I would answer: "Oh! As soon as you conveniently can." And he would say: "To-morrow fordnighd?" Or if he were his elder brother: "I will ask my brudder!"

Then I would murmur: "Thank you! Good-morning, Mr. Gessler." "Goot-morning!" he would reply, still looking at the leather in his hand. And as I moved to the door, I would hear the tip-tap of his bast slippers restoring him, up the stairs, to his dream of boots. But if it were some new kind of footgear that he had not yet made me, then indeed he would observe ceremony—divesting me of my boot and holding it long in his hand, looking at it with eyes at once critical and loving, as if recalling the glow with which he had created it, and rebuking the way in which one had disorganized this masterpiece. Then, placing my foot on a piece of paper, he would two or three times tickle the outer edges with a pencil and pass his nervous fingers over my toes, feeling himself into the heart of my requirements.

I cannot forget that day on which I had occasion to say to him: "Mr. Gessler, that last pair of town walking-boots creaked, you know."

He looked at me for a time without replying, as if expecting me to withdraw or qualify the statement, then said:

"Id shouldn'd 'ave greaked."

"It did, I'm afraid."

"You goddem wed before dey found demselves?"

"I don't think so."

At that he lowered his eyes, as if hunting for memory of those boots, and I felt sorry I had mentioned this grave thing.

"Zend dem back!" he said; "I will look at dem."

A feeling of compassion for my creaking boots surged up in me, so well could I imagine the sorrowful long curiosity of regard which he would bend on them.

"Zome boods," he said slowly, "are bad from birdt. If I can do noding wid dem, I dake dem off your bill."

Once (once only) I went absent-mindedly into his shop in a pair of boots bought in an emergency at some large firm's. He took my order without showing me any leather, and I could feel his eyes penetrating the inferior integument of my foot. At last he said:

"Dose are nod my boods."

The tone was not one of anger, nor of sorrow, not even of contempt, but there was in it something quiet that froze the blood. He put his hand down and pressed a finger on the place where the left boot, endeavouring to be fashionable, was not quite comfortable.

"Id 'urds you dere," he said. "Dose big virms 'ave no self-respect. Drash!" And then, as if something had given way within him, he spoke long and bitterly. It was the only time I ever heard him discuss the conditions and hardships of his trade.

"Dey get id all," he said, "dey get id by adverdisement, nod by work. Dey dake it away from us, who lofe our boods. Id gomes to this—bresently I haf no work. Every year id gets less—you will see."

And looking at his lined face I saw things I had never noticed before, bitter things and bitter struggle—and what a lot of grey hairs there seemed suddenly in his red beard!

As best I could, I explained the circumstances of the purchase of those ill-omened boots. But his face and voice made so deep an impression that during the next few minutes I ordered many pairs. Nemesis fell! They lasted more terribly than ever. And I was not able conscientiously to go to him for nearly two years.

When at last I went I was surprised to find that outside one of the two little windows of his shop another name was painted, also that of a bootmaker—making, of course, for the Royal Family. The old familiar boots, no longer in dignified isolation, were huddled in the single window. Inside, the now contracted well of the one little shop was more scented and darker than ever. And it was longer than usual, too, before a face peered down, and the tip-tap of the bast slippers began. At last he stood before me, and, gazing through those rusty iron spectacles, said:

"Mr.——, isn'd it?"

"Ah! Mr. Gessler," I stammered, "but your boots are really *too* good, you know! See, these are quite decent still!" And I stretched out to him my foot. He looked at it.

"Yes," he said, "beople do nod wand good boods, id seems."

To get away from his reproachful eyes and voice I hastily remarked: "What have you done to your shop?"

He answered quietly: "Id was too exbensif. Do you wand some boods?"

I ordered three pairs, though I had only wanted two, and quickly left. I had, I do not know quite what feeling of being part, in his mind, of a conspiracy against him; or not perhaps so much against him as against his idea of boot. One does not, I suppose, care to feel like that; for it was again many months before my next visit to his shop, paid, I remember, with the feeling: "Oh! well, I can't leave the old boy—so here goes! Perhaps it'll be his elder brother!"

For his elder brother, I knew, had not character enough to reproach me, even dumbly.

And, to my relief, in the shop there did appear to be his elder brother, handling a piece of leather.

"Well, Mr. Gessler," I said, "how are you?"

He came close, and peered at me.

"I am breddy well," he said slowly, "but my elder brudder is dead."

And I saw that it was indeed himself—but how aged and wan! And never before had I heard him mention his brother. Much shocked, I murmured: "Oh! I am sorry!"

"Yes," he answered, "he was a good man, he made a good bood; but he is dead." And he touched the top of his head, where the hair had suddenly gone as thin as it had been on that of his poor brother, to indicate, I suppose, the cause of death. "He could nod ged over losing de oder shop. Do you wand any boods?" And he held up the leather in his hand: "Id's a beaudiful biece."

I ordered several pairs. It was very long before they came—but they were better than ever. One simply could not wear them out. And soon after that I went abroad.

It was over a year before I was again in London. And the first shop I went to was my old friend's. I had left a man of sixty, I came back to one of seventy-five, pinched and worn and tremulous, who genuinely, this time, did not at first know me.

"Oh! Mr. Gessler," I said, sick at heart; "how splendid your boots are! See, I've been wearing this pair nearly all the time I've been abroad; and they're not half worn out, are they?"

He looked long at my boots—a pair of Russia leather, and his face seemed to regain steadiness. Putting his hand on my instep, he said:

"Do dey vid you here? I 'ad drouble wid dat bair, I remember."

I assured him that they had fitted beautifully.

"Do you wand any boods?" he said. "I can make dem quickly; id is a slack dime."

I answered: "Please, please! I want boots all round—every kind!"

"I will make a vresh model. Your food must be bigger." And with utter slowness, he traced round my foot, and felt my toes, only once looking up to say:

"Did I dell you my brudder was dead?"

To watch him was painful, so feeble had he grown; I was glad to get away.

I had given those boots up, when one evening they came. Opening the parcel, I set the four pairs out in a row. Then one by one I tried them on. There was no doubt about it. In shape and fit, in finish and quality of leather, they were the best he had ever made me. And in the mouth of one of the town walking-boots I found his bill. The amount was the same as usual, but it gave me quite a shock. He had never before sent it in till quarter day. I flew downstairs and wrote a cheque, and posted it at once with my own hand.

A week later, passing the little street, I thought I would go in and tell him how splendidly the new boots fitted. But when I came to where his shop had been, his name was gone. Still there, in the window, were the slim pumps, the patent leathers with cloth tops, the sooty riding boots.

I went in, very much disturbed. In the two little shops—again made into one—was a young man with an English face.

"Mr. Gessler in?" I said.

He gave me a strange, ingratiating look.

"No, sir," he said, "no. But we can attend to anything with pleasure. We've taken the shop over. You've seen our name, no doubt, next door. We make for some very good people."

"Yes, yes," I said; "but Mr. Gessler?"

"Oh!" he answered; "dead."

"Dead! But I only received these boots from him last Wednesday week."

"Ah!" he said; "a shockin' go. Poor old man starved 'imself."

"Good God!"

"Slow starvation, the doctor called it! You see he went to work in such a way! Would keep the shop on; wouldn't have a soul touch his boots except himself. When he got an order, it took him such a time. People won't wait. He lost everybody. And there he'd sit, goin' on and on—I will say that for him—not a man in London made a better boot! But look at the competition! He never advertised! Would 'ave the best leather, too, and do it all 'imself. Well, there it is. What could you expect with his ideas?"

"But starvation—!"

"That may be a bit flowery, as the sayin' is—but I know myself he was sittin' over his boots day and night, to the very last. You see I used to watch him. Never gave 'imself time to eat; never had a penny in the house. All went in rent and leather. How he lived so long I don't know. He regular let his fire go out. He was a character. But he made good boots."

"Yes," I said, "he made good boots."

from DEATH OF A SALESMAN *Arthur Miller*

Linda: (to Biff and Happy) When he brought them business, when he was young, they were glad to see him. But now his old friends, the old buyers that loved him so and always found some order to hand him in a pinch—they're all dead, retired. He used to be able to make six, seven calls a day in Boston. Now he takes his valises out of the car and puts them back and takes them out again and he's exhausted. Instead of walking he talks now. He drives seven hundred miles, and when he gets there no one knows him any more, no one welcomes him. And what goes through a man's mind, driving seven hundred miles home without having earned a cent? Why shouldn't he talk to himself? Why? When he has to go to Charley and borrow fifty dollars a week and pretend to me that it's his pay? How long can that go on? How long? You see what I'm sitting here and waiting for? And you tell me he has no character? The man who never worked a day but for your benefit? When does he get the medal for that?

. . . I don't say he's a great man. Willy Loman never made a lot of money. His name was never in the paper. He's not the finest character that ever lived. But he's a human being, and a terrible thing is happening to him. So attention must be paid. He's not to be allowed to fall into his grave like an old dog. Attention, attention must be finally paid to such a person.

The way we think of work depends on our background, the alternatives we've been exposed to. There are lots of ways to make a living.

BERYL SIMPSON PRIOR TO HER PRESENT JOB AS AN EMPLOYMENT COUNSELOR, SHE HAD BEEN AN AIRLINE RESERVATIONIST FOR TWELVE YEARS.

My job as a reservationist was very routine, computerized. I hated it with a passion. Getting sick in the morning, going to work feeling, "Oh, my God! I've got to go to work."

I was on the astrojet desk. It has an unlisted number for people who travel all the time. This is a special desk for people who spend umpteen millions of dollars traveling with the airlines. They may spend ten thousand dollars a month, a hundred thousand a month, depending on the company. I was dealing with the same people every day. "This is so-and-so from such-and-such a company and I want a reservation to New York and return, first class." That was the end of the conversation.

They brought in a computer called Sabre. It's like an electric typewriter. It has a memory drum and you can retrieve that information forever. Sabre was so expensive, everything was geared to it. Sabre's down, Sabre's up, Sabre's this and that. Everything was Sabre. With Sabre being so valuable, you were allowed no more than three minutes on the telephone. You had twenty seconds, "busy-out time," it was called, to put the information into Sabre. Then you had to be available for another phone call. It was almost like a production line. We adjusted to the machine. The casualness, the informality that had been there previously was no longer there. The last three or four years on the job were horrible. The computer had arrived. They monitored you and listened to your conversations. If you were a minute late for work, it went into your file. I had a horrible attendance record—ten letters in my file for lateness, a total of ten minutes. You took thirty minutes for your lunch, not thirty-one. If you got a break, you took ten minutes, not eleven.

When I was with the airlines, I was taking eight tranquilizers a day. I came into this business, which is supposed to be one of the most hectic, and I'm down to three a day. Even my doctor remarked, "Your ulcer is healed, it's going away." With the airline I had no free will. I was just part of that stupid computer.

I remember when I went to work for the airlines, they said, "You will eat, sleep, and drink airlines. There's no time in your life for ballet, theater, music, anything." My first supervisor told me that. Another agent and I were talking about going to the ballet or something. He overheard us and said we should be talking about work. When you get airline people together, they'll talk about planes. That is all they talk about. That and Johnny Carson. They are TV-oriented people.

I had much more status when I was working for the airlines than I have now. I was always introduced as Beryl Simpson, who works for the airlines. Now I'm reduced to plain old Beryl Simpson. I found this with boyfriends. I knew one who never dates a girl with a name. He never dates Judy, he never dates Joan. He dates a stewardess or a model. He picks girls for the glamor of their jobs. He never tells you their names. When I was with the airlines, I was introduced by my company's name. Now I'm just plain old everyday me, thank God.

I have no status in this man's eyes, even though I probably make twice as much as the ones he's proud of. If I'd start to talk about some of the stocks I hold, he'd be impressed. This is true of every guy I ever dated when I was working on the airlines. I knew I had a dumb, stupid, ridiculous, boring job, and these people were glamorizing it. "Oh, she works for the airlines." Big deal! When I used to go back home, the local paper would run my picture and say that I work for the airlines and that I had recently returned from some exotic trip or something. Romance!

A lot of times we get airline stewardesses into our office who are so disillusioned. We'd like to frame their applications when we get a bright-eyed, starry-eyed kid of eighteen who wants a career in the airlines. Big as life disillusionment! We want to say, "It's not what it's cracked up to be, girlie." If a girl's a stewardess, she might as well forget it after twenty-six. They no longer have compulsory retirement, but the girls get into a rut at that age. A lot of them start showing the rough life they've lived.

ADVERTISING WORKERS

Nature of ttte Work. Through advertisements, businessmen try to reach potential customers and persuade them to buy their products or services. Advertising workers plan and prepare these advertisements and get them before the public. Advertising workers include executives responsible for planning and overall supervision, copywriters who write the text, artists who prepare the illustrations, and layout specialists who put copy and illustrations into the most attractive arrangement possible. They also include administrative and technical workers who are responsible for the satisfactory reproduction of the "ads," and salesmen who sell advertising space in publications or time on radio and television programs. In a very small advertising organization, one person may handle all these tasks. Large organizations employ specialists for research, copywriting, and layout work. They sometimes have staff membrs who specialize in writing copy for particular kinds of products or for one type of advertising media. The following are the specialized occupations most commonly found in advertising work.

Advertising managers direct a company's advertising program. They work mostly on policy questions—for example, the type of advertising, the size of the advertising budget, and the agency to be employed. They then work with the agency in planning and carrying through the program. They also may supervise the preparation of special sales brochures, display cards, and other promotional materials.

The advertising manager of a newspaper, radio station, or other advertising medium is concerned chiefly with selling advertising time or space; his functions are similar to those of the sales manager in other businesses.

Account executives employed in advertising agencies handle relations between the agency and its clients. An account executive studies the client's sales and advertising problems, develops a plan to meet the client's needs, and seeks his approval of the proposed program. Account executives must be able to sell ideas and maintain good relations with clients. They must know how to write copy and use artwork, even though copywriters and artists usually carry out their ideas and suggestions.

Some advertising agencies have account supervisors who oversee the work of the account executives. In others, account executives are responsible directly to agency heads.

Advertising copywriters create the headlines, slogans, and text that attract buyers. They collect information about products and the people who might use them. They use psychology and writing techniques to prepare copy especially suited for readers or listeners and for the type of advertising medium to be used. Copywriters may specialize in copy that appeals to certain groups—housewives, businessmen, scientists, engineers—or even in copy that deals with items such as packaged goods or industrial products. In advertising agencies, copywriters work closely with account executives, although they may be under the supervision of a copy chief.

Advertisers and advertising agencies employ *media directors* (or *space buyers* and *time buyers*) to determine where and when advertising should be carried to reach the largest group of prospective buyers at the least cost. They must have a vast amount of information about the cost of advertising in all media and the relative size and characteristics of the reading, viewing, or listening audience which can be reached in various parts of the country by specific publications, broadcasting stations, and other media.

Production managers and their assistants arrange to have the final copy and artwork converted into printed form. They deal with printing, engraving, filming, recording, and other firms involved in the reproduction of advertisements. The production manager must have a thorough knowledge of various printing processes, typography, photography, paper, inks, and related technical materials and processes.

Research directors and their assistants assemble and analyze information needed for effective advertising programs. They study the possible uses of the product, its advantages and disadvantages compared with competing products, and the best ways of reaching potential purchasers. Such workers may make special surveys of the buying habits and motives of customers, or may try out sample advertisements to find the most convincing selling theme or most efficient media for carrying the advertising message. The research director is an important executive in advertising organizations. More information on this occupation is contained in the statement on Marketing Research Workers.

Artists and layout men work closely with advertising managers, copywriters, and other advertising personnel in planning and creating visual effects in advertisements. More information about this group appears in the separate statements on Commercial Artists and Photographers.

Places of Employment. In 1970, more than 140,000 men and women were employed in positions requiring considerable knowledge of advertising. More than one-third of these workers are employed in advertising agencies, and more than half of the agency workers are employed in the New York City and Chicago metropolitan areas. However, there are many independent agencies in other cities, and many leading agencies operate branch offices outside the major centers.

Advertising workers not employed in advertising agencies work for manufacturing companies, stores, and other organizations having products or services to sell; for advertising media, such as newspapers and magazines; and for printers, engravers, art studios, product and package designers, and others who provide services to advertisers and advertising agencies.

Training, Other Qualifications, and Advancement. Most employers, in hiring advertising trainees, prefer college graduates having liberal arts training or majors in advertising, marketing, journalism, or business administration. However, there is no typical educational background for success in advertising. Some successful advertising people have started in such varied occupations as engineer, teacher, chemist, artist, or salesman.

Most advertising jobs require a flair for language, both spoken and written. Since every assignment requires individual handling, a liking for problem-solving also is very important. Advertising personnel should have a great interest in people and things to help them sell their ideas to their superiors, to advertisers, and to the public. They must be able to accept criticism and to gain important points with tact.

Young people planning to enter advertising should get some experience in copywriting or related work with their school publications and, if possible, through summer jobs connected with marketing research services. Some large advertising organizations recruit outstanding college graduates and train them through programs which cover all aspects of advertising work. Most beginners, however, have to locate their own jobs by applying directly to possible employers. Some start as assistants in research or production work or as space or time buyers. A few begin as junior copywriters. One of the best avenues of entrance to advertising work for women is through advertising departments in retail stores.

Employees having initiative, drive, and talent may progress from beginning jobs to creative, research, or managerial work. Management positions require experience in all phases of the advertising business.

Copywriters and account executives can usually look forward to rapid advancement if they demonstrate exceptional ability in dealing with clients, since the success of an advertising organization depends upon satisfied advertisers. Many of these workers prefer to remain in their own specialities and for them advancement is to more responsible work at increased pay. Some topflight copywriters and account executives establish their own agencies.

Employment Outlook. Employment of advertising workers is expected to increase slowly through the 1970s. Opportunities should be favorable, however, for highly qualified applicants, especially in advertising agencies, as more and more advertisers turn their work over to agencies. However, many young people attracted to advertising will face stiff competition for entry jobs in this field through the 1970's. Most openings—several thousand each year—will result from the need to replace those who retire, die, or leave the occupation for other reasons.

Earnings and Working Conditions. According to the limited information available, starting salaries for beginning advertising workers ranged from $6,500 to $8,000 a year in 1970. The higher starting salaries were paid most frequently in very large firms that recruit outstanding college graduates; the lower salaries were earned in stores and small advertising agencies.

Salaries of experienced advertising workers employed by advertising agencies vary by size of firm. The average salary paid by small agencies (those having annual billings between $250,000 and $1 million) was $11,000 a year in 1970. Advertising workers employed by large agencies (those having billings between $20 million and $40 million) averaged $26,000 a year. Salaries also vary by function. For example, account executives employed by small agencies averaged $13,000 a year, while media directors averaged less than $7,000 a year in agencies of the same size.

Advertising workers frequently work under great pressure. Working hours are sometimes irregular because deadlines must be met and last minute changes are not uncommon. Persons in creative jobs often work evenings and weekends to finish important assignments.

At the same time, advertising is a satisfying career for persons who enjoy variety, excitement, and a constant challenge to their creative ability, and who can meet the competition. Advertising workers have the satisfaction of seeing their work in print and on television, or hearing it over the radio, even though they remain unknown to the public at large.

Sources of Additional Information

American Advertising Federation, 1225 Connecticut Ave. NW., Washington, D. C. 20036.

American Association of Advertising Agencies, 200 Park Ave., New York, N. Y. 10017.

Association of Industrial Advertisers, 41 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y. 10017.

A list of schools which provide training in advertising may be obtained from: Advertising Education Publications, 3429 Fifty-Fifth Street, Lubbock, Texas 79413.

Working Freaks

A. Frazer

When I was hired by an advertising agency, I dressed as a businessman and tried to think like one. Now I do think like a businessman. And dress like an antiwar demonstrator. Any number of times a week I walk my funny, long, curly hair and bell-bottoms into meetings with dark-suited, closely cut gentlemen who want me to tell them how to spend millions of dollars.

They are pleasant people who went to school to learn about market research and media buying and profit margins. I majored in English, history, theatre, and aimless travel, but I am expected to tell these businessmen what is wrong with their market research, how I want to change their media buys, and why a commercial that hardly mentions their product will increase their profit margins. From time to time, it is an odd sensation.

I am not spaced out enough to not realize I look a lot more like the teen-age sons they tolerate at home than the sort of man they are used to consorting with in the squirm toward vice-presidencies, profit-sharing, and retirement. If we were sitting down to sign a rock group's recording contract, I would look the part. But why should intelligent, middle-aged, successful businessmen put any faith or trust in a freaky type like myself?

I am allowed to share the men's room in my Levi's with the chairman of the board, because he thinks I am somehow lucky enough to be able to write television commercials people will want to watch. There is almost no sure way of knowing if he is right or wrong. But my supposed lyrical rapport with the American consumer earns me the right to look freaky.

I am part of an insidious development on the fringe of the far-out establishment: one of a growing number of working freaks who drain away salaries from the way-in Establishment. Once I lose my improbable grasp on the consumer's imagination, however, no amount of freakiness, not even shoulder-length hair and nudity, will save me. I've known too many nice, dull freaks who were hired on their flower-child credentials and were snipped off, one or two bad ads later. For the odd little band of us who have made it on to the apron strings of the Establishment, life is both good and strange. Good because we are nicely paid.

Strange because we are revolutionaries and collaborators at the same time. I feel I owe an elfin debt to yesterday's flower people for making freakiness groovy and then getting grooviness way up there on the market-research charts. From then on, cool advertising became legitimate and clients began paying for what they were told was groovy. Fortunately, for a lot of people like me, the people with the money weren't sure what grooviness was, exactly, and about all they could do was take on some people who did seem to know. As luck would have it, the people who said they knew turned out to be funny-looking, under-30 types. When I saw them begin to arrive, I changed barbers fast and began going to work in the same clothes I used to wear for play.

The day I stopped combing my hair and walked into my office with it fizzed up naturally, I figured I was taking at least a dwarf step toward the revolution. Not the bombing one, but the sensible kind where people were going to cool it and do their own thing and just be nice. Suddenly, there was no standard image to live up to. A man could, at least, in some small, easy way, dart out from the crowd and recognize himself. Who knew but what free love and no-more-obligatory-house-in-Scarsdale might follow.

The young creative men in advertising did begin doing what they took to be their own thing, where men used to only do the right thing. We started trundling in nonsense to alarm the gentlemen who, we assumed, had to be uptight to still be doing whatever it was we had stopped doing. I learned to appreciate the discontented looks I got in the elevator from buttoned-down, wing-tipped men in pinstripes. The looks go down their noses, but they assure me I am superior in some vague way or other: somehow, I am more with it, less uptight, groovier, cooler, and younger—even though none of it might be true. Balanced on this first conceit is the hope that the drab other side is jealous. They learned to be businessmen, they bought businessmen's clothes, they order businessmen's lunches, but here I am, nipping around with a window office, too, plus a secretary and two hours for lunch. I'm out on the street hailing cabs at a quarter to five and calling for limousines when it's client-going time. I have all the prerogatives of a businessman without the uniform. And because one never knows when a wave of grooviness will roll over one, I can arrange my hours nearly as I please, and come in at ten and go out to my therapist at eleven. All of which, in my head, adds to the mystique of my importance and the size of my salary. I even look forward to the uneasiness I cause when a new client is introduced. I know he will have to calm himself with a joke which will somehow get to the point that at least I will never have to worry about going bald.

My hair and my clothes and the sort of girl they attract mean to me that I am doing something right. Authentic freaks, the ones who have learned not to work or who run macrobiotic restaurants, give me the courtesy of the peace sign on the street, and I feel easy on a subway train full of blacks in Afros. I can, from time to time, convince myself I have the best of two worlds: what seems like the security I was raised to count on, and the satisfaction of thinking I am freakily putting it all down.

A man who brings a touch of Woodstock into a fairly uptight situation every day ought to be a little pleased with himself. Of course, we are, I imagine, rather too satisfied. It is a mistake to think going to an office dressed for dancing is a male version of the Women's Lib Movement. After all, my freakiness is salaried and probably more in my clothes than my head. I wear what I am permitted to wear. What is comfortable for me is good for the agency's image. If I alarm a client a little, I also remind him he has the smart shop his research tells him he needs to sell his soap and automobiles. Who knows but what the men who must make jokes about bald spots don't turn themselves out in far freakier costumes when the sun goes down. More worrisome, though, is the suspicion that I can't be both a freak and a businessman. What I am is part of the show-business side of advertising, tolerated because a touch of show business is part of selling. But I haven't caught hold of any major slides in my direction. I don't see bits of leather fringe turning up on account executives, and very few clients are stretching their sideburns. If I am part of something about to revolutionize business and turn whatever the Establishment is into what will look like a floating discothèque, my influence is too cunningly subtle for me to follow. Real freaks don't stay in business. A freaky-looking businessman is more looks than freak. More colorful and maybe more fun than the usual sort, but still something that's around not because it looks nice, but because it does its job.

In a small way, the freaky writers, art directors, and producers in advertising are like the old movie stars. Our peculiarities are let pass as long as we can sell the product. Except in a few small, far-out agencies, freaks are a long way from punching the holes in the cards that run things.

We are a special, fortunate set of men (and women) who happened to be on the right side of the right business at the right time. I wouldn't trust anyone but the Weathermen to tell me how long it will last; however, while it does, it's nice being freaky. Even if you're paid for it.

You can get into organizations in many guises, but what are the ground rules?

from Further UP THE ORGANIZATION

Robert Townsend

THE SABOTAGE OF FREE ENTERPRISE

If you're going to function effectively in our organizational society, it's important that you have a healthy contempt for our major institutions, public and private—and especially for their leaders. These clowns are not entitled to the respect they get as the vestal virgins of our society.

It's not clear to me exactly when "free enterprise" became a joke. Was it after the Civil War, when big business, big government and the Supreme Court formed an unholy alliance to exploit the American farmer and laborer? Or was it later, when big labor got a partnership? Or when big military elbowed up to the trough? Or when big education cut itself in on the deal?

Whenever it was, the heart of the conspiracy today against the American consumer is the New York–Washington axis, and our real adversaries are big lawyers, top Government officials and high officers of big corporations.

When the American system falls, it won't be Communists who bring it down. We aren't in any danger of being destroyed from the outside; we've perfected do-it-yourself methods.

Our blowup will come when the American housewife discovers that Clark Clifford arranged for her to pay half of the punitive-damage fines General Electric got socked with for conspiring to defraud the American housewife. He persuaded the IRS to accept the fines as tax deductions. This is the moral equivalent of letting the meat packers deduct as an ordinary business expense the cost of the ingredient they use to make putrescent meat look healthy, so they can still sell it to you.

It's no wonder you can't get senior partners of major law firms to work weekends. I sympathize with them. If I were doing to America what they're doing to it from ten to six Monday through Friday, I'd have to get stoned on Saturday and Sunday, too.

GROWTH FEVER

Almost everybody subscribes to the myth that a company has to keep growing. "If you stand still, you die," they say.

I don't know which idiot first carved this imperative on the tablet.

If your company comes to a plateau in earnings, take the time to look around and get your bearings. You may discover a whole new direction.

You don't necessarily have to spend your life trying to extend last year's graphs.

The typical corporate reaction to a leveling off in earnings comes perilously close to the knee jerk that philosopher George Santayana warned about: "Fanaticism consists in redoubling your efforts when you have forgotten your aim."

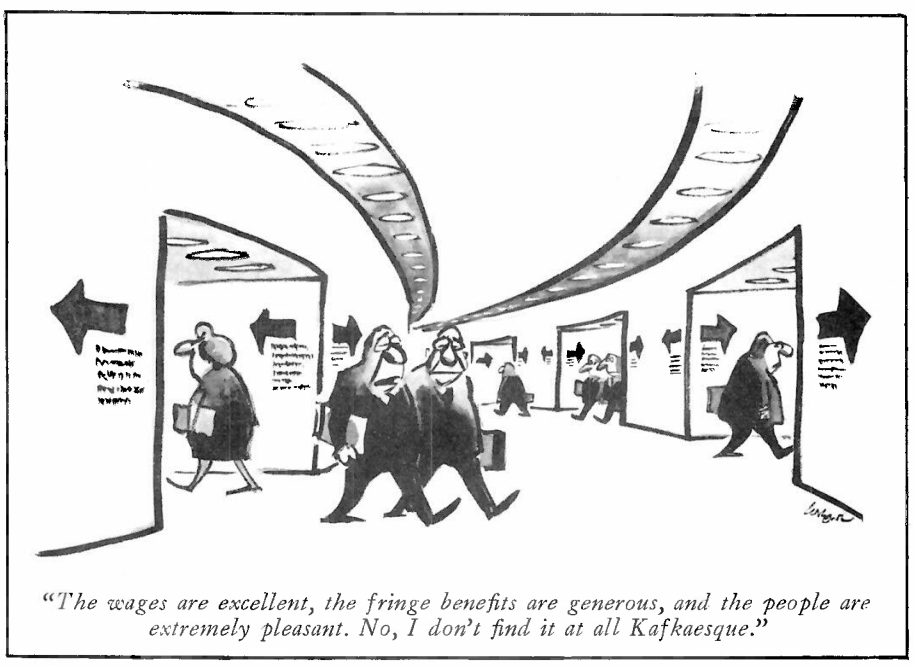
Path to Promotion

One of the best ways a young man can further his career is to marry the boss' daughter. If the boss has no daughter then the young man should make a friend of the boss.

Career success, according to various organizations who have researched the subject, seems to depend more on making a pal of the boss than on merit.

In a recent survey of management personnel, it was revealed that 82 percent of 3000 business executives who were polled, agreed that pleasing the boss—not competence—was the major factor in achieving promotion.

According to author Auren Uris, "The corporate tradition is now undoubtedly that the faithful not the deserving win the spoils."



"The wages are excellent, the fringe benefits are generous, and the people are extremely pleasant. No, I don't find it at all Kafkaesque."

"Well, Morrison, I think we understand each other now. Or at least you understand me, and that's the main thing."

THE PATRICIA PRINCIPLE

Art Hoppe

THE WORLD is indebted to the magazine, Psychology Today, for coming up with a new theorem which will undoubtedly become known as "The Patricia Principle."

The basic premise of The Patricia Principle is that in this male-dominated society there is now absolutely no way for a lady to reach the top.

To reach the top, of course, you have to show your male superiors how bright you are. This is very difficult for a lady who isn't bright. But it's downright impossible for a lady who is.

The problem, writes the noted psychologist, Martina Horner, is that a bright lady fears a success on the grounds that it may mean to her that she is too aggressive to be "feminine." So the brighter she is, the greater her desire to fail. Which is her problem.

But now that Psychology Today has let the cat out of the bag, the world knows that bright ladies have a compulsion to fail. So, henceforth, the bright lady, in order to keep proving to her male superiors how bright she is, is going to have to keep failing. Which makes it very difficult to get ahead.

★ ★ ★

TAKE THE CASE of Ms. Penelope Pine. Ms. Pine landed a job as third executive assistant to Vice President M.C.P. Hotchkiss of Conglomerated Everything, Inc., because of her I.Q. of 178, her superb business acumen and the conglomerate needed a token female executive to hold the Women's Libbers at bay.

At first, Ms. Pine performed her duties to perfection. She proved a whiz at Creative Corporate Thinking, Public Imagery Manufacturing and Cleaning Out the Coffee Pot. Her future seemed assured. Then Psychology Today hit the news-stands.

Soon, she began to overhear snatches of conversation around the water cooler: " . . . . never makes a mistake . . ." "Odd, I always thought she was rather bright . . ."

Finally Mr. Hotchkiss called her in. "If it's about that opening as second executive assistant," Ms. Pine said hopefully, "I think my work has proved . . ."

"No, no, your work's fine," said Mr. Hotchkiss. "But I just wanted to let you know we're keeping you on anyway."

Being very bright, Ms. Pine realized her plight and began making errors, culminating in her boiling the crucial Amalgamated Manganese contract in the coffee pot. "Brilliant!" cried Mr. Hotchkiss happily. "Of course, we'll have to let you go. But it's been a pleasure knowing a person as bright as you."

★ ★ ★

"WHAT I REALLY ought to do," Ms. Pine said to herself angrily, "is go to Denmark for a sex change operation."

"As a man, I would be lauded for my brilliance, applauded for my combativeness and praised for my aggressiveness. I could shaft that second executive assistant, undercut that first executive assistant, carve up old Hotchkiss and climb over their shattered careers to the very top of the heap—be praised by one and by all as the very epitome of success."

But being very bright, Ms. Pine rejected the notion after only a moment's thought. In fact, it was she who first put The Patricia Principle into words:

"Bright women are too bright to descend to the level of men."

What we learn about the product comes from special language.

The Language of Advertising

RONALD GROSS

The language of ads is language used to sell, language on the make. Its charms and its dangers, like those of the good-hearted whore whose most ambitious goal is a fur coat, are real but not of ultimate consequence. No man was ever importantly ruined by his infatuation for a whore: it's the mistresses we really love who rend our lives. So with language: the trivial choices between brands which the advertisers frantically seek to influence are of little significance beside the political and religious credos with which the ideologists ravish our minds and hearts.

Veblen, knowing this, dismissed advertising language as a mere "trading on the range of human infirmities." When F. R. Leavis surveyed the subject in 1934 in *Culture and Environment,* he concurred with Veblen. The ads he examined appealed mainly to petty greed, mean fears of social inferiority, anxieties about health, etc.

In the past twenty years the advertisers' repertoire of incantations has been augmented by some fumbling applications of behaviorism and Freudianism, the chief stratagems being repetition and sexual suggestiveness. But the ultimate aim is still merely to wheedle out of us a few greasy quarters or dollars. The ultimate consequences of switching from one toothpaste to another, or even from one automobile to another, are hardly momentous in themselves.

Why, then, is it worthwhile to scrutinize the language of advertising? Because the pathologies of language evident in advertising are now carrying over into other, more important, areas of our lives. As Galbraith points out, the breeding of delusory "images" has spread from the area of marketing to that of domestic and foreign policy, and thus colors our entire national life with a hue of unreality.

In a time like ours, when the mind is under constant semantic siege, every man must undertake what Daniel Boorstin calls "the task of disenchantment." Advertising language is not a bad place to start, though when we have penetrated its stratagems and discerned its obfuscations, we shall only be started on the road to mastery of the language environment.

Ads add. On that fact rests the entire semantic interest of advertising. If ads just gave us information about products, they would be of no use whatever to the semanticist, the cultural critic, or the social scientist. But precisely because ads bear only the flimsiest relationship to their ostensible subjects—the products—they are interesting.

Why do ads add? For the simplest possible reason—want of anything else to say about the product. There being no significant difference between two competing cigarettes or rolls of toilet paper, advertisers must fabricate a subject matter for their advertisement other than the product itself. What shall it be?

The answer is dictated by the major constraint under which the copywriter works: that his words must influence the largest possible number of people. The subject matter, then, will be what most people have in common—their basic fears, anxieties, and hopes. In short, our style of life, our values.

What ads add is *us*. Around the anonymous commodity —the bare roll of toilet paper, the unbranded cigarette, the purely chemical motor oil—the adman weaves his congeries of emotions. His raw materials are not the product's characteristics, but our own drives and aspirations. People must be made to want this object, not for what it is, but for what language can endow it with, for what it can be made to *mean*. The ad, in short, is a Rorschach blot onto which advertisers contrive to make us project some of our most pervasive and controlling attitudes. Advertising generally constitutes a vast collective Rorschach, an inchoate medium onto which advertiser and consumer project one another's fantasies and fears.

What better materials could there be for studying the patterns of appeal, persuasion, and ingratiation which operate in one's culture, the hopes, fears, and anxieties which haunt its inhabitants, than to look into these works of impure artifice? Before we put down the plethora of advertising which affronts us on every side, then, we should seize out of it those insights about the temper and the fever of the society in which we live. To close our eyes to these figments is to remain even more in the dark about the fears and hopes which drive our fellow countrymen in their groping toward some kind of human satisfaction.

Shelley's pronouncement that "Poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world" seems preposterous to us because we think of poetry as being what's in books of poems. But semanticist S. I. Hayakawa has pointed out

that advertising copywriters are the sponsored poets of our time, the laureates of a consumer society. Thus Shelley's dictum becomes merely a noble restatement of the documentary accounts of advertising one finds in Vance Packard, et al. The advertisers, not in their overt messages and their "power" to shape consumer preferences but in the underlying vision of man and of human life which they purvey, certainly shape attitudes and aspirations in just such a way. Shortly after the 1967 summer riots in the Negro ghettos, Bayard Rustin wrote in *The New York Times Magazine:* "If those Negro youths who rioted thought that a man was nothing if he didn't have an alpaca sweater and suede shoes—who taught them that?"

But here again, we must make an important distinction. Poets—and of course Shelley would include among them Plato and Kant and Marx—give us new images of man and of life, which widen our sensibilities. Advertisers help reinforce such images, but they do not create them in their important aspects. Rather, they slavishly search out preexisting models to follow. Far from being bold mind-shapers, advertisers are timid to an appalling degree.

For example, motivational research revealed a few years ago that most people brush their teeth only once a day, "at the most pointless moment possible in the entire twenty-four-hour day from the dental-hygiene standpoint." Here was a small but real opportunity for advertisers. Armed with this intelligence they could have combined public usefulness with profit-making by trying to educate the public to their brand as well as to better habits which would detract from no one's profits. Rather than undertaking such a modest exercise in changing behavior, however, the agencies—snapping up the fact that people only brushed their teeth to get the crummy early-morning taste out of their mouths—elevated "tingly-taste" flavor and "clean mouth" breath-sweetening to No. 1 on their list of copy points.

The distinction between the overt effects of advertising language and the far more important side effects can be seen most clearly if we look at the interesting case of "good ads." Here the overt message is widely agreed to be beneficial, yet the underlying assumptions are pernicious. And their perniciousness derives from the same source as it does in all American advertising: the basic system of ideas which governs our society and economy. *The most basic dire effect of advertising, in short, lies in its affirmation of "the American way of life."*

Consider the prime example of "good ads": those dull, worthy campaigns of the Advertising Council. Financed by the industry, and operating through free space donated by the media, the council self-righteously advances behind its musty colophon of a quill pen crossed over a drawn saber, pressing on us that most repellent of commodities, good advice. When and as unfilled advertising space permits, the council reminds us to attend church, use the litter baskets, and retrain ourselves as automation gobbles up our jobs. Surely nothing could be more innocent.

But the whole business is something more than a bore: it is also a subtle medium for obfuscating some important public issues and reducing the likelihood of needed action. Not consciously, I imagine—that would credit the people behind the enterprise with more savvy than they probably have. But unconsciously, subliminally, and by default.

Take a recent ad. It shows an electric circuit, suitably baffling to the layman. "What are you going to do," asks the copy, "when this circuit learns your job?" The implication is clear: get off your ass, you sluggard. Retrain thyself—prepare. We're doing you the service of giving you fair warning—but you'd better get a move on.

Buy why, one might ask, is the responsibility fixed so unerringly on the individual worker? Don't the businessman, the union, and government have any identifiable responsibility to prospective displaced workers when that circuit is installed? One can't imagine signs directed at businessmen which said: "What will happen to your workers when this circuit takes their jobs?" Again, intervention by the government to provide jobs for those displaced by automation is neglected as a possible remedy. Suddenly, in this campaign, the individual worker seems to have taken on all the responsibility for the epochal industrial transformation which our society is fumbling through.

Of course, a single car card can't do everything. "This is just one approach to the problem." But if you recall the council campaigns from the past few years, a somewhat sinister pattern emerges quite clearly. First, there's a problem: the streets are filthy; there's a ghastly death toll on the highways; colleges need more money.

Now, each of these problems is complex and has many possible and probably partial solutions. For instance, filthy streets might be remedied by greater expenditures for public sanitation services; deaths on the highway suggest that cars might be structurally unsafe; higher education's needs perhaps require federal aid to universities.

In the council's campaigns, however, such solutions are consistently neglected in favor of pinning the responsibility for action on the individual citizen: don't litter the streets; drive safely; give to the college of your choice. Clearly, each of these will contribute to the end desired. Equally clearly, however, other changes are mandatory—changes which challenge powerful vested interests in the society. Ralph Nader made it clear, for example, that the development and adaptation of a safer car by the automobile industry is a quicker and surer way to reduce traffic deaths than is the gigantic campaign to teach people to drive more carefully.

Such solutions don't commend themselves to the Advertising Council. Rather, it hammers away at the unprovocative, anonymous individual—if he'd just shape up, things would be fine. This country could solve its problems handily, the council ads seem to suggest, if it weren't for that sloppy, lazy, stingy, frivolous, uncivic, obdurate element—its people.

While no man was ever importantly ruined by a whore, the practice of debauchery on a continuous, society-wide basis certainly would have a demoralizing effect. And this is the important thing to say about the language of advertising. Although the choices which the advertisers seek to shape with their words are trivial, the side effects which permeate our society are ominous. They amount to nothing less than unremitting reinforcement, through ubiquitousness and repetition, of a demeaning conception of man, life, and the world.

Even entertainment has to follow rules.

THE PERFORMANCE

I think to entertain is an art. The ability to entertain is like the complete statement. And it's an art form because everybody can't do it. You can be an artist and not entertain, but it's pretty hard to entertain without bein' an artist. Whatever that is! I hope I said it right. You know, like I go to see a magician, right. Now magic is basically all chicanery and entertainment. But the guy who really does it great, man, is an artist! And you know it's all tricks, and you know you're bein' put on, but it's the way you're bein' put on that's a gas, you know! It's like eating is entertainment. So you eat to survive, but like you go and you see all this beautiful food and it looks too good to eat! And you eat it and it tastes better than it looks! The cat that prepared this is an artist. He's not just a cook. He's an artist.

I would rather be an entertainer than an artist. Because an artist makes his statement and he makes it for himself and to himself, and if you like it, good for you, and if you don't like it, sorry 'bout that. But not really, because, like he's wrapped up in his own thing. Maybe he's so intense or so involved in what he's doing at the time that nobody can dig it but him. Then fifty years later they discover that what he was trying to say was hip. Whereas on the other hand I see an entertainer trying to communicate. You know. His whole thing is to communicate. And there's nothing greater than communication. To me, communication is where it's at. It doesn't leave you hung up. It doesn't bother you. Some people get a kick out of being hung up, I guess. Which is why they try to find geniuses and people they don't understand so they can figure 'em out.

Jerry Butler

FICTION

There has been much talk about the decreasing market for fiction and the woeful effect of television on the fiction market. There are fewer top markets but hundreds of smaller markets, which are watched for "talent" by top editors. The tone of top magazine fiction has also changed. No longer will you only find the boss' secretary romping through the pages of Redbook with the bright young executive. You are apt to also read a searching and thoughtful analysis of the problems of a young couple who are facing divorce. The new emphasis is on depth of feeling and on character delineation. Plot remains important; but at many markets you'll find some stories that are bought by editors because they illuminate an interesting character's mind or simply re-emphasize in a well-written way, a closeness between two people.

Good writing, polished style are at a premium. Originality of thought is eagerly sought after; formula writing is going to its slow demise.

Markets for fiction range from the high-paying slick magazines, through the juveniles and religious press, to the house organ or trade journal which occasionally uses fiction around a specific type of work situation.

Many of the secondary markets for short stories are magazines not available on newsstands or in public libraries; but their editors will send sample copies either at no charge or for the postage. A few charge for sample copies.

In writing and marketing a short story:

1. Study the publication to which you wish to submit material. This should go unspoken, as the First Commandment for selling writers, but the groan of the man's magazine editor who receives stories about A Boy and His Dog is still heard regularly throughout the land. Pay particular attention to the magazine's advertising copy. This is often a key to the type and age of reader your material must be slanted for.

2. Many magazines are veering away from formula fiction, but this does not mean that editors are receptive to formless writing. The short story writer must cultivate disciplined originality—brilliance within a framework of knowledge of plot, character, style, atmosphere and balance among them.

3. Polish and repolish what you have written. A short story's effect depends on impact. No sentence you have written may meander; each sentence must contribute to the whole.

4. A small but vital point: Check carefully any facts in your story. Readers delight in reminding writers that, sparkling-characterization-in-your-last-story-or-no, Peking is not in Manchuria.

To be a successful fiction writer you must have stories that cry to be told. You should be familiar with every technical aspect of your craft. Finally, you must write, write, and write.

If you don't want to play the game, make a wad...

from *Catch 22* "BUT I MAKE A PROFIT"

Joseph Heller

Yossarian's mission on the trip was to distract Orr from observing where Milo bought his eggs, even though Orr was a member of Milo's syndicate and, like every other member of Milo's syndicate, owned a share. His mission was silly, Yossarian felt, since it was common knowledge that Milo bought his eggs in Malta for seven cents apiece and sold them to the mess halls in his syndicate for five cents apiece.

"I just don't trust him," Milo brooded in the plane, with a backward nod toward Orr, who was curled up like a tangled rope on the low bushels of chick-peas, trying torturedly to sleep. "And I'd just as soon buy my eggs when he's not around to learn my business secrets. What else don't you understand?"

Yossarian was riding beside him in the co-pilot's seat. "I don't understand why you buy eggs for seven cents apiece in Malta and sell them for five cents."

"I do it to make a profit."

"But how can you make a profit? You lose two cents an egg."

"But I make a profit of three and a quarter cents an egg by selling them for four and a quarter cents an egg to the people in Malta I buy them from for seven cents an egg. Of course, *I* don't make the profit. The syndicate makes the profit. And everybody has a share."

Yossarian felt he was beginning to understand. "And the people you sell the eggs to at four and a quarter cents apiece make a profit of two and three quarter cents apiece when they sell them back to you at seven cents apiece. Is that right? Why don't you sell the eggs directly to you and eliminate the people you buy them from?"

"Because I'm the people I buy them from," Milo explained. "I make a profit of three and a quarter cents apiece when I sell them to me and a profit of two and three quarter cents apiece when I buy them back from me. That's a total profit of six cents an egg. I lose only two cents an egg when I sell them to the mess halls at five cents apiece, and that's how I can make a profit buying eggs for seven cents apiece and selling them for five cents apiece. I pay only one cent apiece at the hen when I buy them in Sicily."

"In Malta," Yossarian corrected. "You buy your eggs in Malta, not Sicily."

Milo chortled proudly. "I don't buy eggs in Malta," he confessed, with an air of slight and clandestine amusement that was the only departure from industrious sobriety Yossarian had ever seen him make. "I buy them in Sicily for one cent apiece and transfer them to Malta secretly at four and a half cents apiece in order to get the price of eggs up to seven cents apiece when people come to Malta looking for them."

"Why do people come to Malta for eggs when they're so expensive there?"

"Because they've always done it that way."

"Why don't they look for eggs in Sicily?"

"Because they've never done it that way."

"Now I really don't understand. Why don't you sell your mess halls the eggs for seven cents apiece instead of for five cents apiece?"

"Because my mess halls would have no need for me then. Anyone can buy seven-cents-apiece eggs for seven cents apiece."

"Why don't they bypass you and buy the eggs directly from you in Malta at four and a quarter cents apiece?"

"Because I wouldn't sell it to them."

"Why wouldn't you sell it to them?"

"Because then there wouldn't be as much room for a profit. At least this way I can make a bit for myself as a middleman."

"Then you do make a profit for yourself," Yossarian declared.

"Of course I do. But it all goes to the syndicate. And everybody has a share. Don't you understand? It's exactly what happens with those plum tomatoes I sell to Colonel Cathcart."

"Buy," Yossarian corrected him. "You don't *sell* plum tomatoes to Colonel Cathcart and Colonel Korn. You *buy* plum tomatoes from them."

"No, *sell,"* Milo corrected Yossarian. "I distribute my plum tomatoes in markets all over Pianosa under an assumed name so that Colonel Cathcart and Colonel Korn can buy them up from me under their assumed names at four cents apiece and sell them back to me the next day for the syndicate at five cents apiece. They make a profit of one cent apiece, I make a profit of three and a half cents apiece, and everybody comes out ahead."

"Everybody but the syndicate," said Yossarian with a snort. "The syndicate is paying five cents apiece for plum tomatoes that cost you only half a cent apiece. How does the syndicate benefit?"

"The syndicate benefits when I benefit," Milo explained, "because everybody has a share. And the syndicate gets Colonel Cathcart's and Colonel Korn's support so that they'll let me go out on trips like this one. You'll see how much profit that can mean in about fifteen minutes when we land in Palermo."

"Malta," Yossarian corrected him. "We're flying to Malta now, not Palermo."

"No, we're flying to Palermo," Milo answered. "There's an endive exporter in Palermo I have to see for a minute about a shipment of mushrooms to Bern that were damaged by mold."

"Milo, how do you do it?" Yossarian inquired with laughing amazement and admiration. "You fill out a flight plan for one place and then you go to another. Don't the people in the control towers ever raise hell?"

"They all belong to the syndicate," Milo said. "And they know that what's good for the syndicate is good for the country, because that's what makes Sammy run. The men in the control towers have a share, too, and that's why they always have to do whatever they can to help the syndicate."

"Do I have a share?"

"Everybody has a share."

"Does Orr have a share?"

"Everybody has a share."

"And Hungry Joe? He has a share, too?"

"Everybody has a share."

"Well, I'll be dammed," mused Yossarian, deeply impressed with the idea of a share for the very first time.

If your company is spending millions searching for new product ideas, maybe our company could save you some money.

Some people are geniuses at thinking up products they can *make.*

Some people are geniuses at thinking up products they can *sell.*

We don't have an R & D man to our name. But we do think we have some people whose heads are marvelously skewed to dreaming up products that could turn out to be just what the customer was waiting for.

Do you think our geniuses should meet your geniuses?

BBDO.

1 ICE SCREAM. Instant dessert—like soft ice cream—in an aerosol can. No freezing needed. (It stores in refrigerator.) Can whistles as Ice Scream swirls out.

2 VAPOMATIC. Aerosol decongestant mist. It has a metered and timed release cycle. Placed in child's room, it releases decongestant into the air at regular intervals.

3 ROLL-A-PAD. Long roll of drawing paper that comes in a wall dispenser, like paper towels. Ideal for a kid's room.

4 BELLE BOTTOM. Aerosol spray you apply to diaper before putting diaper on your baby. Prevents diaper rash by neutralizing acids in urine.

5 SKINNY DIP. Line of low-calorie cottage-cheese dips in table-top containers. Twice the protein of other dips, but only half the calories.

6 BLUE MUSTACHE. A chapstick with a decongestant in it. Applied under child's nose, it relieves congestion and soothes rawness that comes from nose blowing.

7 SHAMPOODLE. No-tears baby shampoo in a plastic squeeze toy the shape of a dog. Dog barks when squeezed, keeps child amused during shampoo.

8 DOG NOG. Vitamin and protein-enriched drink for dogs. Low in calories, can be mixed with dry dog food or given to dog straight.

9 BELLY BEANS. Mild antacid for children 6 to 12 years old. Settles stomachaches caused by nervous tension, colds, flu.

10 BAN-ITCHES. Plastic bandage strips impregnated with antihistamine to take the itch out of insect bites and minor rashes.

11 QUOTA. A dog food for indoor dogs, dogs that rarely get the exercise they require. Maintains proper balance between food intake and energy output.

12 POLAR BERRIES. Low-calorie dessert filled with whole berries. Tastes like ice cream, but has only half the calories. Comes in strawberry, blueberry, raspberry.

13 SQUEEJAM. A line of jams and jellies in unbreakable tubes. Messless way for kids to make sandwiches.

14 STRIPPERS. Pre-treated nail-polish-remover tissues. Contain both polish remover and nail conditioner (to keep nails from drying out).

Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn, Inc.
383 Madison Ave, New York, N.Y. 10017
Atlanta, Boston, Cleveland, Dallas, Detroit, Los Angeles, Minneapolis, Montreal, Pittsburgh, San Francisco, Toronto.
In Europe: Frankfurt, London, Milan, Paris, Vienna.

The product of the real world doesn't have to be coherent.

ANNOUNCER: This golden opportunity will stay fresh for days. If you act now. One piece does all the work without lights or blemishes. Mug Old-Fashioned Root Beer!

Now!

Watch it disappear, like magic. *No one* will call, and there is no scratching. Fits sizes nine through triple A. If you find it unsatisfactory, your tread can be refunded the same day, because they make it the way they used to. There is positively no waiting . . . for true draft taste. Mug Old-Fashioned Root Beer *totally incorporated*! Amazing!

To cut down wear-out the hard-to-find satisfactory today. You haven't tasted root beer like this in years. Just a few drops will prove to you. A useful and distinctive addition to any home. Nothing makes it like Mug Root Beer. Accept no substitutes!

You may have already won. There is a total set of six pieces. Smartly styled in handsome decorator colors. In less than three weeks home trial. Isn't it time you did something about the inside of your face? Mug Old-Fashioned Root Beer! A fitting memorial to your throat.

After all, that's where it's at. Right?

THE MAILMAN AS CANCER PATIENT

Hanging around the house each day
the mailman never smiles; he tires
easily, is losing weight,
that's all; they will hold the job
and, besides,
he needed a rest.
He will not hear it discussed.

As he walks the empty rooms, he
thinks of crazy things
like Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey,
shaking hands with Franklin D. Roosevelt
at Grand Coulee Dam,
New Year's Eve parties he liked best;
enough things to fill a book,
he tells his wife, who
also thinks crazy things
but keeps on working.

Yet sometimes at night
the mailman dreams he rises from his bed,
puts on his clothes and goes
out, trembling with joy . . .
He hates those dreams
worst for when he wakes
there is nothing left
of them, nothing
whole to cling to; it is
as if he had never been
anywhere, never done anything,
never met anybody:
there is just the now,
the early morning without sun,
the sound of a doorknob
turning slowly.

—Raymond Carver

from THE ADMIRATION OF TECHNIQUE
Edward McIrvine
and
WORLDS IN THE MAKING
Dunstan and Garlan

The classical economists were convinced of the necessity for man to participate in productive processes. "A man must always live by his work," says Adam Smith in *The Wealth of Nations.* Robert Owen postulates that " . . . manual labour, properly directed, is the source of all wealth, and of national prosperity." Thomas Carlyle sees an inevitability in the system of wages-for-added-value: "A fair day's-wages for a fair day's-work: it is as just a demand as governed men ever made of governing. It is the everlasting right of man. Indisputable as Gospels, as arithmetical multiplication-tables. . . . " Carlyle carries his argument even further, in a later chapter of *Past and Present,* when he states categorically: "All True Work is sacred; in all true work, were it but true hard labor, there is something of divineness."

Nor did the nineteenth-century socialists doubt man's role as the practitioner of technique. The Fourieristic socialist Parke Godwin (in *Democracy, Constructive and Pacific*) states that "Society owes [human beings] a guarantee of life and work. They possess a right to labor, which is the most sacred of all rights." The Christian socialist George D. Herron (in *The New Redemption*) carries the admiration of technique to an extreme with his apotheosis: "This is a world of work. God works and man works. Work is the manifestation of life. Work is communion with God. There is no righteous work that is not sacred and divine."

Our economic system, built to fan the flames of productivity during the nineteenth century, continues to emphasize productive capacity despite the advent of affluence.

Upon meeting a stranger, ask a third party "Who is he?" and the reply is likely to be "He is an attorney," or "He works for the railroad"; seldom are you told "He is a camper," or "He reads poetry," although the latter activities may indicate the identity of the man more closely and may involve more of his conscious thoughts than does his productive occupation. The identification of man by his productive function extends to the choice of surnames such as Butcher, Barbero, Baumeister, and Bouvier.

If we can accept the notion that society has less and less need of workers, in the traditional sense, may we not now discard this basis for estimating a man's identity and worth?

This leaves us with the crisis of meaning: the problem of what to put in the place of "productive" work. "We are faced," says R. J. Havighurst, "with the fundamental question—Can men be happy in any other way than in work?"

Lewis Mumford, in The Myth of the Machine, *argues that unless we pry ourselves loose from the very limiting view that man is essentially a tool-making, tool-using animal, we will be reduced by our own technology to being nothing more than that. He contends that tool-making, far from being the defining quality of man, is shared by other creatures and cannot begin to account for the development of the human brain. Rather, Mumford believes the pursuit of culture is the truly distinguishing activity of man.*

Ritual art, poesy, drama, music, dance, philosophy, science, myth, religion are all as essential to man as his daily bread: man's true life consists not alone in the work activities that directly sustain him, but in the symbolic activities which give significance both to the processes of work and their ultimate products and consummations.

George P. Shultz challenges America to greater productivity.

The Arab oil boycott has done for the United States what no amount of speechmaking can do.

It woke up this country to the need to change our habit of wasting energy. Thanks to the serious oil supply problem the nation must now squeeze the waste out of our energy usage.

I see this as a valuable exercise for us. The fuel shortage should teach individuals, business, industry, labor and government to question if there are not better, less expensive, more efficient ways of doing what needs to be done.

Is there any sense in having government regulations, business practices or work practices that perpetuate waste of any resource, whether it be energy, manpower or capital?

Is there any sense in having government regulations on back-hauling that force trucks to travel empty one way—needlessly consuming fuel and wasting man-hours while adding to the ultimate cost of production?

Why adhere to such specialization of job duties that one team of workers is idled while another specialty team performs a preparatory job? Such practices make houses, office space and plants more expensive, not better.

America's production of goods and services is burdened by such waste. The cost in the end is paid by consumers and taxpayers. Over the past two decades, a nation that prides itself on its ingenuity has allowed other industrial nations to surpass it in productivity gains.

The implications for our standard of living and the quality of our life are strong. Only high and continuous gains in effectiveness will permit the nation to divert some of its resources from immediate production to pursue social and environmental goals.

courage and apply technological innovations, invest in capital equipment and improve managerial techniques. We must also stress the human factors of production: improving skills and education, accepting change, providing greater job security, and establishing more satisfactory work schedules.

Improvements in these areas will raise our output per unit of the resources we use. As productivity goes up, less goes into making more. Goods and services become less expensive and workers enjoy shorter workdays, longer vacations, more pay, or some combination.

The challenge of stimulating this nation to greater productivity lies before labor, management and government.

Each group would do well to follow the pioneering labor-management effort in the steel industry. The union and the companies set out several years ago to improve efficiency in a beleaguered industry. They have contributed substantially to making American-produced steel competitive again. The effort helped save jobs and helped make possible an increase in the production of steel now, when we need it to produce energy and many other things we want.

United States Steel has helped develop many energy-conserving techniques now in use in our industry. Through processes such as oxygen-using furnaces and continuous casting lines, for example, we can now produce finished steel with almost 15% less energy—a significant gain in the productive use of our resources. United States Steel Corp., 600 Grant St., Pittsburgh, Pa. 15230.

USS **We're involved.**

So there are those who think we need the prospect of a change in order to make us tolerate our work. And there are those who think that the end result of a whole lot of people only tolerating their work -- and letting it show -- is an irritatingly shoddy economy.

THE UNIVERSAL SABBATICAL SYSTEM: A Proposal

1. In the Book of Leviticus, the Lord God Jehovah is reported to have declared that "Six years thou shalt sow thy field, and six years thou shalt prune thy vineyard, and gather in the fruit thereof; but in the seventh year shall be a sabbath of rest unto the land, a sabbath for the Lord; thou shall neither sow thy field nor prune thy vineyard."

The academic sabbatical comes close to this prescription, for it encourages the beneficiary to let his mind and body lie fallow for a year—or at least it encourages him to direct himself to a different activity and to visit different places, which, like rotating crops, may be just as effective.

2. The Universal Sabbatical System (U.S.S.) will extend the sabbatical idea to all Americans of working age—men, women, wage earners, housewives, executives, assembly-line workers, professionals, garbage men, the self-employed. The objective is nothing less than to re-create the national morale and revitalize the national economy by attacking at its roots the alienation of the worker from his work, which has recently been publicized as the Blue Collar Blues, the Monkey Wrench Blues, and the Job Blahs.

By giving ourselves breathing space as individuals, we will learn to breathe more easily as a nation. The whole and fulfilled man will become the citizen of a whole and fulfilled nation. Furthermore, the Universal Sabbatical System will make work available to those who cannot now find it, reduce the welfare rolls, increase the gross national product, stimulate the growth of the service, travel, and educational industries, and remove many of the causes of the stress-induced diseases that now plague us. Inflation will be stemmed. The national spirit will be renewed, and Old Glory will again become the symbol of hope and freedom rather than of destruction abroad and scandal at home.

3. The basic idea of the U.S.S. is that every adult American will have the opportunity to enjoy a paid sabbatical every seven years. It is as simple at that.

4. Each person will be responsible for the way in which he spends his sabbatical. The agency that administers the system will limit itself, with one exception (see Section 5, below), to seeing that each person on sabbatical receives precisely the stipend that is due him, no more and no less, and that he receives it on time.

Although it is nobody else's concern whether a person chooses to spend a year loafing and inviting his soul, or studying verse forms in medieval French, or working in a leprosarium, or counting the cats in Zanzibar, help will be offered those who find it hard to plan for themselves. The system will be organized to encourage the Rule of Opposites. The policeman will be encouraged to enter a monastery. The president of General Motors will serve as a playground supervisor in a school for black children in Mississippi. The snout-puller in the Kansas City stockyards will sun himself on the Riviera and consider the possibilities of life. Workers in industries threatened with technological change will be encouraged to learn new skills. People with tender consciences will be offered opportunities for public service in organizations like VISTA and the Peace Corps. Sabbatical counseling will spring up as a new sub-profession.

A model for the Rule of Opposites was recently provided by Dr. John R. Coleman, the president of Haverford College, who revealed that on his sabbatical he had worked as a farmhand, ditchdigger, garbage man, dishwasher, and salad man at an oyster house.

5. Virtually the only restriction on the sabbatical will be the injunction *Thou Shalt Not Profit.* Those who choose to work at sabbatical jobs will receive their sabbatical stipends and no more. Outright moonlighters, who attempt to collect paychecks in addition to their stipends, will be dealt with as harshly as income-tax evaders are now, for they are stealing money from their fellow citizens.

6. The effect of the Universal Sabbatical System on marriage and other domestic arrangements touches both on the public and the private interests. In general, domestic partners will be encouraged to spend their sabbaticals apart in order to renew themselves individually. Young children will be cared for during their parents' sabbaticals—perhaps in the kibbutz-like communities, operated by and for people on sabbatical. The family will in the end be strengthened.

7. The administrative machinery to support the Universal Sabbatical System will be created by legislation as sweeping as that which created the social-security system. Logically, the Universal Sabbatical Agency (U.S.A) should be part of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare; in view of the intractable chaos at H.E.W., however, U.S.A. will be created as an independent agency, headed by an officer of Cabinet rank who will command a budget second only to the Department of Defense's and who will be our spokesman for the renewal of life, just as the Secretary of Defense is our spokesman for the bureaucracy of death and destruction.

The administrative models for the U.S.A. will be the Social Security Administration and the insurance and veterans' benefits divisions of the Veterans Administration, two organizations that have, for all their critics, evolved reasonably efficient and reasonably honest systems of handling the financial claims of extraordinarily large numbers of people.

8. The sabbatical stipend will be two thirds of an employed person's average salary during the preceding six years. Formulas will be developed to assure fair stipends to those who are not regularly employed, whose income is received in kind rather than in cash, and so on. Farmers, for example, present a special case.

Most importantly, married couples will benefit from a provision that assures the wife of her own sabbatical stipend, whether she is employed outside the home or not.

9. In order to estimate the cost of the U.S.S., let us consider some round numbers. In April, 1972, the civilian labor force was estimated at a little more than 80,000,000 persons. In addition, there were about 46,400,000 housewives, giving a gross total of 125,000,000 persons of an age for sabbatical benefits. In any one year, one seventh of these, or about 18,000,000 persons, could apply for sabbatical stipends.

Given the results of the Universal Sabbatical Sys-

and the reluctance of many persons to risk leaving their jobs for a year, let us assume that initially only half the eligibles will take advantage of this opportunity. If this assumption is correct, 9,000,000 people will go on sabbatical the first operational year of the system.

The median family income will soon be $12,000. Two thirds of this is $8,000. Nine million sabbaticals at an average of $8,000 each will generate $72,000,000,000 in sabbatical stipends to be paid out. An additional five percent for administration produces a total budget of $75,600,000,000. This compares favorably with the budget for the Department of Defense.

10. A quarter of the program will be rendered self-supporting by virtue of those who choose to work at paid sabbatical jobs. Another quarter will be generated by surtaxes levied on workers who decline to take sabbaticals and on their employers. Still another quarter will be raised by progressively closing the loopholes in the income-tax system. (Philip M. Stern has estimated in his recent *The Rape of the Taxpayer* that these loopholes currently account for the loss to the public coffers of $77,000,000,000 annually—enough to support the entire Universal Sabbatical System with about a billion left over.) The remaining $19,000,000,000, representing about seven percent of the federal budget, will be raised by redistributing current budgetary allocations. (This may make for hard times at the Department of Defense and the C.I.A., but from any considerations of humanity the U.S.S. is clearly of a higher order of priority than these agencies.)

As the U.S.S. grows and its beneficial effects are realized, further support will come from funds previously allocated to unemployment insurance and welfare since an estimated 5,000,000 jobs will be created.

11. Not the least of the benefits of the U.S.S. will be its encouragement of industries serving sabbatical needs. If the 9,000,000 people on sabbatical spend an average of only $1,000 a year on travel, a sum of $9,000,000,000 will be pumped into the travel industry. If a quarter of the people on sabbatical spend an average of $500 on educational activities, $1,125,000,000 will flow into the education industry, with spin-offs into such associated industries as publishing and the production of audiovisual aids. Other service industries will benefit proportionately.

In the long run, the Universal Sabbatical System will convert the United States from an economy geared principally to preparations for warfare to an economy geared principally to the satisfaction of the most deeply felt human needs.

12. The effect of the U.S.S. on inflation will be profound. The sabbatical stipend, it will be recalled, amounts to two thirds of the preceding average annual income. Some sabbaticalers will manage comfortably on this sum, but others—probably the majority—will need to supplement their stipend with savings. We have assumed that half the work force (including housewives) will take part in the U.S.S. This amounts to 63,000,000 people. In any year, 9,000,000 will be on sabbatical. The remaining 56,000,000 will be saving toward their sabbaticals. If each of these were to save an average of only $50 a month, $34,000,000,000 a year would be withdrawn from circulation. The deflationary effect would surely be appreciable.

13. The Universal Sabbatical System is one of those rare proposals that will truly benefit both the individual and the nation. Its costs are considerable, but its advantages—to the society, to the economy, and to the human spirit—are even more considerable. The long and arduous task remains of arousing the voters to demand such a system from those who make our laws.

Assuming we do want to pull up our socks...

Game Plan for Daily Living

Ari Kiev, M.D.

Several years ago a young businessman visited my office with an unusual request. He was in town for only a day and was returning home that evening to a small town upstate.

He wanted a set of guidelines to follow that would let him function without professional help in the face of considerable confusion and despair caused by serious personal problems.

"I want some kind of daily checklist to help me keep on track during times of doubt and indecision," he said.

"If I had some general rules to follow it would make things a lot easier for me."

Intrigued by this challenge, I prepared a list of principles that were specifically designed to maximize his strengths so that he could cope by himself with his problems.

Several months later, he phoned to thank me for my help and to tell me that daily he read through my checklist and that it had helped him to resolve many of his most pressing problems.

Subsequently, I have tested and expanded this checklist into a program general enough to be applicable to a wide range of human problems and life situations and, yet, practical enough to help people cope with specific situations, relying on their own specific resources. These are some of the special points to work on:

Potential

Many people are dissatisfied, even though they have what they believe everyone wants and should want—a nice home, a good job, and the like.

They are unfulfilled by their achievements or acquisitions and even their relationships. But they don't know why they are uncomfortable or what it is they really want. Assessing their lives, they will likely discover how little effort they devote to what they really want to do.

While your choices as a child may have been limited, they need no longer be limited. You decide what you do with your life. In the last analysis, your behavior, not chance or the views of others, determines your concept of yourself and determines whether or not you will reach the goals you set.

Begin by focusing on your strengths, not on weaknesses. Focus on what you can do and on the aspects of your daily life that you take for granted. Consider how much your mental energies have accomplished for you until now.

Your job, what you earn, your accomplishments to date have generally come from the application of your intelligence to various tasks around you. Like most people, you probably use only a portion of your mental powers. If all your accomplishments have resulted from using only a portion of your capabilities, consider how much you can accomplish if you tap

NOTE OWN SKILLS

You might start, for example, by clipping and pasting newspaper articles that interest you for the next 30 days. At the end of that time, see if there isn't some trend suggestive of a deep-seated interest or inclination.

Keep alert each day to the slightest indications of your special skills or talents. Take note of the remarks of friends and relatives when they say that something is "typical of you."

From this exercise, you should be able to get some sense of potential strengths. Whenever you discover a strength or talent, think of five possible ways to develop this strength. Write these down on a 3 × 5-inch card and check them periodically to keep them fresh in your mind.

Goals

How many goals should you have? One goal at a time should be sufficient. Too many goals or impossible goals produce conflict. A single goal will simplify your life, help to define an identity, conserve energy and reduce dependency on others. Always, however, have the next goal in the back of your mind, since the most satisfaction comes from the process of pursuing a goal, not simply from achieving it.

The mature person assumes responsibility for what happens to him and does not attribute misfortune to the environment or the failure of others. He learns from experience by asking, "What else could I have done?" He realizes that he can change no one but himself.

To reach your objectives, you must rise above the motivation to satisfy only physical needs and desires. Large goals require greater commitment and the postponement of present gratification for future reward.

Everyone feels inadequate from time to time. Some even feel inadequate all of the time. Feelings of inadequacy are generated by a comparison of oneself to others, not failure to accomplish a task.

COUNT ASSETS;

When you feel inadequate, stop for a minute and consider what you do have. Do you have your health? Do you have friends? Do you have free time? There will always be something positive in what you do have. Ultimately, satisfaction will come from those activities you pursue from the position you are in now.

Planning

If you have a job, you probably have about 3,640 hours of free time a year. As you begin each day, you have the freedom to try new approaches. There is no reason to think that you must stay on the same job or live in the same house. The more you discover and master the freedom you have, the more you will determine your own destiny.

This does not mean you should rush from one situation to another willy-nilly or escape responsibility by making drastic or extreme changes. Freedom is not license, nor should you become the servant or slave of your own impulses.

Stop and think what you can change in the smallest areas of your daily life.

Try something new at your job, or in raising your children. Small changes will generate challenge and excitement, and will demonstrate the impact you can have over your own destiny.

Don't decide beforehand that you won't be able to accomplish something or that you won't be allowed to do it. Try and try again.

Money

It is not so much the size of your salary that is crucial, but rather the extent to which you feel comfortable about your standard of living, so that you can take the world on your own terms. To achieve this position of being able to determine your economic destiny requires that you reduce your standard of living to a level that gives you economic independence.

SET MONEY GOALS

Since money is earned from effort, not from luck or chance, you must focus on small, regular, detailed steps, which can be readily controlled and which can lead to greater earnings.

Look for ways to increase your output in your present job. Establish financial goals: the amount of money you wish to earn, the amount you wish to save, and the amount you wish to have for your retirement. Record these figures on a small index card as a reminder of your financial goals.

If you set financial goals far in excess of your present income, you are well advised to determine who earns that amount, how they earn it, and what steps you must take to earn an equivalent amount. Remember not to focus on the money per se, but on the activities that you can pursue to earn this money.

Relationships

Relationships are strongest when they develop in pursuit of a shared objective or activity. Relationships that focus on simply "having a relationship" will prove taxing, frustrating, and generally much less rewarding.

Where differences exist in attitude, values, and objectives, do not try to modify the other person to suit your needs. Similarly, don't allow yourself to be so accommodating that you compromise your own identity. Find shared interests and activities and pursue these. Accentuate the positive features of a relationship; conflict and recrimination will subside.

Below is a daily checklist that has been enthusiastically endorsed by over 500 of my patients. Follow them, one day at a time, and you'll be surprised at what you'll be able to accomplish.

1. Work to improve what you do best and most readily. As much as possible, rely on yourself to accomplish the goals you have set for yourself.

2. Concentrate first on activities related to the objectives that are most important to you.

3. Prepare a general schedule the night before but approach each day in a relaxed way, letting things emerge and evolve as the day goes on. Above all, seek activities that you enjoy.

4. Focused and informed activity reduces fear and anxiety. Study of a task and the actual effort of testing it lead to knowledge. Remembering this will take the sting out of failure.

5. Don't resort to mechanical formulas to solve problems. Find the method most compatible with your own personality and lifestyle. You can learn from emulating others, but you should strive to conduct your life in ways suited to yourself. Don't blame your inaction on others and take credit for sacrificing your goals on their behalf.

6. Acting in terms of your goals will give you strength in dealing with the most complex situations and will minimize the psychological threats of specific situations. Ultimately, what you accomplish results from your willingness to be true to yourself.

7. The strongest relationships develop from pursuit of a common objective or activity, but guard against a willingness to be so accommodating that you compromise your own identity.

exercises

TERMS

materials: *a list of terms.*

Instead of being general, these listings call for specific terminology used in different trades and professions . . . words and coined expressions that have actual meaning in every day use. For instance, a list of "restaurant" terms and expressions.

list:
water your people: fill water glasses
dessert dance: offer selections from French pastry tray
Adam & Eve on a raft: 2 eggs on toast
sling hash: serve
drop a French: put French fries on fryer
Sir: sirloin
L.B.J.: London broil (rare)
sponge it: bus boy cleaning tables
a burger under cover: cheeseburger
dogs in a warm blanket: hot dog in toasted roll
2 brats with kraut: bratwurst with sauerkraut
tunnyfish saladwich: tuna salad sandwich

variations: (1) sailing terms, (2) musical terms, (3) modelling terms, (4) bridge terms, (5) pro-football terms.

READ: *"EDUCATION AUTOMATION"* BY B. FULLER

KIDNAP NOTE

materials: *magazines.*

Pretend that you've kidnapped a city, a school, a book, a film or a thing. Create a kidnap note using only words, pictures and images found in magazines and newspapers. You must not write the words by hand. The printed magazine or newspaper headline words taken out of context, placed into a new environment and the juxtaposition of type of various faces and sizes, create unusual and interesting compositions.

variations: create a ransom note using clipped pictures and illustrations only.

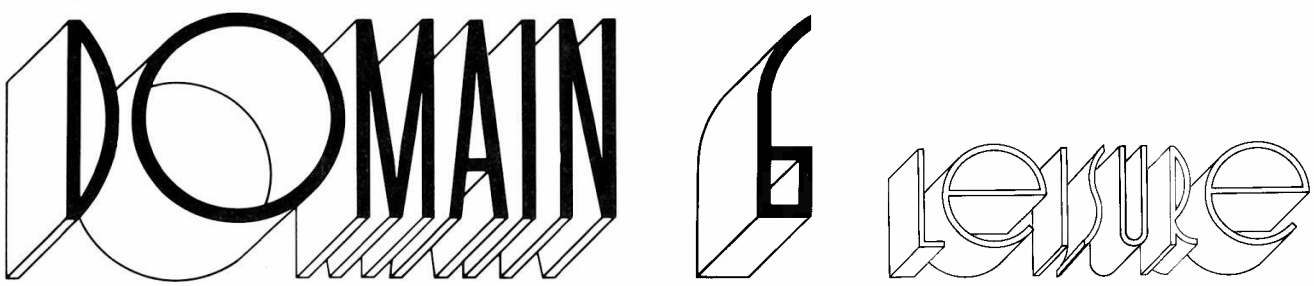
ART IS TO SOCIETY AS DREAMS ARE TO THE PERSON.

DEFINITION

Definition is another aspect of what might be labeled informative prose. Articles in the commitment category are rationally for or against something, and those in slanted language (clichés) tend to appeal more to emotion or bias than to reason. Selections used as examples of definition, however, usually describe the topic rather than attempt to persuade the reader to accept a point of view or to take some action.

1) Select one piece in the definition category that actually defines terms plus one that gives an operational definition (telling how a thing works). Write an analysis of the difference between the two.

2) Write a definition of your own to describe or explain one of the eight domains of this text.


DOMAIN
leisure

As we were saying, work is of primary importance in our lives, isn't it? After all, what would we do with too much leisure? (This is considered a great problem by some of our top minds!)

LEISURE

Outlook: Leisure Opens New World. Society Unprepared for Its Challenges and Opportunities.

Panel Conclusions

Automation, shorter workweeks, earlier retirement, longer life, and affluence are creating and making available more leisure time. Under attack is the Puritan ethic that work is the only acceptable means of self-expression and of being a productive and respectable member of society, and that man must work long and hard to earn the right to leisure and early retirement. Little is being done to prepare man to find purpose and satisfaction in his newfound leisure. Furthermore, transportation, recreation, and education facilities in their present limited and obsolete forms are inadequate to meet the escalating demands of the leisured. Given the total array of national problems, the competition for scarce resources, and the mood of the public, it is unlikely that the needs of the leisured will be met in the near future.

Public Opinion

Awareness of leisure as a "problem" is limited. There is also little awareness of the other problems that will be raised by an increase in leisure time.

A WORD OF FOUR LETTERS

ALAN BRIEN

Nobody has a good word to say for work but everybody is always doing it. They take it home at night. They stretch it out until it lasts into overtime. They pursue it at the weekends, badly and without pay, and call it a hobby. They leave school early in order to spend more of their life at it. And when they retire, they die off, mourning the loss of it. Work is an invention of the devil and Satan finds mischief for busy hands to do. Man is rarely so gainfully employed as when unemployed. But almost nobody would go back to Eden if the angel put down his flaming sword and started dishing out free passes. Almost nobody that is—except a few criminals, loafers, mental defectives, drunks and me. Work-shyness seems to be an inborn characteristic, like colour blindness or the inability to taste phenylthiocarbamide, and I'm very glad I inherited it with my genes.

I honestly do not understand what people mean when they drone on about the Problem of Leisure. The only problem I can see is how to stop my leisure being interrupted and tainted by that ugliest of all four-letter words, work. I start every morning with the basic assumption that today is a holiday even if a sizeable patch of it must be roped off and dedicated to earning a living. But it is the living which counts, not the earning. And I would enjoy living my living even more if I did not have to waste so much living earning my living. This is such a shocking thought to most people, that they think I must be making a sick joke. They have been so conditioned to believing that all jam must have a pill concealed in it that they are in a worse cycle than Pavlov's dogs—they can only slaver at the mouth if they have spent eight hours ringing the bell themselves.

The more intelligent they are, the richer their inner resources, the less they seem able to relax and feed off their mental fat. Pascal said that the troubles of the world were caused by man's refusal to stay in his room alone. I am one of these freaks who can exert himself doing nothing for hours on end: Simeon Stylites with a pillow behind his head, Monsieur Recamier with the sofa but without the salon. It is only nothing externally, for nature abhors a vacuum in the mind too. Internally, the joint is jumping—blue movies, political filibusters, dialogues with the famous dead, short stories with a dozen different endings and no beginning, epigrams repaired while you wait, self-esteem invisibly mended, seats in all parts, no queuing. It is a multi-channel, closed-circuit, television serial in colour but beamed to indulge the wish-fulfillment fantasies of only one individual instead of millions.

Daydreaming is a drug without hang-overs. With a little experience at the controls, it is possible to programme an instalment for almost any length, depth, shade or pattern. Like masturbation, which I suppose it resembles (as will no doubt be pointed out by those of my psychiatric correspondents who take so many years to treat the patients on their couches but presume to analyse me on the basis of a few articles), it is only dangerous if it leaves an aftertaste of embarrassed guilt. Physiologists have now established that the deep, restful "dreamless sleep" is a myth in-

vented by copywriters for malted-milk drinks. The balm of hurt minds is always alive and wriggling with dreams. It may yet be discovered that the ravelled sleave of care can also be knitted up by imaginary adventures glimpsed through open lids.

But spectator sports, even if you occasionally double up as trainer, star and critic of the match, have their limitations. Horizontal man needs to become vertical man from time to time to gather fresh material for this art-form—the only creative fiction open to everyone without exception. But there are many ways of filling in and decorating the leisure hours without being forced to resort to the last refuge of the bored, work. As Coleridge, a prince among leisure-lovers, once pointed out (I quote from memory in this honour), there is 'dozing, snuff-taking, novel-reading, smoking, swinging on a gate, spitting over bridges, tete-a-tete quarrels after dinner between husband and wife.' There is stretching out a lunch with odd gobbets and goblets until the light fades, the table seems to expand to infinity, the faces of your friends grow strangely unfamiliar and caricatured, and the talk escapes from your lips like ectoplasm from a Victorian medium.

There is walking at random along streets usually seen only as a moving blur through a car window, turning down dead-end alleys which always offer a last-minute escape through passages too narrow for a fat dog, sampling tiny hidden parks and open-air markets, peering into derelict shops where the debris of a dead age are brooded over by ancient crones creaking in the gloom, passing by impossible businesses and petty factories for whose products even the mystic machinery of free enterprise must be strained to find a buyer. There are more purposive activities such as making love (for details of which see any modern novel) or reading that tiny portion of the world's literature a man can consume in a lifetime (three books a week for 40 years is only 6,000 volumes). There is cooking, cycling, going to the theatre or cinema, visiting your tailor, drinking before and after work, ringing up the builder, watching television, turning on the hot tap with your toe without stirring up chilly under-currents, explaining concepts to your children which are so simple as to be beyond the vocabulary of an adult.

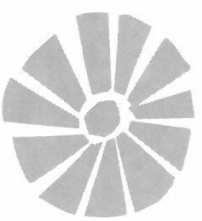
The point to remember is that these are not ways of killing time but of extending, enriching, slowing down time. It is work which makes the hours limp but the years run. Nothing is over so quickly as a well-spent life. Even congenial work such as journalism should be thought of as a barely necessary evil, indulged in only to keep body and soul apart and provide a contrast with the leisure periods which hem it round. It may be objected that it is easy for such an idle trifler as me to drift about treading his days like water, a parasite upon millions of underpaid, long-serving workers. But this is my whole argument—we too easily accept that quite useless and fruitless tasks must be performed in alienating surroundings. It should be the job of Labour to abolish labour not to institutionalise it. Once we set about solving the Problem of Work, the Problem of Leisure will vanish with it.

Of course, one man's leisure may be another man's business.

Success Is a Journey

WILLIAM F. RUSSELL

—Sports Illustrated, June 8, 1970



I should epitomize the American Dream, for I came, against long odds, from the farthest back to the very top of my profession. I came from the Depression, from an oppressed minority—first in rural poverty and then from a city's ghetto. I had to persevere to succeed, to climb out of the life that society had programmed for me. I was not immediately good at basketball. It did not come easy,

In the end, though, I attained not only great success and recognition for the highest achievement, but acclaim for being an innovator, a creator, as well. It is hard to believe now, but before I came along there were virtually no blocked shots in the game of basketball. In that primeval world, as late as my sophomore year in college, my coach was telling me that my defensive style was "fundamentally unsound." So, in effect, not only did I dominate my game in the years that I was playing it, but I changed

it altogether for all time as well.

I can be objective, and, so far as I can tell, I have lived up to all that society demands. I have achieved the absolute in my field. I have been a good winner. I am affluent. I am concerned for my fellow man and have spoken out. I am articulate, make a good appearance and am relatively honest. So, one time not long ago, I was informed that a large, prestigious company had considered me for a commercial in which I would endorse their product. But I was turned down because I did not fit their "image of what an athlete should be."

So much for the American Dream. It is, in fact, no more than a sugarcoated fantasy that sport has fundamentally improved or advanced any faster than the other components of society in the last two decades. I suspect because we elevate sport to a position of sanctity (witness the hysterical reaction to Curt Flood's suit against the reserve clause) that the falsehood is piously maintained that sport is out there in the forefront in the march of human rights. *Sport brings a city together*. You know that; you hear it all the time. A public hanging would achieve the same end. *Sport reflects American life*. Yes, it does. The fans bring their prejudices right along with them.

Indeed, the belief that sport is so progressive probably manages to cause a great deal of harm by perpetuating corollary myths. How harsh it must be for some young athlete to trust that he will be judged only on his abilities and then find out that that ideal is administered by a coach who will bench a boy because his hair is too long or because his politics are too dovish or because it is long-standing policy to start two at home, three on the road and five when you get behind. Progress should be viewed from two standards—not just how far we have gone, but how far we still must go.

How much has it all changed? Well, when I first got involved in the big-time sports world 20 years ago, most energy was being expended in finding good polite colored boys who would play the game, take abuse with a smile and a shuffle and thus be . . . a credit to their race. Now all the energy is spent in searching for white hopes (of any character) who can play, and thus be . . . a credit to their race.

The progress, or the lack of it, seems to be about the same in college and the pros. This is not especially surprising since there is a misplaced emphasis on money at every level. In this regard, the colleges have a much better gimmick than the pros, because none of the hired hands stay around long enough to cost big salaries. Why, I guess even the best kids don't make much more than $20,000 a year even in the top-paying institutions of higher learning these days.

Since profit is clearly the primary function of college athletics, I am always befuddled as to why anyone bothers to make such a big thing out of eligibility anymore. In the same way we make such an issue out of school busing when we ought to concern ourselves with the quality of education. Is there any value, really, in forcing a young man like Spencer Haywood to go through the motions of four years of college—when he seems to have neither the need nor interest in it—just so he can donate his college eligibility to some lucky athletic department?

It is a cliché, but it is still the truth, that too many coaches view their prospective athletes as performers and not as people. No coach should ask a boy to join his team unless he also would ask him to come into his house. No college should grant an athletic scholarship unless it can also offer the guarantee that that young man will graduate. Yes, guarantee. If it takes 10 years and 10 tutors, that kid will graduate. If this assurance cannot be made, then the college obviously is insincere in asking the boy to represent it on the athletic field.

Unfortunately, too many coaches cannot be reached through their shell of smugness. They feel that the colleges are surely bulwarks of salvation and that they themselves are great benefactors, simply because they invite some kid to come and play ball for a while. Especially where the coaches still deal in black stereotypes, they remain convinced that they are saving young men from a life of sweeping floors or jail.

Unfortunately, too, this mentality appears to extend far beyond the athletic department nowadays, to the classrooms and the dean's office. Education seems to be incidental to the main purpose of college—building students into spare parts for industry. The difference is slight between the halfback who gets drafted by the NFL and the engineer who advances to some conglomerate where he can develop new polluting devices. You graduate (or anyway, you use up your eligibility) and you are asked: O.K., what can you do? Never: What kind of person are you?

I worry about these young people in college now. Anyway, I wonder about them. I have never enjoyed anything quite so much as the opportunity I have had this past year to visit college campuses and talk with the students. They're obviously interested, more concerned and alert than my generation. Only sometimes I feel that it is just another game they're playing. Instead of sitting around and drinking, like my contemporaries, they're sitting around and taking drugs. Either way, it's a cop-out.

Whatever my doubts about some collegians, however, it is certainly apparent that what advances have come about in sport are on account of pressures by college athletes. Usually, too, the agitation has been led by the black kids. In a real sense, the black athlete is helping to emancipate his white teammate, and I don't believe the whites have appreciated this.

As for the pros, it is a general rule that as we get older and richer we also get more conservative. Professional athletes fit this mold. They are not only conservative, they are usually insecure as well. I think that most of them play in the first place because they need the attention. They are not given to taking risks, and I found out in coaching that you get the best results by threatening pros. Find out what a man is afraid of, and you can make him act. I often wonder how men like Bernie Casey, the artist, and Tom Meschery, the poet (and also probably the most progressive thinker among white athletes), ever manage to survive a whole season with such an insensitive group as a team of pros. They must love their sport very much.

There are, of course, a tremendous amount of misconceptions about athletes and athletics. The fans are so devoted to clichés that it is easy for them to be misled, particularly by a sporting press that has a genius for distortion. Writers are always concentrating on abstract concepts, like emotion or momentum or tradition, which are hard enough to comprehend even when you are intimately involved. The matter of courage, for instance, is always being discussed in romantic detail, when 99% of the time it is not the moral quality of courage which

is at issue. Instead, it is only the physical fact of tolerance to pain. There is no player or man that I can speak higher of than Elgin Baylor, but it is absolutely wrong to suggest that Elgin exhibited any special courage when he came back to play after his knee operation. Elgin is a ballplayer. When he could take it again, he came back to play ball. It is like a businessman going back to work after he recovers from a nervous breakdown. He goes back because that is his job. Courage has nothing to do with it.

There is a similar confusion with the subject of character as it relates to the outcome of a game. It is so simplistic to be assured that those who play the best are the best—the guys in white hats and all that—but the truth of the matter is that there is no equation between character and victory. I never felt that the Lakers or any other team we beat tried any less hard than we did. Don't let anyone tell you that the Dallas Cowboys choke. The Cowboys don't lose the big ones; the Cowboys just lose to teams that are better than they are. Listen, the best team always wins. Always, every time. It seems to me that is why they keep score.

Unfortunately, society says that winning is everything; but I would be foolish to believe that. After all, while we put such emphasis on winning, there are far more losers than there are winners. When we lost to the 76ers in 1967, my only emotional response was disappointment. What else could there be? We had played as well as we could and had lost through no fault of our own, only because the 76ers could—and did—exceed our abilities.

It was the only time in the '60s that the Celtics did lose, but I still do not believe that I was the most dominant athlete of the decade. That honor can only belong to Muhammad Ali. In fact, of all the athletes I have known, he is the one I would most prefer to have my sons look up to. So many people claim belief in something, but Ali has supported his faith at great financial loss to himself. We foolishly lionize athletes and make them heroes because they can hit a ball or catch one. It is a sad comment of the times. The only athletes we should bother with attaching any particular importance to are those like Ali, whom we can admire for themselves and not for their incidental athletic abilities.

There is a certain irony in that the most influential sports figure active today is Joe Namath, because he is no more than the end product of Muhammad Ali from 10 years ago. The situation is analogous to music, where the white musicians borrowed the black style and went on to make all the money. Unfortunately, the one thing Namath did not take from Ali is the most important facet of the man—conviction.

So far as I can see, while Namath is celebrated for being outspoken by an adoring press, he stands for nothing except having a good time. On the only occasion when Namath was forced to stand on his beliefs, he left them for the easy way out. Despite crying principle, after he was confronted by the commissioner he dropped the principle when it became expedient to do so. Then he was like a little boy taking a spanking he knew he deserved. Of course, fans like that. The Greeks made many of their gods vulnerable so they could be destroyed, and I believe, in the same way, that sports fans like their heroes best when they have feet of clay. (On a personal level, incidentally, I like Namath.)

Are sports any different from the rest of our world? This is a society that can destroy Muhammad Ali for his convictions but that praises Joe Namath for possessing none. This is a society whose laws protect property more than they do people, whose police—corrupt and on the take—preach law and order and seldom speak of justice. No, it is no surprise that Namath rather than Ali is the idol of our time.

Of course, most athletes are convinced that it is always best to follow the policy of being seen and not heard. I can remember a few years ago when I had some controversial things to say in a *Saturday Evening Post* article. I spent that whole season—till the heat went off me—with very few friends in the league, including the Celtics. The players felt that it was risky to associate with me, at least until next season's contracts were signed.

In that same year, 1964, a few of us did almost obtain enough support to pull off what would have been an unprecedented strike of All-Stars. Bob Cousy had gone to his retirement the season before after more than a decade of trying to get the owners merely to let him in the room with them to discuss a player's association. Now Tommy Heinsohn had assumed Cousy's role, and since he was finding no more success, we decided to strike before the All-Star game in Boston.

Remember now, we were the All-Stars, the best in the world. We had nothing to be afraid of. Nobody was going to ban us or run us out of basketball. If you wanted to see character and courage, you could see it here. I remember Elgin and Jerry West particularly, because their owner was the only one who actually came to the door and started knocking on it and yelling inside at his players. Elgin and Jerry held firm and joined with seven others of us to call off the game, but the vote went 11–9 to play. You should have seen the fear on many of the faces in that room. One guy, who is still in the league, was shaking so when it came his turn to vote that he had to take his hands and sit on them. He voted to play.

The prime argument used to persuade us to play that game was that of loyalty. It is a familiar entreaty, and is regularly taken out and waved like the flag in both college and professional sports. Be loyal to your alma mater or to the organization. Unfortunately, loyalty in sports remains a one way street. Athletes are asked, as pros, to be loyal to a team whose owner has joined with others in a pell-mell expansion scheme that has no purpose but to make the owners money, and is so utterly lacking in foresight that no one has yet created a program to supply good referees for eight teams, much less 18. Athletes are asked to be loyal to owners who look upon players as no more than a tax dodge, to be loyal to a team that will trade us tomorrow if it suits it, to be loyal to a team that took us by forced draft, to be loyal to fans who will withdraw their support the instant things go wrong. These truths do not change in sports.

On top of all that, loyalty is further complicated by the crosscurrents of race. A perfect example: several years ago, in Lexington, Ky., we were going to play an exhibition game against the St. Louis Hawks that would honor former Kentuckians Frank Ramsey—the best forward I ever played with, by the way—and Cliff Hagan. That afternoon before the game, a few of the black Celtics were denied service in the motel coffee shop. Naturally, we were on the next plane out of the friendly Bluegrass Country. The point of the story is not a rev-

elation of discrimination in Kentucky. The point is in the reaction, the majority opinion of which was summed up by Bob Burnes, the St. Louis sports editor, who wrote an article castigating the black players for leaving. He said we owed it to Ramsey and Hagan to remain. Nowhere did I read or did I hear that perhaps the Celtics and Hawks owed us something; that perhaps even our white teammates did.

Instead of preaching loyalty, I think it surely must be time for clubs to make moves that will genuinely foster player loyalty. Certainly, the reserve clause must go—or at least serious accommodations must be made. The right to draft or trade a player without his approval is another outdated concept. But beyond these rather major modifications of the structure, there are many simple things that clubs could do to improve the whole atmosphere. Profit sharing, stock options and the other benefits of ordinary business—which is all pro sport is—could be an easy start. Every player should be provided with legal counsel and an accountant. Every player should be helped in finding an off-season job in the team's city, even if it means—especially if it means—that the team would have to subsidize part of the player's off-season salary. In the long run, the team would make it back. The best PR men and ticket sellers a team has are its players, and keeping them around, in touch with you, while they learn a career is hardly a waste of money.

In a somewhat similar vein, incidentally, I think that NBA teams should award college scholarships to high school basketball players who like the game but who are not proficient enough to compete on a college level. To earn the scholarship the boy would agree to devote a certain amount of his time to studying and practicing refereeing. By the time he graduated, he would be a well-trained referee, properly indebted to the NBA. There would be plenty of good officials competing for jobs every season.

What is so upsetting about the sports Establishment is that it so seldom initiates any action. Everything is done only as a last resort, a response. I suppose it is only a matter of time before players are unionized. I happen to be all for that development, but it really is unnecessary, if owners could ever bring themselves to help their players. The funny thing is that, really, the only assets there are in basketball are players. You would think that the owners, allegedly all smart businessmen, would assess that situation very quickly and realize how sensible—never mind moral—it would be to protect and make friends with the only assets they have.

Of course, while I say all these things about sports, and much of what I say is critical, it is important to understand that I love games. I was one professional athlete who even enjoyed watching baseball. We must all strive to keep sports in perspective, though. I will not introduce the subject around my children. If they bring it up, fine, or if they want to play catch or shoot baskets, I am delighted. Nothing, however, is more sickening to me than those fathers who force their kids to play a sport.

It is the same sort of people who are incapable of seeing what is really important about sports. They can only turn games into little holy wars and enjoy them as emotional therapy—which is, anyway, better than having them on the streets. My own view is that athletics is an art form. As a fan, I watch in the same way that I imagine an art connoisseur studies a painting. The beauty of the sport is in the high caliber of achievement; the personalities of the players mean nothing to me. On the court, on the field, every player's personality should be subjugated and serve only to make the team distinctive.

What I enjoy most of all is, simply, seeing a man who is proficient perform. Athlete, actor, musician, painter. I would really enjoy the opportunity of observing the president of a large company in action for a day or two. I know that would fascinate me, because the same principle is involved—studying a man with great fundamental skills and knowledge while he performs his specialty.

I am sure that in any pursuit, especially athletics, confidence and satisfaction must come from within. If it does not, if you must find your satisfaction from without, usually from publicity and acclaim, then you can be hurt badly by losing—even if you did your best. Losing, you know, has no more to do with measuring character than does winning.

One reason that I was able to be a great player was that nobody knew how important that fact was to me. No one has ever been sure what I valued, and where I was really vulnerable. This made me especially effective against Wilt Chamberlain. I confused him. On the other hand, Wilt has really been the victim of an informal conspiracy. It is unfortunate, because he turned out to be better than even he thought; he could do pretty much what he wanted. But Wilt got tricked; he fell for the statistics game the way most fans and writers do. They emphasized points, so Wilt went out and got points. More than anyone. Then they said rebounds, so he went out and got the most rebounds. He was doing everything the statistics conspiracy told him to do, but he was still an also-ran. So, wait a minute, it must be assists. Wilt went right out and got the most assists for a center.

Now, in his mind, he had done everything required of a player, because he had led in all the categories that they had told him about. And he still could not win. It's sad, because it's too late now, because I'm gone, but perhaps at last Wilt is catching on about what the game is really all about. I heard him after his first meeting with Alcindor this year, and he kept emphasizing to the interviewer that it wasn't important how they fared man-to-man. The score was kept team vs. team. Well, that sounded familiar. Suddenly I knew how George Wallace must have felt when Spiro Agnew began stealing all his good stuff.

I could never let myself be influenced by the press, for I concluded early that most reporters do not do their homework and are blinded by meaningless statistics. I don't think you can be a good sportswriter if you take the subject matter too seriously.

There is still a communications gap between the writers and the athletes—especially the black athletes—and the press can be terribly insensitive. I can remember one particularly painful episode as far back as 1958, when Red Auerbach made Bennie Swain his first draft choice. A Boston paper then wrote, matter-of-factly, that since this made four Celtic Negroes, one of us already on the team—K.C., Sam Jones or myself—would obviously have to go. Apparently, I was not supposed to have any reaction to this report.

The newspapers always assumed—and after they assumed it long enough, began to believe it—that I did not like Cousy. I suspect this was because the writers figured that since they stumbled all over me on the way past my locker to interview Cousy, I must be jealous

of him. The truth of the matter is that I always admired Cousy, and of all the men I played with, I respected him the most.

Misconceptions of this sort are liable to occur so long as there are only token blacks in the communications industry, so long as the black athlete is denied having one of his own as a friend at court. It is important, you know. Sports is all one business now, and the game can no longer be isolated from what surrounds it. The press, TV, companies that use athletes for endorsements—they are all as much a part of modern big-time sports as the league office itself.

I am sure that I received different treatment because there are no blacks in the decision-making processes of the sports apparatus. What few endorsement offers I received were all cheap. One time a large ad agency from New York called and suggested I do an ad "for prestige." I replied: "If I needed prestige, you wouldn't have called me in the first place." I can't think of all the times I was asked to appear on a radio or TV show. No pay, of course. I was there to help jack up the ratings, attract new sponsors and help everybody else get more money. Of course, neither I nor any other black athlete was eligible to have such a show.

The press itself probably plays the largest role in creating white hopes, a practice which seems to be growing rather than diminishing. It appears that the point has been reached now where white hopes are even created after the fact. Arnold Palmer, for instance, was voted Athlete of the Decade by the Associated Press, and there seems to be absolutely no justification for that choice except along racial lines. (Of course, I did feel better after the Mets were voted the Team of the Decade by ABC-TV viewers over the Celtics—and the Packers—for that choice is so absolutely ludicrous that it makes all the others invalid, too.)

White hope springs eternal, though. Pete Maravich is, of course, the latest paper star. They are determined to force him down our throats as they have so many white players before him. One of the reasons that Jerry West has the respect of every player in the NBA is that he had to earn his stripes. He came up, relatively unheralded, like the rest of us. Billy Cunningham is another one that way. He made his reputation. But, good God, remember Bill Bradley? He was ordained as the greatest player in history even before he ever played in the pros. Of course, it's true that he never asked for any of that adulation.

The NBA has apparently purged itself of the quota system. The day in 1965 that Red started five blacks—and we went on to win the title—that was the end of the quota system. As despicable as it was, however, I must say that the quota system won a title for the Celtics. In the 1963-64 season Cincinnati had a better team than we did. The Royals could have beaten us, but in my opinion they virtually gave Bob Boozer away to get down to their black quota, and that gave us a championship in the bargain.

Basketball is clearly the most progressive sport now. Blacks have even reached a point in basketball where we have achieved the right to failure. That's very important, you know. It is just as important as the right to succeed. When John McLendon was fired as the coach of the Denver Rockets this winter, there was no fuss made about anybody picking on a black man, or anybody saying a black man couldn't coach. He got the ax, just like any coach, because the team was going bad. Now that is progress.

It is also isolated. Baseball front offices are whiter than anything but press boxes, and football has really looked out for itself. It has never needed a quota system. Football has a much better gimmick. It is called a quarterback. As long as quarterback can be a segregated position, football is protected. It can be assured of having one white star every game, who can get all the endorsements and win all the sports cars. At the same time, the all-white quarterbacks perpetuate the racist theme that no black man is smart enough to call signals.

I can remember watching a game on TV a couple years ago, and I was moved to say something like: "Man, that Unitas is great." One of the black guys I was watching the game with, said: "Who knows?" A little bit stunned by that, I asked him what he meant, and he replied that he really could not evaluate Unitas or any other quarterback fairly since they had never faced a full range of competition. A Paul Hornung, Mickey Mantle, Jerry West—you cannot deny their greatness, because they have stood the test of time in a free market, so to speak. But no one can pretend to know how good our best white quarterbacks would be if the NFL permitted the development of black quarterbacks to compete with them.

What makes a quarterback so very important is that he is consistently visible. Everyone else only comes and goes in the crunch. I don't think, for example, that the appeal of its violence has helped make football so popular. I think where it has the edge on basketball and where it has captured more public imagination is in the dead period between plays. At this point, the plays can be run over again and everybody can point out how smart the football players are. In basketball, you don't have time to talk about how smart the players are.

I do think that basketball is the most graceful of all our major sports. It is not nearly so rough as it was when I came into the pros. The jump shot opened it up, made it more fluid. Today, I think it is close to an art form, with greater potential for growth than any other of the more popular games, because it is more appealing to women.

Actually, in any sport, I've never met a great athlete who was dumb. It is no coincidence that the two greatest guards in the game, Oscar Robertson and West, are also the two smartest. But I'll tell you—and this will surprise you—neither of them had more physical ability than Sam Jones did. Sam was a better shooter than anyone, and he didn't need the ball to work. He shook me up the first time that I saw him, in one motion, take a pass and go up—and *while* he was shooting he was also rotating the ball to find the seams. That shook me. I couldn't believe a man could do that.

Sam never had a bad clutch game. I wish they kept records on that. And he always had a surprise. Of course, he is not alone in that, for all of the truly great players are like icebergs.

The only trouble was that Sam never wanted the responsibility that would have gone with being as good as he was. It was almost as if Sam programmed his career so that he would improve (perceptibly) only gradually, season by season, and never get to a point where people might demand too much of him. Look at his career statistics. It is as if someone drew a perfect bell curve based on his season averages. John Havlicek would be an example of the opposite. If he ever stopped to think what he was doing, he would realize that no one could do what he did without getting tired.

Of course, part of the beauty of the

Celtics was that we were all so different. The only way all our peculiar, strong personalities could be coordinated into one great team was to constantly work toward the one single goal. There was no magic to it, although in any sport, you must have some one or some thing to pull it all together. It can be a coach, owner, an athletic director, a school spirit. But you need a special energy if you are to win. As far as the so-called Celtic tradition was concerned, however, what I saw and experienced and what outsiders perceived were two entirely different concepts. I viewed it strictly in the technical sense. It was the other people who made up all the hocus pocus. Of course, if anyone could be convinced that he would be a winner just because he put on a Celtic uniform, I was certainly never going to contradict him. I didn't believe it for a minute, but it was wonderful propaganda.

We were also good propaganda for the game of basketball—although our effect on the city of Boston was negligible. As a team, we proved that you did not have to be close-knit to find success on the court. Several players I really never knew. Bailey Howell, for instance. I played alongside him for my last three years, and about all I can say of Bailey personally is that he certainly seemed to be a very nice man. Other men I played with, I really did not like at all. As a coach, I always believed that you should never say anything bad about your players in public, but one drove me to the very limits of that resolve. Some players I could not comprehend. Still others, like Cousy, I admired. If I had to select one Celtic from all those I played with who was the epitome of being a Celtic, it would be Don Nelson. He is a man's man who made the most of his ability with his tenacity and his mind, and that is what the game is all about. The point is that winning has nothing to do with liking your teammates. You only have to respect each other as players.

As a matter of fact, I truly believe that teammates cannot be friends. It would be too much of a strain. The most that teammates can be is what I call "strong acquaintances." I don't think that a man should try to take on the obligation of having five friends at any one time in his life. It is too much of a responsibility if you wish to really fulfill the role of being a true friend. It is so complex to be a friend, because you must be yourself, and yet you must consider your friend and act not to offend him either.

Our whole lives, it seems, we are only deciding how often and to whom we should expose ourselves. We learn to make a shell for ourselves when we are young and then spend the rest of our lives hoping for someone to reach inside that shell and touch us. Just touch us—anything more than that would be too much for us to bear. No, you can not make a friend of a teammate. That is too complicated a trick to try and pull off.

Naturally, the fact that I became a coach served as another filter to relationships with the other players. Basketball is a very touchy team game to coach, because it is devilishly structured now in such a way that while it is still played with five men at a time, there are only enough shots available to keep four men happy. Just not quite enough to go around. The Knicks worked well this year because the fifth man—the guy who didn't get his—usually turned out to be a different fellow every game. That is one way of getting around what is, really, a very fundamental problem of the modern game. With the Celtics, over the years, usually there was one unofficially designated man who did not get the shots—Loscutoff first, then K.C. or Sanders. For my last few seasons—especially after I took over the coaching—I didn't get that many, either. In fact, the way we beat the Knicks in the playoffs last year was for me to turn the tables on them and start shooting—as much as three or four more times than I had in the regular season. Then Willis Reed had to concentrate more on me for a change, and this upset their defensive scheme.

I did my best coaching in that series, although I think overall I was a pretty good coach. I take no pride, however, in the historical happenstance that I was the first major league black coach. That may sound surprising, and I do hope that someday I will be able to be proud of that distinction. It can only mean something to me, however, if many black men follow behind me and become managers and coaches, in football and baseball, as well as in basketball, in college as well as in the pros. Just as Ali is the athlete of the '60s, Jackie Robinson is clearly the most significant sporting figure of our whole generation—or of anybody's generation since the war. But Jackie (and I'm sure he would agree) is not distinguished by the fact that he was the first black major-leaguer. He is distinguished by the fact that he was the first of many, that he made it possible for all who followed. When that happens in the coaching ranks, then I will be proud of having been the first.

With regard to being first, incidentally, I have learned to be suspicious of blacks who make such a point about having succeeded as the first or only black in some endeavor. Usually, sadly, this means that they have traded their blackness for the opportunity. The ultimate of this sort I encountered once on a plane. He was a major in the U.S. Marine Corps, and he boasted of being the only black in his college, in his OCS class, the only black in his area killing Commies, the only black in some new assignment he was heading for and so on, until he had become the first and only black white racist that I have ever met.

I have always felt safe in my blackness. I wore a beard for years, long before it was stylish or before it signified anything special. I am black, but I do not feel it incumbent on me to prove it by subscribing to any philosophy which requires that I cut myself off from all but my own race. I find that trend regrettable. People who restrict themselves to one race—who say they won't associate with blacks or whites, whatever the case—are only limiting themselves as humans. When you arbitrarily refuse to associate with another race, you are the loser, for you are going to miss out on a lot of beautiful, interesting people. But the shame is that that is happening now, and efforts must be made to reverse the situation. Whites must understand—if things don't begin to move, if nothing is done—that there is a kid growing up right now in Watts or in Chicago or somewhere, and he is going to make Eldridge Cleaver look like something out of a nursery rhyme.

It seems to me that the immediate and easiest thing that we can do is to provide a genuine equal enforcement of the law. Everything begins to break down from that point. I see the inequality every day in the sudden concern with the harshness of the drug laws. Nobody was worried about how strict they were when it was just a bunch of black ghetto kids, like some of the guys I grew up with in

Oakland, who were getting sent to jail. The only difference is that we called it weed. Now, in keeping with its suburban image, I see that it has become grass. When it really hits the upper classes, it will have to become flower.

I go visit black neighborhoods like the one I grew up in, and I see the kids there, and I suddenly feel very powerless, because I don't know what to tell them. I would like to say, hey, you can make it, just like I did. Just follow my example. But of course, I can't say that, because very few of us grow up to be 6′ 9⅝″ athletes. Given the best of conditions, how many of these kids could go to the top of their field? So, all I do say is: "Do the best you can."

I gave a speech up in San Luis Obispo recently, and afterwards a woman came up to me and asked me to talk with some boys she had brought over from a nearby reformatory. This was a tough situation. I know boys like this. I grew up with them. I know the kind of speeches they hear all the time. The lady said: "Encourage them. Say something nice to them about being good citizens." But I told those kids I wasn't going to stand up before them and give them the same crap that they heard every other time. Finally I said: "Just do your best. And good luck." And then I shook hands with all of them because I did want them to know that I cared enough about them to touch them.

I don't know yet what lies ahead for me, immediately or in the more distant future. I'm pretty sure I won't be back in basketball in any capacity. Movies and television are more real possibilities. I'm not a spokesman. I'm not running for any political office. I am happy. I've never been so relaxed in my life. I have the time to read more and think more and enjoy the world more.

I am reminded of an acquaintance of mine who quit recently as the president of a large company. All sorts of new offers were made to help him change his mind, but he turned them all down. "Success is a journey with me," he said, "not a destination."

I like that sentiment. I have borrowed it for myself, because I think it is so apt for me. I am not chasing stars ahead of me, and I am not looking back on the Bill Russell that played basketball, either. I value that time, and I traveled on it to here, but this is as far as I want it to carry me. **END**

American Sports Are UnAmerican

At first glance, the title of this piece may seem to be overstating the case. Surely the institution of American football has as many fans as apple pie. What could be more typically American than an afternoon baseball game accompanied by beer? Since 1891 when good old James Naismith invented (or created) basketball (unless you'd rather give the Central Americans of the 11th Century credit for such a stroke of genius), gym floors all across the country are pounded raw by players paying homage to the one sport undeniably American in origin. But never mind origin or popularity. If the one glaring weakness in the rules of these games can't be remedied, we're going to have to disown them. (Admittedly a similar weakness exists in such sports as soccer or hockey; but we merely *play* those, we don't claim them.)

To get down to brass tacks and call spades spades, the scores in these great American games are categorically and unforgiveably unAmerican. They simply aren't big enough. They don't begin to reflect the grandeur, excitement, and importance of these epic struggles. Basketball scores may *sound* big (in comparison to the puny totals racked up in the other two sports) but if you multiply by ten all the points made in a 134-135 game hotly contested before an audience of twelve thousand or so, you don't even have a total that a self-respecting player would accept as bonus money. A hard, grueling football game (five casualties or so) rarely totals more than 50 points. That's about one point per ton of combatants. And the situation that exists in baseball doesn't even bear discussing.

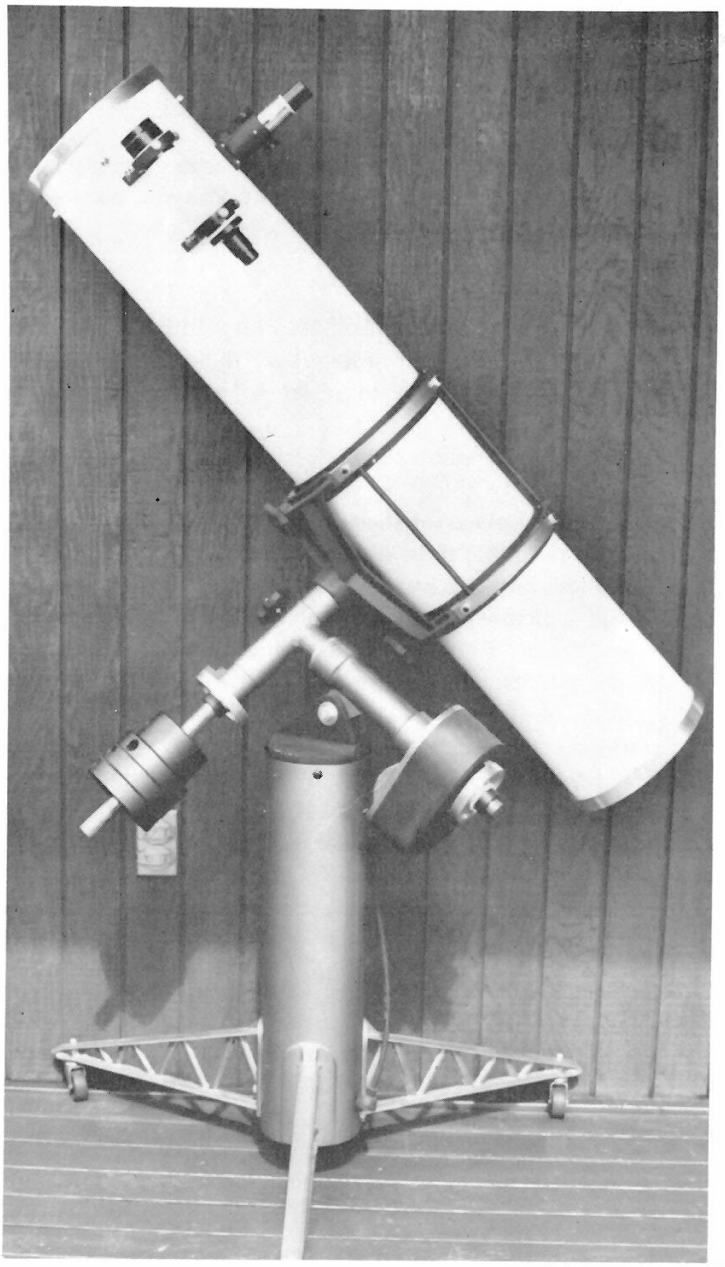
And those are the *high* scores. Not only do the scores of hard-fought games look ridiculous in print, they hardly constitute an adequate reward for back-breaking labor. No wonder players have turned to mere money for comfort and reassurance about how valuable they are. If an 18-man group of ditchdiggers sweated for three hours to end up with an un-American total reward of one point (Cubs 1-Padres 0), they'd continue another more American custom and walk off the job. But baseball players put up with it. In addition, it's all either win-or-lose. Joe Blow, who steals lots of bases but never gets brought in, receives no credit for his efforts (unless a sportscaster filling acres of empty airtime resurrects Joe's past bases stolen record to astound a yawning audience). Where is the incentive to keep Joe going? What would Horatio Alger say?

So what should we do? Let's make it significant for players and fans. The scoring techniques practiced by Army intelligence might offer a good model. In recent times, they have had no trouble arriving at an enemy body count of 2,000—and that's in an off week. If 470,000 rounds of ammunition have been captured, at least the trip sounds like it was worth getting out of bed for.

Translate this to real sports. In football, for instance, a touchdown should be worth at least 1,000 points, so that by the end of the game we can have a decent American score like 15,000 or so. Whenever possible, give points for specific accomplishments. In baseball, just getting to first base should give a man's team 125 points. And if Joe *steals* second in front of everybody and gets away with it, he should be awarded 400 points in recognition of well-executed, bold-faced larceny. No more of the beaten team walking from the field with heads hung because the final score was 1-0, and everybody *knows* that only a *little* more effort would have brought a tie or a win. The team that loses 1480-230 has really lost; they can read their name in tomorrow's paper without blushing.

Of course, sports associations are notoriously reluctant to change any of their time-honored rules, so fans may be forced to take drastic steps. Unless the sports czars move quickly to enable us Americans to be proud of our games, we may have to adopt the decathalon as our national pastime. The 1963 decathalon winner's total score was 9,121 points. That's more like it.

Many things fill our leisure time.



The Accent's on Elegance

PHYLLIS BATTELLE

Elegance is many things.

Elegance is buying your husband his own, separate tube of toothpaste if you're a tube-popper or cap-loser.

Elegance is never taking a window seat on an airplane if you know you'll be going to the rest room a lot.

Elegance is being five minutes early for a business appointment, and 15 minutes late for a romantic one.

It is many other things, too. And the world's foremost published authority on the subject is Madame Genevieve Antoine Dariaux of Paris, whose first book, "Elegance," caused an enormous stir in America (it was there that we learned that alligator shoes for men are vulgar, and that a woman of good taste never wears a double strand of pearls —always a single, or triple, or other odd-numbered strands).

★ ★ ★

NOW MADAME DARIAUX has come out with a sequel to her best seller. It might have been called "Son of Elegance," but that is hardly chic. So it is titled "Accent on Elegance," and it is enlightening as well as amusing.

For instance:

At the beach, "It is in the worst of taste to splash water on anybody who isn't a member of your family."

"The official cocktail hour is 7 p.m. The real one is between 7:30 and 8, and lasts until about 9:30 p.m.

All young boys might be taught to kiss ladies' hands (as they do in Europe): "Not only is it a charming custom, but it spares them from the sticky kisses of all the grownups they instinctively dislike. Children . . . should never be forced to bring their marvelous freshness in contact with tired old skin."

"True elegance is never sensational, true graciousness is never aggressive, and charm never knocks you out like an overdose of strong perfume."

★ ★ ★

"ALL GOOD MANNERS are based on a little bit of love. I have been convinced for a long time that one must first of all love one's neighbor in order to acquire elegant behavior."

"By openly spouting countless obscenities, modern society has finally killed the very essence of obscenity."

"The ideal place for the television set is in the bedroom, and it is desirable to be able to conceal it when not in use, for a television set is not at all chic."

And remember: It is never elegant to criticize.

So "Please, I beg you," begs Madame Dariaux, "attack all the governments you wish, but always admit that the country of the person you are talking to is heaven on earth!"

The youth of America might put that in their pipe (but always ask the women present if pipe smoke bothers them, before lighting up) and smoke it . . .

THE AGONY AND THE ALCOHOL

BY WILLIAM HINES

WASHINGTON—(WBS)—It has been said that the discoverer of a sure-fire cure for the common hangover would be the hands-down winner of the Nobel Prize in medicine.

No such benefactor of suffering humanity has surfaced to date, but Dr. Donald J. Dalessio of La Jolla deserves some award for the research he had done. His report on the physiology of the hangover in the latest issue of the journal "Medical Opinion and Review" adds substantially to the meager literature of this dreadful scourge of mankind.

Dalessio, who heads the division of neurology at Scripps Clinic and Research Foundation, has taken a scientific but delightfully good-humored look at an ailment that causes more agony and evokes less pity than any other non-fatal human complaint known to man. He comes to the conclusion that it cannot be cured, but can be ameliorated by a combination of prophylactic and therapeutic measures.

Time Never Fails

It is true that there is no sure prophylactic except total abstinence and no cure but time ("and time never fails," as W. C. Fields used to point out). But even partial relief is better than the agony which makes the severely hung over patient hope and pray that each passing moment will be his last.

Dalessio points out that there are two causes of the hangover: actual chemical poisoning by the impurities (called "congeners") that are present in most types of booze, and the metabolic imbalance brought on by the bodily effects of the ethyl alcohol in the liquor.

Right here, then, is a prophylactic hint: Choose beverages that are low in congeners. Of those generally available commercially, vodka is the drink with the fewest impurities, and it has been found empirically that vodka produces lower-order hangovers than, say, bourbon or rye.

Eat Wisely

The metabolic imbal nce brought on by excess ethyl alcohol can be dealt with prophylactically in a variety of ways. One is to eat wisely if you drink well; the non-foods usually offered at a cocktail buffet probably intensify the next morning's suffering, Dalessio says.

He suggests a bedtime snack (assuming that the prospective sufferer is still operational at bedtime) calculated to maintain blood-sugar levels throughout the night. A piece of bread smeared with honey is suggested.

And if none of this works, and last night's party-goer awakens with a full-blown katzenjammer, what then? Water certainly will not sluice away the footprints left by the Russian army that marched through his mouth, and indeed—says Dalessio—water may intensify the borderline feeling of nausea that goes with a first-class hangover.

Salt and Water

What is necessary, however, is quick restoration of electrolyte balance, principally water and salt lost due to the

effects of alcohol. Dalessio recommends a cup of hot, salty beef broth or a glass of vegetable (not fruit) juice.

If there is a headache, as almost certainly there will be, it should be recognized for what it is—vascular in origin, not likely to be relieved by aspirin. It comes from the blood vessels in the head that have been swollen by alcohol, a well-known vaso dilator. What is needed, therefore, is a vasoconstrictor. Hot black coffee (the caffeine in it is the active principle, so Sanka won't work) is good, but ergot (grain fungus) derivatives are better.

For those too queasy to take anything by mouth, there are rectal suppositories containing ergotamine tartrate and caffeine. These are most often taken by migraine sufferers, but since the hangover shares migraine's vascular character Dalessio says they will work on the morning after. A sympathetic doctor friend is helpful here, because the medication is available only on prescription.

Pot Might Help

Dalessio, in discussing the migraine-like aspects of the hangover, neglects to mention that years ago, before marijuana was illegal, doctors used to prescribe preparations made from this drug to relieve migraines. This would seem to suggest that turning on may be a pleasant (if illicit) way to recover, but Dalessio does not discuss the point.

On one issue he is firm: No hair of the dog.

Dalessio believes that the eye-opener is, to use his words, "a very dangerous practice." The man who needs a pick-me-up on arising is probably an alcohol addict undergoing withdrawal symptoms.

"The repeated ingestion of alcohol on first arising," he says "may represent a prelude to the more serious problem of alcoholism, a complex dilemma that frustrates our society and is beyond the scope of this simple paper."

—San Francisco Examiner and Chronicle

Leisure may be hunting.

the hunter

EDWARD HARRIS HETH

Until a few Novembers ago I had never seen the eager inquisitiveness, the watchful impatience, of a setter or Irish terrier as the days grow sharp, the slate skies lower with their weight of snow, guns are brought out to be oiled and heavy boots to be relaced. The dogs sniff and circle and flop heavily to the floor only to leap up in a moment to sniff again, circle, flop. They pretend to sleep, whimpering through their fitful dreams of dry leaves and a far-off chuck-chucking of partridge—just as the men and boys, here in the country, thrash through their dreams of scudding rabbit, whirring pheasant, or ducks flying innocently low over a rush blind.

I myself do not like to hunt simply because I am disturbed by the pursuit, the panicky race for self-preservation and ultimate untimely death of any warm-blooded animal, large or small, vocal or mute. Once I argued the wantonness of hunting (especially by bad huntsmen who wound without being adroit enough to kill instantly) with a woman neighbor, an ardent Diana herself, if not so shapely. I told her of a rabbit I had twice saved one autumn from bloodthirsty dogs and how that rabbit became trustful of me, often sitting on the terrace of an evening simply looking peacefully inside toward the warm lights. And how, returning home one winter day from a trip East, I found that rabbit (I'm sure it was the same) lying on my back stoop, frozen stiff, dead. He had been inexpertly wounded by gunfire but not killed. His left rear haunch was clotted with blood. And, left to die uselessly in the woods, he had limped back to my house, thinking he might find rescue there again. I had been greatly moved by this petition for help. That, I told Diana, was a stirring trust such as brothers might have; it left me with little respect for the blustering, brawling killer. "Yeah," she answered with a vague shrug, dismissing any further silly arguments I might submit for greater kindness toward dumb animals, "rabbits dying on your doorstep. That's cute. But how often does it happen?" I suspect she missed my point and herewith return her bow and arrow.

For many of my friends are hunters and I do not hesitate to follow them through the woods. Though perhaps inwardly I am more often plugging for the hunted than the hunter, the exhilarating companionship and, I suppose, my own appetite conquer my dread of spilled blood. Illogically and even dishonorably, once the fact of death is accomplished, I feel no qualms at relishing the roasted victim. There is a paradoxical warmth and closeness in these slaughtering expeditions. Matt Barker, Hank from the corner garage and his boy, Chappie Wolf and Barnie Barnes (two converts from the city, snared for life now in remodeled Welsh pink brick farmhouses nearby) and their two young sons—these comprise the annual hunting party.

Hunting season usually opens with an all-night poker session in one of the neighborhood kitchens, the young boys allowed to sit up and watch until, like the dogs, they curl up dead to the world in spite of their anticipation. In the dark dawn before the hunters start through the gaudy or later on snow-crusted hills, Hank, a mechanic but nevertheless no mean cook, quits the game to fix breakfast. Nothing so ordinary as ham and eggs, but a thick, crusty, baked pancake speckled with bacon chunks:

HANK'S BAKED POTATO PANCAKES

Grate 2 large raw potatoes and stir in 3 whole eggs, ¾ cup flour, ½ t salt and 2 cups milk. Fry ¼ lb. salt pork in an iron skillet until brown and drain. Leave some of the fat in the pan, add the batter, scatter the fried salt pork over it and bake in a moderate oven until done. Serve the big, nourishing pancake with butter, syrup and jam. Applesauce is a good side dish.

But it's also whatever your preference is... whether it's doing the social climb or having a picnic –

"Actually, I'm seeking a meaningless relationship."

Drawing by Richter; © 1970 The New Yorker Magazine, Inc.

Strawberries

There were never strawberries
like the ones we had
that sultry afternoon
sitting on the step
of the open french window
facing each other
your knees held in mine
the blue plates in our laps
the strawberries glistening
in the hot sunlight
we dipped them in sugar
looking at each other
not hurrying the feast
for one to come
the empty plates
laid on the stone together
with the two forks crossed
and I bent towards you
sweet in that air
in my arms
abandoned like a child
from your eager mouth
the taste of strawberries
in my memory
lean back again
let me love you
let the sun beat
on our forgetfulness
one hour of all
the heat intense
and summer lightning
on the Kilpatrick hills

let the storm wash the plates

EDWIN MORGAN

traveling –

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Air fares listed are round trip economy class from New York for groups of 5 to 10, staying a minimum of 3 to 7 nights and a maximum of 14 to 21 days depending on countries visited. Tour prices shown meet the requirements for these fares and are based on a double occupancy and include meals where indicated, baggage tips and airport transfers. Prices are effective June 1 and are subject to change.

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Brazil $612.80 round trip air fare.

Rio is the beat of the bossa nova, the beach of Copacabana, the 11-story statue of Christ the Redeemer, a cable car to Sugar Loaf, shopping for semi-precious stones. This is where your Brazil begins.

"How to Travel South America with Flying Colors." by Jim Woodman

Braniff sent veteran travel writer, Jim Woodman, on a tour of these nations and Bolivia, Chile and Paraguay. The result is a vivid, personal guidebook about hotels, prices, shopping bargains, food and drink and points of interest—what you'll see and do on any of five Flying Colors vacations.

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Argentina is Buenos Aires, the land of the gauchos, barbecued beef, red wine, cruises on El Tigre River—and a lot more. There's the 9 de Julio (widest avenue in the world), opera house, the pink Presidential Palace—and dinner in La Boca where some say it's New Year's Eve every night.

South America with Flying Colors

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How to Get High on 300 Frenchmen

Try to imagine you had a lot of money and could set up a really fabulous resort, a place where people with a modest budget and a liking for the off-beat can get away from it all and be free—while they're still part of the Establishment. A twenty-year-old group called Club Méditerranée has done the imagining—and building—sixty-four times in sixty-four different resort "villages" around the world. By following a very careful recipe, they have been successful in satisfying those who like beach, mountain, or ski resorts that require a minimum of fuss. As their guest, whichever type of vacation you choose, you always get the feeling that you're taking part in an international experiment, a plush attempt at getting back to the simple things in life. It's just the thing for people who don't want to dump their job, don't want to drop out of society, don't want to join a commune. And it's for people who would like to get out of counting money, feel free and carefree, and be able to associate on easy terms with interesting strangers from varied backgrounds.

To build a Caribbean version of the recipe—like the Buccaneer Club on Martinique—start with a beautiful tropical island. Miles of white sand and sunny beaches are fringed with coconut groves. On all sides are masses of coral reef. There are lush rain forests filled with flamboyant trees that spread red and yellow blossoms high overhead, with parasitic orchids nestling in their branches. For those who like the spice of danger, there are three towering volcanoes, dominated by Mont Pelée, which in 1902 took two minutes to turn the 30,000-person town of St. Pierre into the New World's Pompeii. The moment you set foot on this remote and serene "corner" of France, you feel as though you have been transported into another world.

Next, find a private beach and build a few well-equipped buildings. While these lack some of the romance of the simple thatched grass huts (intended to symbolize simplicity and nonconformity) that made up the Club's early villages, the sense of escape remains. There are no directed activities, no phones, no daily papers, no television. Suddenly you see things with a fresh eye, find yourself meditating on ideas that have been obscured by the bustle of civilization.

The Club's desire to help you escape extends to relieving your mind of worry about money. In order to make separating from it more painless (or perhaps just as a pleasant reminder of trading voyage days), plastic beads replace more orthodox coins and paper as the official currency. The string of colored poppet beads that decorates your neck, wrist, or ankle easily comes apart to buy you—and the fellow next to you—a drink. As the club brochure says: "Many a club friendship has begun with a couple of plastic baubles."

As the final touch, the recipe calls for congenial hosts—or a congenial staff. These should be—and are—expert sports instructors, entertainers, receptionists, and guides. They accept no tips, and they are regarded as "working members" of the club. (The guests themselves are called GMs for *gentils membres* or "nice Members.")

Samantha works there. And Jeanette. And Alain. And Rick. And Michael. And a lot of other people—like 250 natives who keep everything clean and cook the food. Most of the staff are young and cosmopolitan. Samantha went to school in Paris and at Oxford. She went to work for the Club Méditerranée because she wanted to get paid for enjoying herself. Michael, the diving instructor, acquired his skills in a swimming pool in Paris. His father is a veteran of World War II and the Algerian war; he is against war. His girl friend is from French-speaking Quebec.

As might be expected of such a heterogeneous group, the general attitude is one of openmindedness. They aren't prejudiced, and they themselves don't fit a stereotype. They say that, no, as far as they're concerned Americans don't have a bad image, because the ones they have met are young, and the young people nowadays are alike everywhere, n'est-ce pas?

It is all very friendly and open. With the pretty French girls and boys as companions, money problems solved (temporarily), and the breezes of the Windward Islands to cool off in, German, American, Italian, Swiss, and Canadian members move to English rock played by a Belgian band in a French club.

Somehow it all seems so easy here it's hard for a guest to keep from doing some wishful thinking. If we can break bread together, enjoy nature and so on, why can't we learn to do other things together? If we can agree on good food and other intimacies, it should be only a short step to agreement on how to raise the food, how to process the products, and how to market them. With a little effort, the whole world could resemble the Club Méditerranée.

It's a lovely thought—one that's hard to give up, even when the voice of Thomas Hardy echoes sardonically from the past.

> Yes; quaint and curious war is!
> You shoot a fellow down
> You'd treat if met where any bar is,
> Or help to half-a-crown.

But then, what happens in our moments of escape has nothing to do with the real world, does it?

J.B.H.

ART'S GALLERY *by Art Finley*

You COULD'VE picked an AIR-CONDITIONED motel!

HIGHWAY 99E FROM CHICO: NOVEMBER 1966

The mallard ducks are down
For the night. They chuckle
In their sleep and dream of Mexico
And Honduras. Watercress
Nods in the irrigation ditch
And the tules slump forward, heavy
With blackbirds.

Rice fields float under the moon.
Even the wet maple leaves cling
To my windshield. I tell you Maryann,
I am happy.

Ray Carver

THROWING BACK THE EUROPEAN OFFENSIVE

Robert Benchley

This is probably the hardest time of year for those of us who didn't go to Europe last summer. It was bad enough when the others were packing and outlining their trips for you. It was pretty bad when the postcards from Lausanne and Venice began coming in. But now, in the fall, when the travelers are returning with their Marco Polo travelogs, now is when we must be brave and give a cheer for the early frost.

There are several ways to combat this menace of returning travelers. The one that I have found most effective is based on the old football theory that a strong offense is the best defense. I rush them right off their feet, before they can get started.

In carrying out this system, it is well to remember that very few travelers know anything more about the places they have visited than the names of one hotel, two points of interest, and perhaps one street. You can bluff them into insensibility by making up a name and asking them if they saw that when they were in Florence. My whole strategy is based on my ability to make up names. You can do it, too, with practice.

Thus, let us say that I am confronted by Mrs. Reetaly who has just returned from a frantic tour of Spain, southern France, and the Ritz Hotel, Paris. You are inextricably cornered with her at a tea, or beer night, or something. Following is a transcript of the conversation. (Note the gathering power of my offense.)

Mrs. R.: Well, we have just returned from Europe, and everything seems so strange here. I simply can't get used to our money.

Mr. B.: I never see enough of it to get used to myself. (*Just a pleasantry.*)

Mrs. R.: When we were in Madrid, I just gave up trying to figure out the Spanish money. You see, they have *pesetas* and——

Mr. B.: A very easy way to remember Spanish money is to count ten *segradas* to one *mesa,* ten *mesas* to one *rintilla* and twenty *rintillas* to one *peseta.*

Mrs. R.: Oh, you have been to Spain? Did you go to Toledo?

Mr. B.: Well, of course, Toledo is just the beginning. You have pushed on to Mastilejo, of course?

Mrs. R.: Why—er—no. We were in quite a hurry

to get to Granada and——

Mr. B.: You didn't see Mastilejo? That's too bad Mastilejo is Toledo multiplied by a hundred. Such mountains! Such coloring! Leaving Mastilejo, one ascends by easy stages to the ridge behind the town from which is obtained an incomparable view of the entire Bobadilla Valley. It was here that, in 1476, the Moors——

Mrs. R.: The Moorish relics in Granada——

Mr. B.: The Moorish relics in Granada are like something you buy from Sears-Roebuck compared to the remains in Tuna. You saw Tuna, of course?

Mrs. R.: Well, no (*lying her head off*), we were going there, but Harry thought that it would just be repeating what——

Mr. B.: The biggest mistake of your life, Mrs. Reetaly, the biggest mistake of your life! Unless you have seen Tuna, you haven't seen Spain.

Mrs. R.: But Carcassonne——

Mr. B.: Ah, Carcassonne! Now you're talking! Did you ever see anything to beat that old diamond mill in the *Vielle Ville?* Would they let you go through it when you were there?

Mrs. R.: Why, I don't think that we saw any old diamond mill. We saw an old——

Mr. B.: I know what you're going to say! You saw the old wheat sifter. Isn't that fascinating? Did you talk with the old courier there?

Mrs. R.: Why, I don't remember——

Mr. B.: And the hole in the wall where Louis the Neurotic escaped from the Saracens?

Mrs. R.: Yes, wasn't that——? (*Very weak*)

Mr. B.: And the stream where they found the sword and buckler of the Man with the Iron Abdomen?

Mrs. R.: (*edging away*): Yes, indeed.

Mr. B.: And old Vastelles? You visited Vastelles, surely? . . . Mrs. Reetaly, come back here, please! I just love talking over these dear places with someone who has just been there. . . . May I call on you some day soon, and we'll just have a feast of reminiscence? . . . Thank you. How about tomorrow?

And from that day to this, I am never bothered by Mrs. Reetaly's European trip, and you needn't be, either, if you will only study the above plan carefully.

The other method is based on just the opposite theory—that of no offense, or defense, at all. It is known as "dumb submission," and should be tried only by very phlegmatic people who can deaden their sensibilities so that they don't even hear the first ten minutes of the traveler's harangue. The idea is to let them proceed at will for a time and then give unmistakable evidence of not having heard a word they have said. Let us say that Mr. Thwomly has accosted me on the train.

Mr. T.: It certainly seems funny to be riding in trains like this again. We have been all summer in France, you know, and those French trains are all divided up into compartments. You get into a compartment—*compartimon,* they call them—and there you are with three or five other people, all cooped up together. On the way from Paris to Marseilles we had a funny experience. I was sitting next to a Frenchman who was getting off at Lyons—Lyons is about halfway between Paris and Marseilles—and he was dozing when we got in. So I——

Mr. B.: Did you get to France at all when you were away?

Mr. T.: This was in *France* that I'm telling you about. On the way from Paris to Marseilles. We got into a railway carriage——

Mr. B.: The railway carriages there aren't like ours here, are they? I've seen pictures of them, and they seem to be more like compartments of some sort.

Mr. T.: (*a little discouraged*): That was a French railway carriage I was just describing to you. I sat next to a man——

Mr. B.: A Frenchman?

Mr. T.: Sure, a Frenchman. That's the *point.*

Mr. B.: Oh, I see.

Mr. T.: Well, the Frenchman was asleep, and when we got in I stumbled over his feet. So he woke up and said something in French, which I couldn't understand, and I excused myself in English, which *he* couldn't understand, but I saw by his ticket that he was going only as far as Lyons——

Mr. B.: You were across the border into France, then?

Mr. T. (*giving the whole thing up as a bad job*): And what did *you* do this summer?

Whichever way you pick to defend yourself against the assaults of people who want to tell you about Europe, don't forget that it was I who told you how. I'm going to Europe myself next year, and if you try to pull either of these systems on *me* when I get back, I will recognize them at once, and it will just go all the harder with you. But, of course, *I* will have something to tell that will be worth hearing.

The California Beachcomber by DON ENGDAHL

WHAT HAPPENS when you turn a middle-aging, soft, nonwalking deskman into a full-time hiker?

Or, better, let me tell you some of the strange and wonderful things I've been learning about this backpacking and hiking business—now that I've got 400-plus miles behind me from the North California border.

The most startling development so far is the direct line of communication that has been established with what seems like every cell in my body. It began to happen about two weeks after I left the border, but at that time I wasn't listening.

Then one day I had hiked down a steep trail to find an ocean beach and discovered I could barely move—a feeling of complete lethargy and fatigue. I finally cooked a heavy meal, ate it, and slept in the grass overlooking the surf. (Very sleep-inducing stuff, that surf).

It helped, and slowly I began to listen. About a week later I got a strong message: "Sugar, dammit. And fats, too." I took the advice, and got an almost immediate response: I could walk like crazy within fifteen minutes.

Fats and Rice

I was somewhat skeptical of all this at first, but now I'm convinced: I am more in tune now with the physical demands of body than ever before. For instance, I'll eat meats and fats (hearkening to my first awareness of all this) and there'll be something missing. Think: Rice will do it. Eat the rice and all is well. Really.

A friend of mine—perceptive, extremely bright and heretofore of good judgment—suggested that I am becoming a mystic. I don't think so. Example: At one point along the way, I'd been given some artificially sweetened powders to make the chlorinated water taste better.

I KNEW, dammit, that there was no sugar in the stuff. Yet I drank gallons because it tasted sweet. Didn't help.

A Loose 30

Another thing: Simply because my walking shorts no longer fit, I had assumed that I had lost weight. Not so. Found a scales the other day and discovered that I was down only about four pounds—but had gone from a snug waist size 34 to a very loose 30.

Answer: I don't know what happened but I assume the fat has turned into something solid and somewhere else. (I assume, by the way, that my sudden cravings for meat and fats coincided with the vanishing of the gut.)

I'm far from a veteran hiker, God knows—but I'm learning. I bought most of my gear out of a mix of advice from books, the word of experts I sought out, and an uneven blend of common sense and foolishness.

Foolish Things

By this time, I think I've eliminated most of the foolish things (such as starting with tennis shoes instead of boots) but some hang on. Like books. Since I learned to read I've been sort of an addict of the printed word. Will read labels, signs, anything.

I've repeatedly vowed that on the next stretch I'll go without a paperback, even if for the lack of anything else to do I'll do some constructive staring at the ocean while resting.

Writing: One thing that happens when you write for a long time with a typewriter (as I have) is that it becomes difficult to communicate—or even think—without keys under the hands. I even spent considerable time trying to find a typewriter that didn't weigh anything, and gave up.

Lots of people—Poe and such—must have been able to write by hand, I figured. So far the best I've been able to do is scribble some notes to myself, and then—when I hit a spot of civilization—to borrow a typewriter. From a motel operator, barkeep or casual acquaintance.

Sleeping: So far mostly on the beach—or at least within the sound of surf. Sometimes, harried by No Trespassing signs, time problems, or terrain, I've slept beside the road. But I much prefer the surf close at hand—a particularly lulling sound. Sand is fine to sleep on, although even there I use a little foam pad under the sleeping bag.

Into the Wind

Only one really difficult night on the beach. I had no choice but to sleep on the brow of a narrow ocean-fronting peninsula, and made the mistake of pointing the top end of my sleeping bag into a strong, chilling wind. And I was too tired to turn around. Cold, cold wind kept the bag fluttering all night long.

A State of Mind

Usually, I walk until dusk (and fatigue) sets in, then find a place. Spot of food, then lie in the sleeping bag until the stars blur. Sometimes up and moving at dawn, sometimes just lie there enjoying it all. Great thing: No fixed schedule.

Loneliness: Well, yes. Here, I think, is how it goes: Loneliness is a state of mind, of course, but also of surroundings. One thing is that the shore is so rich in life and sound; the fantastic number of creatures that live in the inter-tidal zone, the tremendous variation in the surf; it keeps the interest as no inland territory could.

And yet: Never have I felt so in a desolate land as on a misty morning clambering over a rugged, shattered rock-fall, the ocean audible but muted, rocks imposing a landscape of arrested energy.

Pictures: I'm shooting black and white (Tri-X for now, something slower later, maybe) and color Kodachrome II. I've been carrying a modern 35 mm through-the-lens reflex, which sometimes seems entirely too complicated.

I've been expecting its brains to addle, but it has worked so far—although the focusing is gritty with sand. Plus a very simple 35 mm folding camera. Which has temporarily failed; I hope to have it back from the shop somewhere along the line.

Foods: Varies, but I'm arriving at some constant sort of things. I've found some regulation backpack stuff that is freeze-dried and also tastes reasonably good. (Some brands are terrible, some good.)

That is supplemented by a combination of things you can buy in regular food stores (like individual cereal packs) and in health food stores (delicious dehydrated vegetables). And rice, the guerrilla's friend. I've tended to the brown instant rice, which feels good to my body. Don't know what the nutritionists have to say about it.

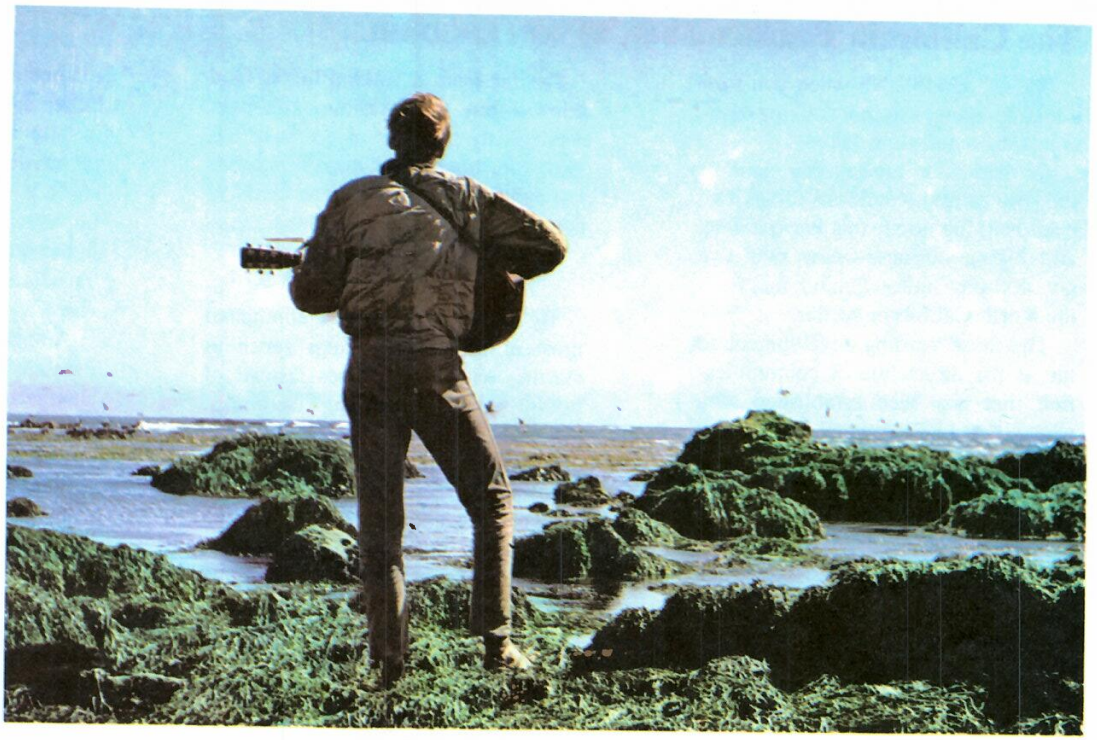
I've long been a coffee man, but now I find that it is too sharp a stimulant; am drifting towards tea and bouillon.

Generally, I like to walk from dawn for a while, then stop for breakfast. Again, sometimes I lie around shamelessly dozing for half the morning.

People: Maybe my friend is right—I am turning into a mystic. But it has seemed that so far—from psychological or physical needs—the right people inevitably turn up at the right time. Aside from some grating hassles, almost all the casual acquaintances have been absolutely right for the situation.

Well, that's some of it. I am happy I decided to walk the coast, and I'm as curious to see what lies around the next bend in the shoreline, as when I started.

hiking—



He was alone. He was unheeded, happy, and near to the wild heart of life. He was alone and young and willful and wild-hearted, alone amidst a waste of wild air and brackish waters and the seahar-vest of shells and tangle and veiled grey sunlight.—JAMES JOYCE

living the simple life—

Of Wood Cook Stoves

Carla Emery

My mother's wood cook stove is a tender memory from when I was a little girl. Often it was the only heat we had in the house and a grateful presence on winter days. The spring chicks first lived in a cardboard box right behind the stove. Hot water came from a tank on the side of the stove that had a circulating pipe rigged up to pass behind the firebox.

I never could understand then how mother managed to get up in that icy house, leaving my father and me in our warm beds, and make the morning fire. Now I do. Necessity is the progenitor of toughness. I mean when you have to, you can. But back then, if I did get up before the kitchen was warm I started out sitting on top of the stove. As it got too warm over the firebox for comfort, I gradually scootched to the side. When that was too hot, I got off and leaned my backside on the oven door. When *that* got too hot, I was warm enough to function anyway and breakfast was ready!

Now I have both an electric stove and two old-fashioned wood ranges in my kitchen. I use my younger Montag Duchess white enameled range just as a cupboard and the top as a working area. The electric stove I like to bake in—it's a blessing on hot summer days because I can cook a meal on it without heating up the kitchen too much. But I prefer the wood stove for frying, stewing, such delicate business as making cottage cheese, cream cheese, and sourdough bread, and for its friendly and practical warmth on cold days. My working wood stove is a big black box with "Monarch" on it in nine places, warming ovens on top, and lots of metal fancywork. It's a good stove too.

In general a wood range is a large iron box which may or may not be on legs. (Mine aren't.) In either case it should be located well out from the wall and with an asbestos mat underneath for safety. We also have a plain old wood furnace in the basement for general house heating. The warm basement makes extra romping room for the children in wintertime, and my clothes dry fast on the lines down there. The floors upstairs are kept nice and warm, while the heat rises to the first floor through a register in the living room floor. The firebox of the furnace is big enough to hold very substantial chunks of wood, so when I load it full of a good wood like tamarack I don't need to come back for at least three hours. It may go for four or five hours without going completely out, which is a help on really cold winter nights. There is no electrical fan attachment such as some modern wood furnaces have. It isn't needed.

You build a fire in a wood cook stove by burning a match to get enough heat to kindle paper, burning paper to get enough heat to kindle kindling, burning kindling to get enough heat to kindle middle-sized chunks, and burning those to get enough heat to kindle very big pieces or coal. Never use gas to rush the fire. It is terribly dangerous and unnecessary. Often I let the children help build the fire. It keeps them occupied while the house is warming up. Otherwise they are liable to just stand around and complain.

We have the firewood ready on the back porch, in the basement, and in a kitchen woodbox near the stove. In cold weather, my husband Mike chops wood for a while every

evening. The basement and kitchen supplies have to be replenished once a day in cold weather. We all help carry it in. The woodbox is 2½ feet wide, 4 feet long, 3 feet high and bottomless—so I can pick it up and sweep up the sawdust come spring. I keep all my waste paper for starting fires in the woodbox. The wood itself is arranged by graduated sizes with the real small kindling on one end, getting bigger as you go along. I keep a hatchet back of the wood range hung by its neck—a nail on each side—high out of reach of the children. The grate shaker is there, too, along with the soot scraper, poker, lid lifter, and potholders—all indispensable for living with a wood cook stove.

To build a fire, the grate which forms the bottom of the burning area in the firebox is opened by the "shaker" so that its interlocking iron fingers separate to let the ashes fall down into the ash pan under the firebox. The cold ashes are carried out and scattered on the garden. If you don't empty the ashes first thing, it will be overflowing by noon with ashes and hot cinders and gets very disagreeable to try to carry anywhere.

Now close the grating till the metal fingers mesh or the grates touch. Separate sheets of newspaper. Wad them up and put into the firebox. Add some of your thinnest kindling on top, criss-crossed so that every stick will have an individual air supply. Then lay bigger chunks of wood on top of the kindling. One stick of wood never burns well alone. (There's some profound philosophy there if I ever get time to ponder it.)

Next, open the damper and drafts wide. A new fire needs lots of air. The range is connected with the chimney vent by means of the stovepipe. There should be a damper in the pipe above the stove and drafts at the front of the grate and at the back or side of the firebox. Different models have drafts in different places. The drafts are usually shifted by metal handles to open or close air holes into the firebox. The stovepipe damper is a plate just the diameter of the pipe with an outside handle. It can be adjusted to obstruct the pipe to various degrees and slow (dampen) the fire by limiting the air flow (draft). The "flue" is the hole inside the stovepipe and chimney through which your draft blows. If you let your fire roar a minute before you damp it down, it will help burn up and blow out the cinders in the stove and stovepipe that can't be easily reached any other way.

After the fire is going well, adjust the damper. You would have a hard time heating the stove top and oven if you let all your hot air go directly up the chimney, which is what it will do if the damper is left wide open. Turn the damper on the stovepipe until the stove starts smoking. Then widen it just enough so you have no smoke backing up. That is just right. Close the firebox drafts to the point that the fire's health seems to require. The hotter your fire, the more damping it can stand. To speed up the fire, open damper and/or drafts. Every stove achieves its own balance.

The oven of a wood range is beside the firebox and is heated by hot air circulating from the firebox over it, down the far side, and under it. If your oven is not heating well or is heating unevenly, the problem may be accumulated soot in these areas. My mother cleaned them about once a week. You can lift off the top of the range to clean the top and side. The bottom is reached through a little door under the oven. There is a special tool for cleaning there. It has a long, thin handle and a blade end about the size of a Christmas tag that says "To . . . From." It is just the right size to go in through that little door, and you'll learn by experience all the interesting maneuvers it takes to use it to draw the soot out from under your oven through that hole. Have a pan ready to catch it.

The oven will work best if you can burn hard wood or coal for a steady high heat. But even at best it will be difficult to work with. You'll have to get to know your individual oven and fuel types. Throw away your former standards for baking. Just be grateful if it isn't raw and isn't burnt. Disregard suggested cooking times. Your oven may be faster or slower. Keep an eye on what's happening in there. If the oven doesn't have a thermometer, by all means buy one of those little portable oven thermometers that you can hang or set inside. That way you'll never have to bother with the infamous "flour" or "paper" tests. The problem isn't finding out the temperature—it's controlling it!

If the oven is too cool, stoke up the fire with more fuel. If it's too hot, leave the oven door open a crack and starve the fire. If one side of your pan is obviously getting more heat than the other, the oven is hotter there and you'll need to move your baking pans a time or two to rotate that hottest side during baking. With several pans, give them all a turn in the hot spot. If the top is browning too fast, cover with a greased or wet brown bag paper. You can put a whole pie in a paper bag. Old-fashioned cast-iron frying pans, Dutch ovens, and gem (iron) muffin pans are helpful, since the cast iron absorbs heat and distributes it evenly through the pan.

The oven is hard to work with, but your wood range top will more than compensate for oven troubles. It's like cooking on a huge griddle. I can make better fried eggs, pancakes, or steak on my wood stove than I can on anybody's electric or gas range. And it's almost impossible to get just the right result with homemade cottage cheese without a wood range. The eggs and pancakes are better because a gas flame or an electric coil does not heat the bottom of the pan evenly. It is always hotter in one place than in another. The texture of an egg is directly affected by the temperature at which it is cooked. When cooked below the boiling point of water, egg white is firm but tender and the egg yolk is tender and like a salve. Eggs cooked at too high temperatures are first tough, then leathery, then crispy. So fry eggs in a little butter in a cast-iron pan on the right side of a wood cook stoves—patiently—for perfect results.

On an electric or gas stove you turn knobs for different temperatures. On a wood range you move the pan. Different parts of the stove top have different temperatures. The hottest area is usually just to the right and rear of the firebox. (If the draft isn't good, the hottest may be right over the firebox.) The griddle top is cooler as you move to the right. So start your stew boiling over the hot spot, then settle it down to the rate you like by moving it some distance to the right. The far right is the traditional place for making cottage cheese and keeping dishes warm when a meal is waiting for the eaters.

For the best pancakes, be sure that your stove top is level. Put a frying pan containing a few drops of water on it for an indicator. Old-fashioned flat irons, griddles, waffle pans and other "hot air" pans including the *kugelhupf* (apple dumpling pan), are meant to be put right on the hot range top to heat. If you want to try these pans on an electric burner, put a metal pie pan over the burner—otherwise they'll get too hot over the coils. A wood cook stove is rough on perishable pot handles—wooden or plastic ones. The stove top is hot all around the pans as well as under it, and a wooden coffee pot handle may even catch on fire. The traditional handles are metal, and you pick them up with a potholder.

You can make a potholder by folding an old washrag in half and then folding it in half again and sewing down all around the edges. Or you can sew down enough layers of cotton rags to get a manageable thickness, and then attach a loop to hang it up by. The potholder can be round or square; about seven inches across is nice. I don't like crocheted ones because I get burned through the holes. Keep the potholders hanging handy. You'll be using them a lot.

For stirring on top of the stove, you need long-handled wooden spoons. You can use a clean stick if you haven't such a spoon. The wood doesn't conduct heat. The long handle helps you keep your arm away from the stove top. Any metal spoon will almost instantly heat up and burn your fingers. Then you'll drop it in the soup.

Or maybe getting out in the wilderness—

Adobe Construction Methods

It's hard to track down instructions on building with adobe. But here's a $.25 booklet, easy to read, which gives you basics on building with natural earth.

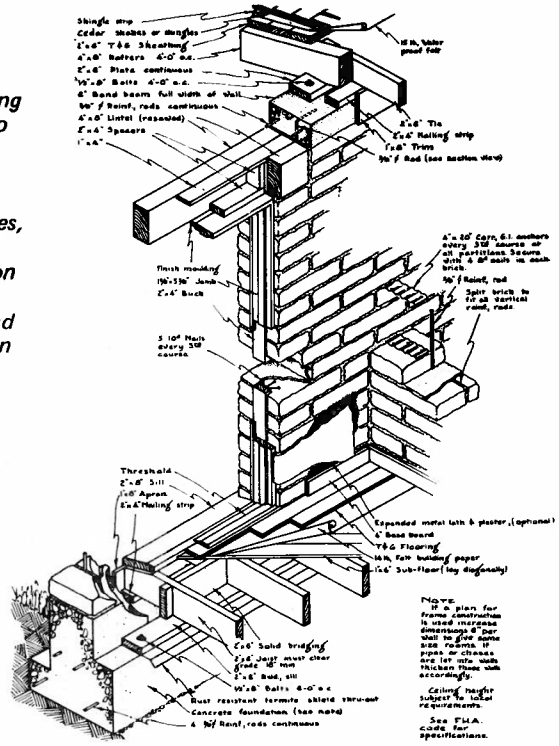
There are details on laying the bricks, fireplaces, and pictorial and cross section views of foundations, floors, and walls. Another section describes monolithic construcion, where the entire mass of adobe is poured at one time, and there is a list of about 30 other publications on adobe.

Adobe Construction Methods

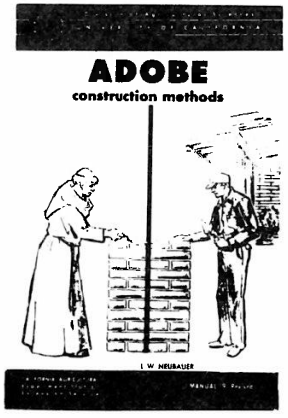
L. W. Neubauer
1964; 35 pp.

$.25

from
Agricultural Publications
207 University Hall
University of California
Berkeley, Calif. 94720



PICTORIAL VIEW showing construction details, including wooden floor.



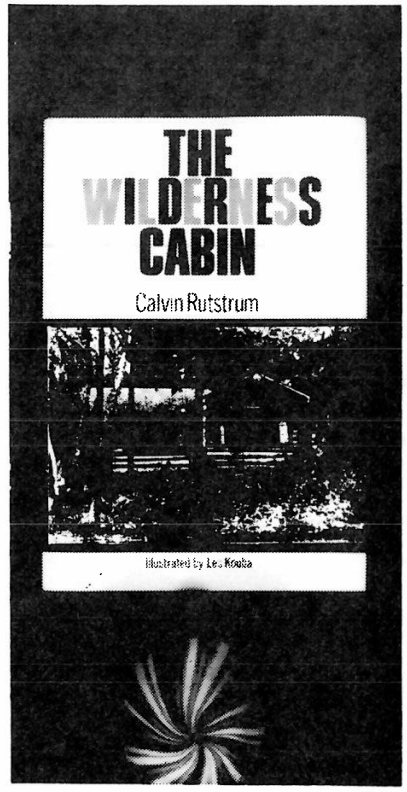
Oily, waterproofing agents, especially emulsified asphalt, are being widely and successfully used as stabilizers. A fractional volume of a water emulsion of asphalt, added to the earth-and-water mix, provides an internal waterproofing that permanently protects adobe bricks.

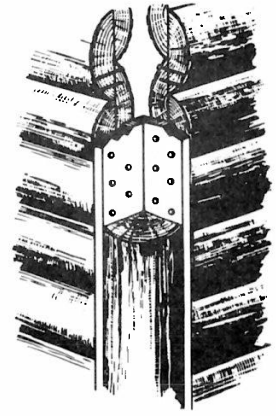
Making Bricks

Manual labor is, of course, the historical method of brick making... Make rectangular forms of wood or metal. Lay them on the ground, on a smooth area, and place mud in the forms by shovel or bucket. Spade the adobe carefully, and tamp it into all corners of the forms, to insure well-shaped bricks. Strike the top off level, then lift the forms, leaving the bricks in place... Not too wet, or the mud will run after you remove the forms, or may shrink and crack excessively upon drying. Cover bricks with paper to slow down the initial drying. After lifting the form, wash excess mud off its inner faces with water, and repeat the molding process. Allow the bricks to lie flat for one to three days, until they are sufficiently strong to hold their shapes when turned. At that time, set bricks on edge, so air may circulate freely on both sides. This will promote uniform drying and help prevent warping and cracking. After a few more days of drying in this position, stack the bricks in loose piles for a few weeks, to complete their drying and curing.

The Wilderness Cabin

Not many log cabins are still being built. For one thing, it uses a lot of wood. However, it's a way for a man to go into the woods and with very few tools, erect a shelter. Maybe you've got to clear trees for a building site, or thin out an overgrown forest, or there is no road to your land. If so, here are diagrammed instructions on selecting a site, use of tools, and building a log cabin. Details are not extensive, but common sense will fill the gaps.





The V-Plank Corner

The Wilderness Cabin

Calvin Rutstrum
1961; 169 pp.

$5.95 postpaid

from
The Macmillan Company
Front and Brown Streets
Riverside, N. J. 08075
or
WHOLE EARTH CATALOG

Half-log construction, another aspect of the stockade type of cabin, has its most important feature in the overlap principle involved, producing a very tight wall. These are logs ripped down the center from end to end with a chain saw. As the illustration will show, the flat surface of each half-log covers the joint of two facing half-logs, thus tightly closing up the joint between them. In short, the outside half-logs are staggered with the inside half-logs.

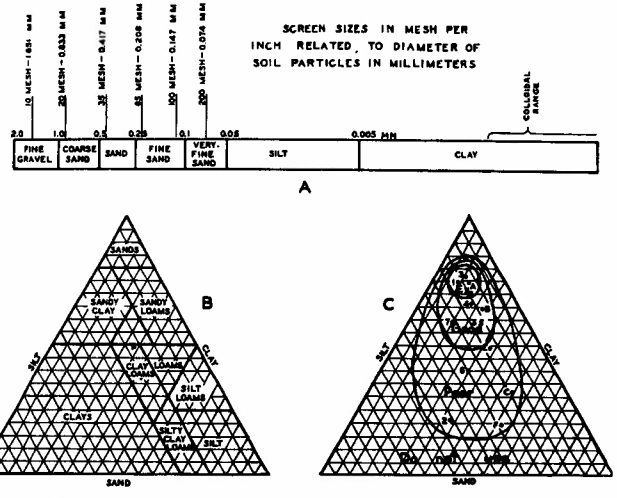
When you build with adobe, you get covered with it.

Structural Requirements

A high pressure machine such as the Cinva Ram (See WHOLE EARTH Supplement, March, 1969) can be used to produce bricks of greater strength.

In earthquake regions, hazard with all types of soil or masonry structure is rather serious.

Construct footings, piers, and foundations somewhat larger and stronger than usual, because they have to support walls heavier than usual.



A, Bar graph illustrating the soil texture classification as used by the USDA Bureau of Soils. B, Soil classes based on the relative amounts of clay, silt, and sand. C, Results of certain soil tests. The contours indicate suitability for earth construction. Note that the best mixes contain large percentages of sand.

Stabilization

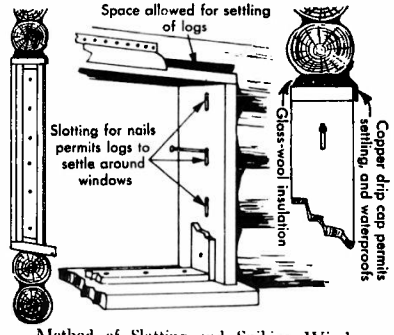
You can often improve soils that are unsatisfactory for brick making by mixing them with other soils or materials.

Course sand or even some types of gravel, may often be added to good advantage. Generally, clay in the soil adds strength, while sand and gravel aid in reducing shrinkage.

Portland cement increases the strength of soil, and makes it water resistant.

Window and door frames should be installed in a manner regarded as 'floating.' That is, they must not be spiked to the logs in such fashion as to allow the logs, when drying out and shrinking, to settle their weight on the spikes.

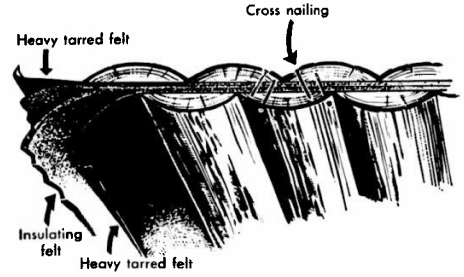
To accomplish this, I slot the door and window frames about 2 inches vertically at a position where every spike is driven through the door or window frames into the log ends. As the logs settle, the head end of the spike slides along these slots in the frames. As far as appearance is concerned there is no objection to this slotting because the door- and window-jamb strips cover these slotted areas. (See illustration.)


Space allowed for settling of logs
Slotting for nails permits logs to settle around windows
Glass-wool insulation
Copper drip cap permits settling, and waterproofs

Method of Slotting and Spiking Window and Door Frames for Log Cabins

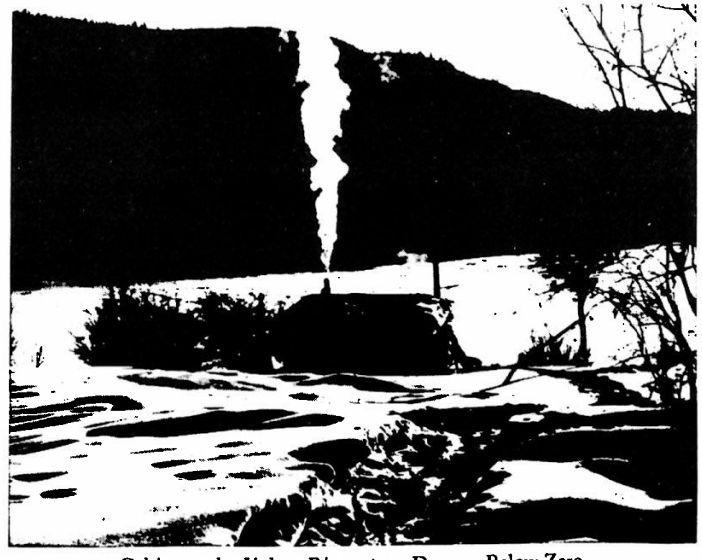
But an even better and more direct method than personal search is to go to the county seat in the county where you want to build. Ask the county auditor for a list of tax-delinquent properties, and the descriptions and plats of each location. During your first free weekend, examine the sites. If you find something you like, pay the back taxes.

When the original owner has failed to pay the taxes for a certain number of years—in many states the period is five years—and you pay the back taxes, you can get what is called a 'tax assignment' from the county. Your final ownership paper is about equivalent to a quit-claim deed. This is good enough while you personally own the site. Should you finally sell the property, it is best to have an attorney obtain a Torrens title for you, or procure a warranty deed through legal formality.



Half-Log Stockade Principle

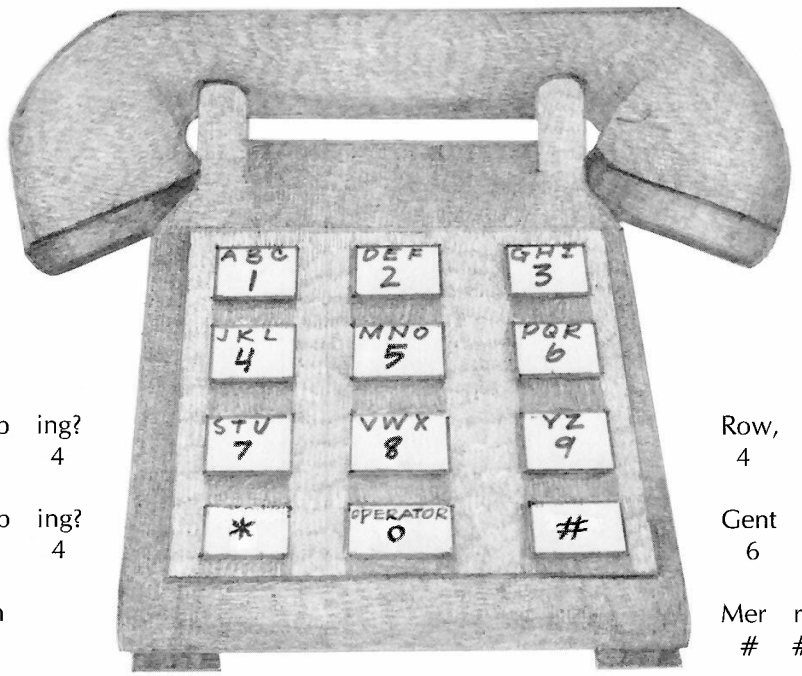
The general appearance, both inside and outside, is that full, round logs, such as are seen in the regular stockade type of cabin, are being used. The big advantage, of course, is that insulation and waterproof paper, or roofing, can be applied between the two layers of half-logs.



Cabin on the Yukon River at 50 Degrees Below Zero

simply killing time~

Songs to be played while hanging on the phone. (The numbers indicated are the buttons on a pushbutton phone. Be sure you're connected to someone—a friend or the weather report—before you start your serenade, or you may find yourself talking to a very wrong number.)



Are you sleep ing?
4 2 6 4

Are you sleep ing?
4 2 6 4

Bro ther John
6 9 #

Bro ther John
6 9 #

Row, row, row your boat
4 4 4 8 6

Gent ly down the stream
6 2 6 9 #

Mer ri ly, Mer ri ly,
0 0 0

Mer ri ly, Mer ri ly,
* * * 4 4 4

Life is but a dream
6 2 2 1 1

~ or maybe just thinking.

Just Thinking

Philip Wylie

Not long ago an acquaintance rounded my house and found me sitting in the garden beside my lily pool. His sharp "Hello!" startled me. I waved at a chair beside mine and he sat down.

"Taking a break?" he asked.

"Just—thinking."

The man laughed. "Oh! Plotting a story."

"No. Thinking."

He was disconcerted by a possibility which now occurred to him: "I came by over an hour ago. Rang your doorbell."

I grinned. "Can't hear the chimes from this spot. My wife's shopping—maid's left for the day. If you'd come around the house, then ——"

"You mean to say, you've been sitting here, doing nothing, for over an *hour!*" His eyes raked the flower-spangled nook in search of a book, a magazine, a portable radio. All he could discover was a big clam-shell in which I'd stubbed out two or three cigarettes. Then he noticed the flicker and play of tropical fish amongst my water

lilies—and remembered that I often write about fishes.

With manifest relief, he said, "I get it. Observing 'em."

A slight, familiar vexation possessed me. I've been caught doing nothing—except just meditating—many times. And almost everybody who is younger than I am seems alarmed by the spectacle of a man sitting alone, undistracted. It is as if everyone born since 1920 believed there was a law forbidding him to be alone unless he is actually working, or reading, or listening to canned music.

So, rather irritably, I explained to my visitor, "I was not observing fish. I was simply sitting here where it's reasonably quiet, pondering."

He wouldn't have it. "I guess writers do a certain amount of daydreaming ——"

"Look. I wasn't daydreaming. I was doing what is called 'thinking.' I was thinking, deliberately, intensely, about the state of the world—for the first half hour, approximately. Then—the state of me. I was trying my best to discern how I felt about my life and times. And about some new ideas I'd encountered last night in a book. I was trying to discover whether I should accept these ideas as part of what I believe and feel and am. And all that while I was getting acquainted with myself as I am, right now. Which is a person I was not yesterday—and won't be tomorrow."

He had listened at first with signs of understanding. But when I'd told him I'd been searching for my "self," his malaise returned. He tried to give me, by example, a friendly steer: "I do my best thinking when I shave and dress, mornings. With the radio on."

No doubt that was true. To him, what passed for thinking was possible only when his hands were occupied and his mind was lulled by some electronic noise. Like most people nowadays, he avoided situations where he had to exist with himself and nothing but himself.

But people weren't always like that. Even teen-agers, when I was one, liked periods of quiet contemplation. I had friends who spent hours with me, not saying a word. There were no portable record players, then, no transistor radios. We tramped in silence through miles of forest, we paddled in silence on lakes not yet disquieted by the snarling of outboard motors.

Lost but not lonely

At the age of eighteen I spent several months with three companions in a part of the Canadian woods where no Indian or trapper had ever been. We were often as quiet as the wilderness itself.

Once, for two days and a night, I was lost from the others. I built a fire and stayed where I was, certain that they would find me eventually. Wolves howled, closing n, but I knew they would not attack me. Occasional loons cried out, sounding like French locomotives. Owls hooted, perhaps t to other owls that the intruder less but was too big to eat.

ecall that I felt lonely, even then, when I was more alone than most people can be nowadays. There was plenty to think about. Indeed, it is only when one is alone and undistracted that one can make a real acquaintance with one's self. Whatever it is that you recognize as "you" is what goes on in your mind, heart, spirit and imagination, quite free of outside stimulus. And knowledge of that self is, in a sense, all the actual knowledge you can ever have; the rest is in books or other people's heads. We still pay lip service to the ancient counsel, "Know thyself"; you can't know anybody else the same way.

The opportunities to be alone and undisturbed are no longer easy to find. We Americans have grown so accustomed to the clamor of human activity that we accept it as inescapable. Most of us, like the acquaintance who interrupted my reverie, have even come to regard thoughtful solitude as unnatural. The shocking implication is that the human spirit must be diverted from the calamitous temptation of its own company.

When I was a boy it was expected that every boy would spend hours gazing at the sky—"daydreaming," as it was called. Few objected to this; most people understood that the "dreamers" grew up to become the doers. For a grown man without a dream can add nothing to what we still call "the *American* dream."

Today, however, a daydreaming boy is prodded to meaningless activity by nervous parents who fear that solitude is somehow dangerous. A boy in reverie is hurriedly sent down the street to play games, lest he become anti-social.

As a result, young people pass through adolescence with no practice in testing their inner selves. They grow up mindless, in effect, because they are not encouraged to explore their minds. And schools foster this avoidance of self. Instead of emphasizing the need for self-reliance, they teach young people "group adjustment."

An "adjusted" youth will naturally seek to preserve the one condition to which he knows how to adjust: the safe, present state. Actually, his goal should be adjustment to an ever-changing world.

Era of group adjustment

To people like myself, brought up before Americans had turned away from self-reliance to "group adjustment," the outlook of most youths seems pitiable. For they are members of a society that, like it or not, is changing swiftly and radically. Our society is in so swift a flux that only a man who deeply knows himself can decide which of the changing ideas he will accept, which he will reject.

Most of us have lost all such independence of judgment. We are too unaware of our selves to evaluate things, let alone ideas. We buy and use and wear and eat and drink what others do. We listen by the scores of millions to the same pop tunes on radio, and we stare at the same TV Westerns. We believe what we hear—not what we think. Our minds have shrunk from disuse, and from the avoidance of situations which demand serious reflection.

And in such rubber-stamp patterns we turn out mindless youngsters, adjusted to status quo; youngsters who seek not self-realization but security—in what is the least secure, most dangerous and fastest changing period of all human history.

We Americans are in desperate need of new ideas, new leadership, new goals and a new version of lofty hope that our nation can offer the beleaguered world.

Think.

A billion Communists are enduring unimaginable hardships for a single end: to overthrow our liberty and our democracy

Think.

Mankind is breeding so fast that famine and disastrous overpopulation now threaten the planet.

Think.

America is using up more than half of all the minerals and raw materials mined and grown in the whole world. And that unequal consumption, on which our alleged "affluence" depends, will not long be tolerated by the other 94 percent of humanity: It is altogether unjust.

Such facts need a gigantic amount of hard thought, not only by political and military leaders, but by every citizen, if the U.S.A. is to remain a self-governed nation. Yet where—and when—and how—does the average American *think?*

Our homes—if they are in cities—are no longer suitable for cogitation. Our offices may be intended for quiet, but I have never been able, in any American city, to rent office space where I can have privacy and silence. The place where I work now, in a modern office building, has been soundproofed by experts; but I still can hear dictating mumbles next door, laughter and, at times, strident discussions.

Like me, many Americans have fled the intolerable cacophony of the city, to live in a suburb. Some, like me, are lucky enough to have homes in wide grounds hemmed by trees, on streets where only an occasional car goes by. Even so, the opportunities I have for my most necessary work—*thinking*—are subject to violent disruption.

When my house begins to rumble as the clothes dryer whirls, to churn and hiss as the dishes are washed, to whine with the dentist-drill nastiness of a vacuum cleaner, I can go to the silent reaches of my gardens. But even there I am safe only so long as no neighbor decides to crank up his power lawnmower.

It is not that I deny the gregariousness of man, or belittle our pleasures in each other's company. But in company the measure of a man's worth is how much he can give to a group. He who brings special excitement to the otherwise tedious round of conventional activities is the sought-after guest, the desired friend. And that person, always, is one who has studied and learned enough of himself—or herself—to be more than a carbon copy of others.

The ideal surrounding for such study is some untouched bit of the outdoors. We Americans think we enjoy that sort of place. Millions of us, annually, do what we

call "getting away from it all"—although it is a long, long time since I've heard anyone say he wanted to "commune with nature"—meaning, to commune deeply with his inner self.

But our manner of joining up with nature is preposterous. We load our families into trailers and head, not for the silent and empty wilderness, but for some distant auto camp where we can plug into outlets all our portable gadgets, hook up with piped water—preferably hot and cold. We descend in swarms on our national parks and wilderness areas and there, careful to stay in sight of others, we spend a whole "vacation" making sure there is "something to do" from dawn to bedtime.

From the reports of park and wilderness officials I gather that not one American family in a hundred wants solitude and quiet in a virgin outdoor place. No lake exists, it seems, that is not as noisy as a klaxon factory, with outboard motors driven by spiritual cannibals. It's hard to find a stretch of stream that's fit to sit beside for a pensive hour. Once-crystal rapids bear a suds mass from detergents dumped upstream; in the trout pool there will be a discarded auto tire. The places where men once meditated are spoiled.

Yet if we Americans do not start to think, if we let slip the old practice of self-exile in a silent place, we shall presently become a nation of superficial men and women, identical, interchangeable. Nobody will be able to find anything special in anybody else. Our opinions, like our possessions, will be prefabricated. Our elected leaders will become exaggerated examples of the mediocrity of our masses. And then we will no longer be free, or self-governed—or even want those rewarding responsibilities. For the Robot Age will have arrived.

But once in a while almost every one of us catches the faint music of his unattended and unknown self.

"I've never been alone in my life," a young married woman said to me the other day. "Oh—I've been alone in the apartment when Bill was at work, before young Bill came. But there was always housework to do, always somebody barging in for coffee. And a radio going—just as there was at home, with my brothers and sisters. Someday I'd love to go to a motel, all by myself, and park my car—and just sit there, all afternoon—and go to sleep by myself when I felt tired—and wake up with nobody there but me."

Nothing to do but to be

Twenty-six years old that lady was—lovely and unusually intelligent. Yet so far as she could recall she'd never been alone, with nothing to do but to *be*, even for an hour. Imagine it! She'd never really owned even one hour of her entire life.

We needn't turn into a nation of self-avoiders. Solitude can be created in the mind wherever a person can spend time alone, even in a room in a city. And children who want spells of being alone should be encouraged, not treated as if they were abnormal. In many families, these days, the children do not even have a drawer they can call their own. They need a whole room to themselves, once in a while—or a tent on a back lawn. The "dens" men used to have, and the "sewing rooms" of their wives, aren't as useless as many modernists imagine. Architects, too, should realize (and some do!) the need of solitude in every home; for there is nothing genuinely homelike in open floor space that can be more or less closed off with movable screens.

The outdoors, in spite of man's exploitation of nature, still offers relatively secluded spots for meditation. Anybody interested in "communing with nature," his own nature included, can probably find a woods, a sloping field, a hilltop or a hidden brook ideal for restorative reverie.

Not all the once immense emptiness of this land of ours has been destroyed. And though opportunities for solitude are diminishing, it is the ever-lessening demand for solitude that worries me most. For with a little practice even a man in a crowd can be "alone."

If we could recover both the appetite for being alone and its fruitful product, self-awareness, America would again produce the dreaming doers who once enriched a lonely land of pioneers. We need such people as never before, *thinkers*, who can face the titanic problems peculiar to our time. Mankind's situation is desperate, and calls for vast *in*action. It concerns everybody, and demands that they get *apart*, not together.

HOT WEEKEND SUN IN RHODE ISLAND, ETC.

Thoughts shimmer. This Rhode Island beach groans of a past forsaken,
Pilgrims and the like, flights from oppression,
While the radio insists I'm of the pepsi-generation.

The heat quakes over the sand, the sea shakes,
A boy stands with his girl so as to make your heart ache,
Perfectly still, frozen, gazing toward another continent
(Resurrecting Bobby and Liz Browning on Brittany's bitter coast,
But neither young, tis a moment neither knew),
Suddenly chases her at ocean's edge, catches her,
Red bikini and green yellow blue orange mauve jams join,
    tanfastic bodies embrace,
"A loaf of bread, a jug of wine," and so forth, so on,
Here today, gone tomorra, hot dawg.
Once Matt Arnold beseeched, "Ah love, let us be true to one another,"
While Bobby B. lamented, "Ah love, but a day and the world is changed."
But this is *New* England, the U.S.A.,
Where the Puritans those swingers came, yeah yeah,
Not Brittany, doo-wah, nor Dover Beach, doo-wah, doo-wah:
Those Puritans, bulwarkish men, no hanky-panky for them.

Brain swarms in the sun
Tries to reorder, reachieve,
But the boy races the girl rockadaisically up the seascape
Redisordering this foolish attempt herculean
Here in R. I., Rog's old pad
Where the good citizens refresh after a workaday week
fe is much more fun when you're refreshed
)illy dilly
Something we've got by heart.

John Humma

THINKING COMFORTABLE
    THOUGHTS
    WITH A FRIEND IN SILENCE
IN THE COOL EVENING . . .

HYAKUCHI

OH THAT SUMMER MOON!
    IT MADE ME GO
    WANDERING
ROUND THE POND

exercises

Kind Things

materials: *a list of kind things.*

Each student is asked to make a list of 25 nice or kind things about the class, a roommate or friend and to talk about these qualities in general as they apply to art. At the end of the discussion the class emerges with a reference to scores of qualities as they relate to art, new departures, ideas and concepts.

NOTHING IS A MISTAKE. THERE'S NO WIN & NO FAIL. THERE'S ONLY MAKE.

List of Wet Things

materials: *make a list.*

Ask the students to compile a list of wet things. This serves as an exercise in correlating the experiences of wetness as received by all five senses.

list: tongues, eyeballs, steam, ink, inside of a coconut, fog, watermelons, mud, worms, alcohol, hand lotion, lemonade, water, wine, dew, clouds, snow, tears, flux, paint, shampoo, Lavoris, cologne, seaweed, mist, ocean, river, stream, pond, reservoir, canal, slush, drip, drop, wave, surf, marsh, swamp, juice, tonics, perspiration, Coke, jungle, diapers, blood, pebbles, caves, icicles, chameleon, rubber cement, under a rock, sponges, mops, wash cloth, champagne, suds, dishwater, sleet, hail, showers, water lilies, soup, eels, crocodiles, frogs, whales, porpoises, vinegar, lighter fluid, turpentine, bathing suits, oysters, gesso, syrup, rain barrel, shellac, gasoline, egg yoke, coffee, Alka Seltzer, everything after it rains, a nervous handshake, a blister, roots, pumpkin pulp, leaking pen, a runny nose, chewed gum, licked stamp, flipper, Wash and Dri packets, tomatoes, bubbles, new baby, dog's nose, an oasis, submarines, grass in the morning, water skis, frosted windows, puddles, buoy anchor, hurricane, Walden Pond, London, Atlantic Ocean, peach, aqua man, Lake Victoria, Niagara Falls, rubbers, sewers, sap, Moby Dick, iceberg, beer, Kon Tiki, baptism, peeled grapes, pickles, fountains, hose, gravy, tea, dam, gutter, eucalyptus trees, swans, divers, boats, rudder, ducks, trench coat, swimming pools, well, snake, cry, cytoplasm, kiss, drown, kayak, canoe, paddle, Venice, sink, muzzle, cider, wharf, cocoa, Dippity Doo, sampan, island, water color, aquarium, brandy, aqueduct, secretion, irrigation, waterfowl, moth, sneeze, ditch, storm, gold fish, The Flood, libations, octopus, ice cube, March & April, liquid make-up, shells, firemen, car wash, sprinkler, behind your ears, contact lens, whistle, lollipop, jellyfish, air conditioner, tonsils, stomach, bleach, snails, coral, sailing a Sunfish, etc.

NOTHING ENDS WITHOUT BREAKING, BECAUSE EVERYTHING IS ENDLESS. *antonio porchia.*

HUMOR

1) Rate each of the items listed as humor on a scale of one to ten, taking into account such characteristics as insight, offensiveness, originality, clarity. (You could have a winner in each Domain or a single grand-prize winner.) Explain your rating system and why you consider certain characteristics to be particularly important.

2) Write a two-hundred word analysis of the humorous selection you like best, pointing out reasons you think it is not only funny, but perceptive or pertinent.

DOMAIN 7
the ARTS

What is art? One of the eternal questions.
Why is art? Debated even more frequently.

I always thought art was man's way of killing time. If he just came out & said it, there would be no need for art. Art was a way to say it without really saying it. Saying around it.

But now I see art in a new light. Art is the school papers we go through in order to learn how to think & live.

Sept 68

—Mason Williams

Through art we can learn to appreciate ourselves. It is the roll of the artist to present himself as honestly & clearly as possible, so that his product becomes feelings for people to find in themselves. It is through the art of others that the artist learns to appreciate himself & the appreciation of oneself is the art of living. Any man that understands & likes himself, understands & likes others.

30 April 69

—Mason Williams

The critics often have the last word.

A Critic's Credo

By Judith Crist

One thing a critic has is critics—and mine include a quartet of perennial—nay, eternal—letter writers who make the whole critic business worth-while. I think of them as teen-agers of all ages who write to me with regularity under a number of pseudonyms, claiming a variety of occupations for themselves and mailing their letters from all parts of the country. It's their constancy that endears them to me, but it has also convinced me it's time to resort to form letters for the replies that I've hitherto kept personal or to open the whole wormy can of movies-on-television criticism in public.

The first writer goes in for the Critique Oblique, or possibly subliminal. "I am x-teen years old," this letter begins, "and I want to be a movie critic like you. Do I have to finish high school?" The next, who frequently pretends to be an irate housewife or an angry old man, demands, "Why don't you keep your opinions to yourself and just tell us about the movies?" The third is outspoken: "You must be a pretty rotten person, you --- -- - ----- ----------, not liking Elvis Presley movies. He is decent and fine and pure." And the fourth is declarative: "You'd probably drop dead if you saw a movie you liked. I know I'd drop dead if I ever read a kind word about a movie from you."

Well, over and over I've gone through the biographical bit about the years of college and graduate school, the teaching and newspaper work that led to theater and film reviewing; I've explained that my job as critic requires the expression of opinion; I've declared my admiration for Elvis, if not his movies, and suggested that as the embodiment of the decent, the fine and the pure he might not enjoy his fans labeling even imperfect strangers --- -- - ----- ----------, and I have listed and relisted all the perfect, perfectly good and even perfectly awful movies I have lavished love on—and survived. And over and over comes the quartet's cacophony of complaints—to be met on the other side of the sound barrier by the cant of *cinéaste* and critical colleagues who insist that there's small point in reviewing movies on television because any movie-lover knows that movies aren't for TV and TV watchers watch anything that moves.

Nonsense—and stuff. First of all, anyone who is a movie critic can't "hate" movies. He has, in fact, not merely to "like" movies but to love them with a fanatic's passion. A New York City-based film critic like myself has to see nearly all of the more than 400 new films that open annually in that city; add to that score—thanks to a couple of imaginative movie-minded local channels—about 10 to 15 movies worth rewatching or that I had never seen before. And obviously, to subject yourself to film after film at this rate, you either have to be the world's foremost masochist—or else you have to be the movie-lover that any film critic worth the label is.

If you're not a passionate devotee of film—or, in plainer language, a movie nut—you can't really function as critic. Why bother to criticize if you don't care? The analogy is simple if carried on to human relations. When as children we'd accuse our mother of "picking" on us, she'd say, "Of course a stranger wouldn't. Only someone who loves you would." It is, after all, only the person who cares, who demands an adherence to standard, who dreams of the perfectibility of the beloved—and who refuses the easy out, who won't settle for cheap and who will recognize sincerity and integrity and cherish these, while scorning the specious and denouncing the cheap-jack.

So much, then, for the nonsensical notion that the severe critic "hates" movies. And should one be less than severe? We've seen what parental permissiveness produces; what about critical permissiveness? And here the critic is caught fore and aft. On one side there are the television programmers who are, after all, in a catbird seat: what they show will be watched so why not settle for the easy out, the favorable deal, the "package" that might contain one high-level Hollywood product and include five other flops that certainly didn't hit the big-city houses? The public's getting it all for free and if you don't like it—switch off, buster. And the critic's a spoilsport and a carper—and obviously just a voice crying in the video wilderness, judging from our peachy old ratings.

That's the fore—and for the aft there's the audience watching whatever moves on the small screen. They are, after all, getting it for free—the only payment is the chop-up presentation with random cutting (not really for censorship and with small heed for coherence) so that 10, 15, 20 different products can be touted during and in between station breaks that are really not required under the rules. And they are, even with the least Hollywood product—albeit not with the tailored-for-television cheapies—getting better production values than they get in the average television presentation; they're getting to see big-name stars who don't show up on every talkie-talk or game show—and they are, for the most part, getting something a bit different from the usual run-of-the-situation-comedy-or-serial-mill product. And television in general has conditioned its audience to be grateful for small and even dubious favors. So why does a critic have to come along and look at the whole thing "objectively" and suggest that maybe there are better ways (by switching channels or just switching off and doing something else, like talking to humans or reading a book or taking a walk) of spending the hours of our lives?

I hope you caught that "objectively" up there—because I hope you realize that no matter what critics pretend to, there will be objective criticism only when the ultimate computer starts spewing out film reviews. Critics are people; their opinions are personal. But their subjectivity is, hopefully, tempered by a background, an experience, a knowledge that broadens the value of their viewpoint. And that viewpoint, it seems to me, is one for the layman to come up against—and, hopefully, try out for size against his own.

We're all critics—but what separates us from the other animals is that our discriminatory reactions go beyond taste, smell and instinct and involve a bit of gray matter. And what separates the professional critic from the other reactors is essentially that he articulates the reactions that the layman is, alas, prone to put in a succinct "Wow!" or "Yuch!"

The critic, oddly enough, is not out to rule the world, egomaniac though he must seem by his choice of profession. And I think only the pretentious among us would lay claim to trying to "elevate the public taste." I have a sneaking suspicion that the public can elevate its own taste, given half a chance; that anyone will enjoy a good movie more than a bad one, let a fine actor affect him more deeply than a ham can, see that a great director has more to tell him than a hack has. But they won't reach all of us in the same way; what we are qualifies what we see—and we are all very different people, with our own likes and dislikes, our own irrational preference and our equally fallible prejudices. Thank goodness. I dread the day when we are standardized in mind and emotion, when we lose the capacity to honor our individuality and refuse to have the courage of our singular conviction or stand as a vocal minority.

The critic's job is to put forth an individual viewpoint for his readers to evaluate and react to. That, I think, is his function—to stimulate a response, hopefully favorable or very possibly negative—but a response. For in responding we are forced to think for ourselves, probe, discover the whys of our agreement or disagreement and

therefore formulate our own standards, test them and live by them.

Unlike most of my colleagues, I think movies can endure the fragmentation of television. Good movies remain good movies no matter how they are chopped up; bad movies are often improved when consumed in small, disconnected doses. Mediocre movies suffer most, perhaps; their faults are enlarged by segmentation and their virtues fade as the momentum of the movie-as-a-whole is lost. But what a "bad," "mediocre" or "good" movie is remains a matter of taste.

We each have a standard. Mine, for a "good" movie, requires that the movie fulfill its aspiration and that in the course of that fulfillment it illuminate some facet of experience for me, provide some sort of emotional empathy or tell me something about somebody or something. A film might aspire to do nothing but make one realize that people are funny or life is a ball or that surfing is exciting—or it might strive to encapsulate the fate of man in the story of a cowboy encountering civilization, or a philosophy of life in a family relationship. If the aspiration is honest, a film has virtue even if it does not quite succeed. I think honesty of approach, an assumption that the audience has intelligence, a dash of inspiration and a bit of style are the least I demand of a film. If one gets more than that—hallelujah. I don't think anyone who is willing to devote his time to watching should settle for less—and he has not only the right but also the duty to demand more.

We are too prone to settle for little these days, accepting the banal, the cheap and the degrading because we are paying for it only with our attention. With awareness, you would realize that there is more art, inspiration and style to at least half the "station break" commercials than there is to 80 per cent of the films that are flooding television's prime time. But too many of us slide into stupefaction before the set and let ourselves get caught up in the sloppily constructed twice-ten-thousand-times-told tales that are slickly unrolled in front of us, without a critical pause before, during or after. And two precious hours slip by.

The critic's practical function, in effect, is to act as an advance agent, as the previewer who has been there and hands on an opinion to a friend. No need, of course, to follow a friend's advice blindly. You learn, after a while, what your friend's hangups and tastes are—and you act accordingly. You may agree from start to finish on everything. Your tastes may be completely opposite—and that's fine. You may differ on your evaluation of performances; you may agree about everything except Westerns; you may disagree about everything except Elvis, or part company when it comes to comedies, or have nothing in common but your reactions to war movies. You learn these things about your friend; you ought also to latch on in the same way to your friendly neighborhood critic, learn where you stand in relation to each other—and view—and review—for yourself. You have to be your own critic, when all is said—but you have to be critical. You don't sit back in a restaurant and let the waitress heap your plate according to her whim, simply because you can't possibly like everything and anything that's put in front of you. You ask for the menu—and don't you on occasion ask what the day's special is or what the waitress might recommend?

Hard to believe, but a critic's major goal is to share the good things, to advocate what he considers quality stuff, to urge others to see what has pleasured or enriched him. There's little joy in negativism, even though, alas, it attracts the most attention. Certainly it is rampant during the doldrum months for most of the network-movie season, when trite trash is rerun and rerun and rerun, while the goodies—like "The African Queen" or "The Innocents"—are held out; if we're really good kiddies, and sit through the fourth rerun of a creaky Jerry Lewis or Bob Hope oldie, maybe we'll get to see a Class A movie every five or six weeks and see it again in nine months or a year! We seem to spend months on end plodding along—and the carrots just dangle at the end of the stick. Golly, mums, one network has acquired "West Side Story" for next season—and lots of C movies to supplement it.

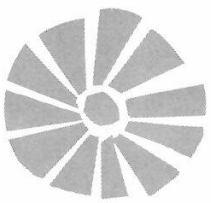
Well, this critic's notion is that we don't really have to watch a great deal of drivel to get to the goody at the end of the stick. Where are the other "West Side Story"-level movies? Wouldn't we rather see six reruns of a classic than sit through the 90th brand-new tailored-for-television how-to-slaughter-your-wife or reluctant-spy or jet-set-slime nonsense? Or would you? Why not think about it, about what you've really liked, about what was worth those two hours out of your life—and what wasn't? Just because it's allegedly for free, are you going to settle for cheap?

Don't just sit there. Think something. Hopefully, say something. At very least, react. A critic does. But why should I do all the work? (END)

So I believe that criticism and critics, they've always been the same. They're full of it. If they weren't, they'd be out playin' and they wouldn't have time to criticize anybody.

Felix Pappalardi
Mountain

The function of the artist in society seems to be to add...



"THE ARTIST IN SOCIETY"

Jerrold Morris

The position of the artist in society has changed radically during the last hundred years. In the Middle Ages artists ranked as craftsmen and were organized in guilds, which ensured thorough training under the apprenticeship system. Court artists not only painted portraits but also turned their hand to every decorative requirement, from the design of coins to displays for festivals. They had the same status as builders or engineers. The Church, the greatest patron of the arts, maintained rigid control over the artist's work, often through detailed written contracts.

Yet, within this framework, artists seem generally to have worked without frustration, content with their status as craftsmen carrying out the functions necessary to society. Artists of great talent were able to transcend restrictions on their freedom, and many—Raphael, Titian, Rubens—gained immense personal prestige. It was only in the eighteenth century that Reynolds deliberately set out to raise the social standing of painters. Then in the nineteenth century the idea of the artist as craftsman eventually gave way to the romantic concept of the artist as genius.

But by this time artists were ceasing to be indispensable to their fellow men. As technology advanced, particularly in printing and photography, the artist was stripped of his functions as illustrator, propagandist, decorator and designer. Soon only the "fine arts" were left as his province.

Today the artist is a creative source which we approach only of our own free will. And yet, independent of direct patronage, he has contributed far more than most of us realize to our physical surroundings. Architecture, industrial design, advertising, packaging—all have been directly influenced by creative, non-commercial artists, who have fashioned the visual pattern of our time. We accept this pattern, without necessarily making any contact with the artist himself.

However, many people are coming to realize the rewards that direct contact with art can bring. The artist has built no ivory tower: on the contrary, after being excluded, he is eager to find once again an accepted place in society, and whenever he has been given the opportunity he has proved that he can make a rich contribution. The Vence Chapel, Matisse's last great achievement, is one example, and others will come to mind in all fields—book illustration, stage, design, tapestry, sculpture, mural painting. Art is becoming increasingly prestigious and most public projects have their art budget these days.

Yet, despite this recent activity, one can wander around the average city for days without encountering any direct evidence of the artist's contribution, except in architecture. We still await a renewal of the Bauhaus idea of incorporating all the visual arts into one initial plan. Now, paintings and sculpture are usually merely added to become a beautiful environment until there is a general desire for careful planning to employ all the visual arts.

...to contrast...

Françoise Gilot and Carlton Lake, from Life with Picasso

These excerpts from Life With Picasso *quote the great Spanish painter on his philosophy of art. He posits the necessity of absolute opposition between the state and the artist regardless of the nature of the government. The "I" in the first sentence refers to Francoise Gilot, Picasso's mistress and mother of his son Claude.*

As a rule, when I got to the Rue des Grands-Augustins in the afternoon, Pablo was not yet at work. One day after he had let me in, he took me into his studio. On the easel was a canvas that he must have started a day or two before and then set aside. There was a fat round spot like a green sun at the right center of the canvas. Lunging up through the center from the lower left-hand corner was a violet triangular shape that came to a point above the green sun. They were linked by a heavy black line like a slightly curving V that passed through both of the colored forms. I asked him what this was in the process of becoming.

"It's already a still life," he said. "That's the pictorial idea. It makes no difference whether the principal element turns out to be a glass or a bottle. That's only a detail. And there may be moments all along when reality comes close and then recedes. It's like the tide rising and falling, but the sea is always there.

"What you see now is the first proposition: the spot of green, the thrust of the violet, and the black line that joins them. Those elements are struggling with one another. And there are intrigues everywhere. The green spot, for instance, has a tendency to grow, to work out from the center. It's not contained within a line or a form—color never should be. It's there to send out rays. It's dynamic by its very nature. So it will expand. On the other hand, the violet starts big and grows smaller all the way up to its point. And aside from the forms of the green and the violet, there's a struggle between the colors themselves, just as there is between the straight line and the curve. In each case they're strangers to each other. Now I have to heighten the contrast."

I asked him if he thought the green was balanced by the violet. "That's not the question," he said. "I don't need to know that. I'm not trying to make this first proposition more coherent. Right now I'm interested in making it more disturbing. After that I'll start to construct—but not to harmonize; to make it more deeply disturbing, more subversive.

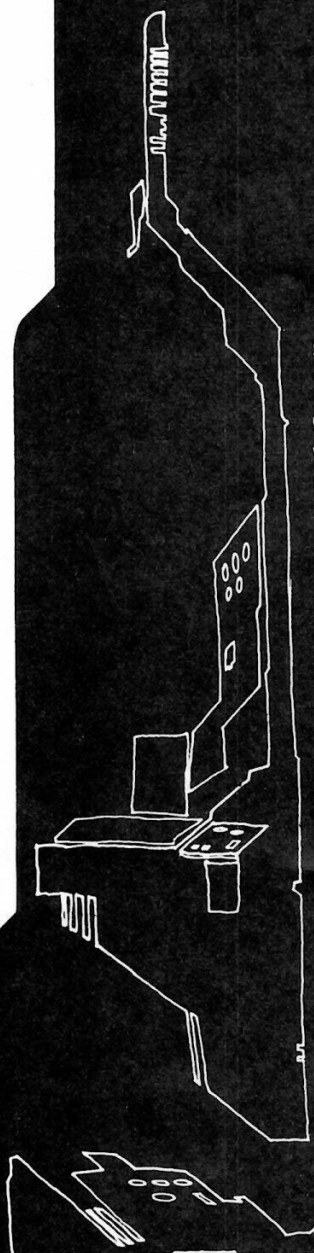
"So far it's instinctive, you see. Now I've got to set down something that goes further than that, something a good deal more audacious. The problem is, how can I shake up that first proposition? How can I, without destroying it completely, make it more subversive? How can I make it unique—not simply new, but stripped down and lacerating? You see, for me a painting is a dramatic action in the course of which reality finds itself split apart. For me, that dramatic action takes precedence over all other considerations. The pure plastic act is only secondary as far as I'm concerned. What counts is the drama of that plastic act, the moment at which the universe comes out of itself and meets its own destruction. . . .

"The point is, art is something subversive. It's something that should *not* be free. Art and liberty, like the fire of Prometheus, are things one must steal, to be used against the established order. Once art becomes official and open to everyone, then it becomes the new academicism." . . .

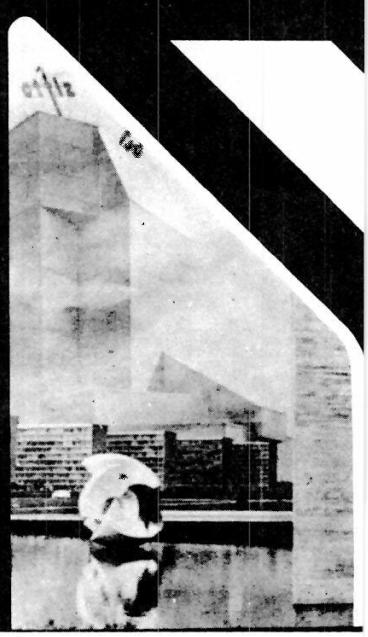
I reminded him that Malherbe had said a poet is of no more use to the state than a man who spends his time playing ninepins. "Of course," Pablo said. "And why did Plato say poets should be chased out of the republic? Precisely because every poet and every artist is an antisocial being. He's not that way because he wants to be; he can't be any other way. Of *course* the state has the right to chase him away—from *its* point of view—and if he is really an artist it is in his nature not to want to be admitted, because if he is admitted it can only mean he is doing something which is understood, approved, and therefore old hat—worthless. Anything new, anything worth doing, can't be recognized. People just don't have that much vision. So this business about defending and freeing culture is absurd. One *can* defend culture in a broad, general sense, if you mean by that the heritage of the past, but the right to free expression is something one seizes, not something one is given. It isn't a principle one can lay down as something that should exist. The only principle involved is that if it does exist, it exists to be used *against* the established order. Only the Russians are naive enough to think that an artist can fit into society. That's because they don't know what an artist is. What can the state do with the real artists, the seers? Rimbaud in Russia is unthinkable. Even Mayakovsky committed suicide. There is absolute opposition between the creator and the state. So there's only one tactic for the state—kill the seers. If the idea of society is to dominate the idea of the individual, the individual must perish. Furthermore, there wouldn't be such a thing as a seer if there weren't a state trying to suppress him. It's only at that moment, under that pressure, that he becomes one. People reach the status of artist only after crossing the maximum number of barriers. So the arts should be *dis*couraged, not *en*couraged.

"The thing that's wrong with modern art right now," he said, "and we might as well say—it's dying—is the fact that there isn't any longer a strong, powerful academic art worth fighting against. There has to be a rule even if it's a bad one because the evidence of art's power is in breaking down the barriers. But to do away with obstacles—that serves no purpose other than to make things completely wishy-washy, spineless, shapeless, meaningless—zero."

...or to build the future.



New art forms, not just new images, are being invented. Even, new media styles are being devised that employ different means to stimulate various combinations of the senses. You say it by the way you say it and not by what you say. Experiments in altering consciousness have begun to go beyond manipulating images by way of the senses. Media for stimulating the brain directly are being explored which will break the bonds that bind the mind to our senses. New styles can tie-down with their orthodoxy or smother with their universality the invention of new possibilities. The creative energy of the artists can become incestuously convoluted in an overspecialized elaboration of a single style. Overspecialization leads to extinction. DINOSAURS were beautiful. The methods employed in going to the moon, even the idea of going to the moon, came as much from the fancy of science fiction writers as from our technical originality. Using new technologies, individuals are becoming artists in media not formerly associated with the arts. Molecular chemists and ceramic engineers are designing new materials. Geneticists anticipate transforming life. Mathematicians are formulating the basis for computers to participate in creativity. Social, behavioral, and political scientists strive to devise new institutions, and arrangements for society. Ugliness will come to mean the failure to be able to specify designs for any given situation. Avert ultra-specialization. Foster a plurality of artistic approaches to contribute to the shapes that can be incorporated into our mosaic of the future. Variety is the spice of life. Maintaining variety is often at odds with apparent progress. More often, variety is sacrificed to cause. Ugliness is no choice.



CREATIVE ARTISTS SUPPLY NOT ONLY TODAY'S STYLE BUT OPTIONS FOR THE FUTURE

Is it this ability to create beautiful symbols that distinguishes us from other forms of life? What would we be without art?

Last year Americans travelled over 350 billion miles and a lot of them never found what they were looking for.

Every year millions of people try to get away from the day-to-day sameness of their lives.

They travel everywhere under the sun hungering for fun.

So busy getting places they scarcely bother to ask themselves whether the places are worth is elsewhere?

Maybe we should stop scurrying about looking for fun and look right around us.

That's where the fun is really at.

Maybe you can take that voice that was so good in your art galleries and museums that surround you.

Maybe you should slow down and stop getting further and further away from yourself.

Maybe then you'd really get someplace.

ART IS

There are different ways of looking at a piece.

Visual Illusions

M. Luckiesh

Seeing is deceiving. Thus a familiar epigram may be challenged in order to indicate the trend of this book which aims to treat certain phases of visual illusions. In general, we do not see things as they are or as they are related to each other; that is, the intellect does not correctly interpret the deliverances of the visual sense, although sometimes the optical mechanism of the eyes is directly responsible for the illusion. In other words, none of our conceptions and perceptions are quite adequate, but fortunately most of them are satisfactory for practical purposes. Only a part of what is perceived comes through the senses from the object; the remainder always comes from within. In fact, it is the visual sense or the intellect which is responsible for illusions of the various types to be discussed in the following chapters. Our past experiences, associations, desires, demands, imaginings, and other more or less obscure influences create illusions.

An illusion does not generally exist physically but it is difficult in some cases to explain the cause. Certainly there are many cases of errors of judgment. A mistaken estimate of the distance of a mountain is due to an error of judgment but the perception of a piece of white paper as pink on a green background is an error of sense. It is realized that the foregoing comparison leads directly to one of the most controversial questions in psychology, but there is no intention on the author's part to cling dogmatically to the opinions expressed. In fact, discussions of the psychological judgment involved in the presentations of the visual sense are not introduced with the hope of stating the final word but to give the reader an idea of the inner process of perception. The final word will be left to the psychologists but it appears possible that it may never be formulated.

In general, a tree appears of greater length when standing than when lying upon the ground. Lines, areas, and masses are not perceived in their actual physical relations. The appearance of a colored object varies considerably with its environment. The sky is not perceived as infinite space nor as a hemispherical dome, but as a flattened vault. The moon apparently diminishes in size as it rises toward the zenith. A bright object appears larger than a dark object of the same physical dimensions. Flat areas may appear to have a third dimension of depth. And so on.

Illusions are so numerous and varied that they have long challenged the interest of the scientist. They may be so useful or even so disastrous that they have been utilized or counteracted by the skilled artist or artisan. The architect and painter have used or avoided them. The stage-artist employs them to carry the audience in its imagination to other environments or to far countries. The magician has employed them in his entertainments and the camoufleur used them to advantage in the practice of deception during the recent war. They are vastly entertaining, useful, deceiving, or disastrous, depending upon the viewpoint.

There's always Pop Art.

Pop Art is the complementary opposite of Surrealism. When confronted with the juxtaposition of an umbrella and a sewing machine, we ask "Is it art?" because of the difficulty of adjusting ourselves to a situation which appears too incongruous to be subjected to an aesthetic order. When viewing a flashlight painted flat-gray by Jasper Johns, we ask "Is it art?" because of our difficulty in perceiving the difference between this image and a real flashlight.

And ? art.

New groups and trends appear daily.

The Black Esthetic

BILL MARVEL

In some paintings, black faces peer from between the bars of red, white, and blue jail cells. In others, muscular black arms pitch Molotov cocktails with American flag wicks. Their creator is Dana C. Chandler, Jr., an artist and a militant black man.

For two centuries the American Negro has expressed his sense of identity and his frustrations in his music. Today more and more blacks are giving eloquent voice to those same feelings in paintings and sculpture. Until recently their number was few and those who tried were often rebuffed by an unbroken wall of white museum officials, white collectors, and white art critics. They have been, as the title of a recent exhibition puts it, "Invisible Americans."

Mr. Chandler's vibrant and violent canvases are a long way from the gentle Negro genre scenes and portraits painted around the turn of the century by Henry O. Tanner, the first American Negro to employ black themes in his art. But Tanner was also an embittered man who almost starved to death in his native land before he moved to Paris and, as a painter of biblical subjects, found the prizes and commissions he sought.

There are signs today that a talented young Negro artist need not suffer the same fate as Henry Tanner. On walls in galleries and ghettos, black artists are highly visible. Two major museums plan large exhibits by Negro artists, albeit both in response to demands by militant blacks. The fortunes of several important Negro artists, unrecognized for years, have begun to rise. Many young black artists have entered the contemporary mainstream styles of op, pop, minimal, and abstract art and are cracking galleries and important exhibitions that previously were white-only.

All this comes about at a time when another group of artists, also young and black, have turned their backs on what they call the gallery-museum "success game," and are looking to their own ghetto communities for an audience. To these artists the need is not for white acceptance but for a style that fits their experience and enables them to reach their own people with their own messages.

The very fact that a young Negro artist can choose to paint anything in any style from social protest in Day-Glo colors to the coolest abstractions is one indication of change. This diversity, however, makes it difficult to talk about Negro art in any but the vaguest generalities: If Negro art has any common characteristic today it is that it is being done by artists who are black.

"The closest thing," says Edward Spriggs, director of the Studio Museum in Harlem, "is the word 'soul' the way blacks mean 'soul.'" And Negritude, or soul, must be at the heart of any black esthetic, says Mr. Spriggs. An intense, taut black man who has given up painting for poetry and film, Mr. Spriggs directs the only museum in the United States that shows only black artists. "The black esthetic," he says, "is in the process of evolving. It's not just one idea held by a few people who happen to think alike, but a dialog among a lot of people who have thought about it for a long time."

'A Greater Goal'

The Studio Museum's goal, says Mr. Spriggs, is to give exposure to the "large segment of black artists who are directing their art to their own people." One of them is Dana Chandler, 29, who works in Boston. Early this year Mr. Chandler led a successful effort to get the Boston Museum of Fine Arts to sponsor a major exhibition of black artists. That exhibition, *Black Artists: New York and Boston* opens at the museum May 19. Yet he says: "We are not interested in this business of getting into museums. We are interested in being relevant to our people. We have a greater goal than the goal of white artists, the survival and uplifting of our people."

His model of the relevant black artist is the African artist-craftsman who makes masks and figures for his tribe's ritual needs. Such an artist "is a repository of medical and spiritual information for the whole tribe," Mr. Chandler points out. "He is just as concerned with the esthetics of an object as any Western artist, but his concern goes deeper. How do I make this functional? How do I show reverence for the gods? Where in the household does it fit in? Who will wear it? Who will it conjure up?"

Western art has not been this functional since the flowering of religious art during the Middle Ages, Mr. Chandler says. "In Western society, the artist is suspect. He paints from the outside."

As Mr. Chandler sees it, his art's function is to educate blacks "and those whites that are flexible enough" to realize the job they have "as to the true direction of this country." He is a reporter in paint, he says, and he paints guns, fire bombs, and hand grenades because, in his view, "that is what everyone has in his home."

Mr. Chandler's paintings are not as virulent as they sound. The artist has a lively and cheerful color sense. Vivid yellows, flaming reds, lush greens vibrate against each other. Lines are hard, as in pop art, and the planes are flat with little attempt to suggest volumes. The effect is at once gay and sinister, like daisies sprouting from the muzzle of a rifle.

Several large works feature Eldridge Cleaver, Bobby Seale, Malcolm X, and other militant heroes rendered in a grand, rhetorical manner that reminds one of the murals of David Siqueiros. Mr. Chandler, in fact, has already painted several murals on buildings near his studio and he hopes to paint more because he believes art belongs in the streets where it is closer to the lives of the people.

Carroll Greene, Jr., a cultural historian now preparing an exhibit on Negro history for the Smithsonian Institution, predicts that more and more young black artists will identify with the people of the inner city and move away from the main stream of modern art. "It has to do with their distrust of any group that is outside the ghetto and is privileged," Mr. Greene says. "As far as these artists are concerned, the ghetto is where it's at. They feel that esthetic considerations

in the middle of the ghetto are irrelevant." Art galleries, Mr. Greene adds, are not part of the traditions of either the ghetto or Africa. But wall painting is.

Another major development in black art is the "Wall of Respect," a large outdoor mural depicting such black heroes as the late Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., Muhammad Ali, and Stokely Carmichael. The first of the type was painted by a group of young Chicago artists; other Walls of Respect have sprung up in Washington, Detroit, Birmingham, St. Louis, and Kansas City, Mo., among many cities.

People's Art

Jeff Donaldson, a young art historian at Northwestern University who helped create Chicago's wall, calls the movement "one of the most important developments in the history of Western art. For the first time public art is being created, not by commission, but because the artists and people in a community feel it should be."

Not all black artists, however, have abandoned the idea of making it on the white artist's own turf. Many of them are working in established idioms, or creating new idioms, confident that their work will find its audience, black or white. One is Sam Gilliam, 37, of Washington, D.C.

If success in art is a matter of being, in the words of the Studio Museum's Mr. Spriggs, "in all the places where one is told one has to be if one has made it," Sam Gilliam has it made. In the past year he has been invited to show in the 69th American Exhibition of the Art Institute of Chicago and the 1969 Annual at New York's Whitney Museum, two of the most important surveys in the land. His work is avidly collected and he is regarded as one of the most promising young heirs to the Washington color painters.

Mr. Gilliam's work has undergone a rapid and profound evolution since he arrived in Washington. He had been painting figuratively, in flat areas of color, in a manner, however, that was already essentially abstract. "I worked the painting over and over, trying to find a resolution between the figure and its background." He soon fell under the influence of the Washington painters, a movement that grew out of the streamers of color painted by Morris Louis and the stripe paintings of Kenneth Noland and Gene Davis.

Soon he was painting hard-edge geometric shapes and stripes. Within a year he was soaking rather than brushing paint onto the canvas—creating soft-edged, shimmering shapes. Rolling, folding, or crumpling a still-wet canvas before it was mounted on the stretcher produced novel, sometimes unforeseen, effects. Now Mr. Gilliam leaves his canvases unmounted, draping them from the wall in long, graceful curves, like bunting. The resulting works, relaxed and lyrical, are part painting and part sculpture.

The Militants Object

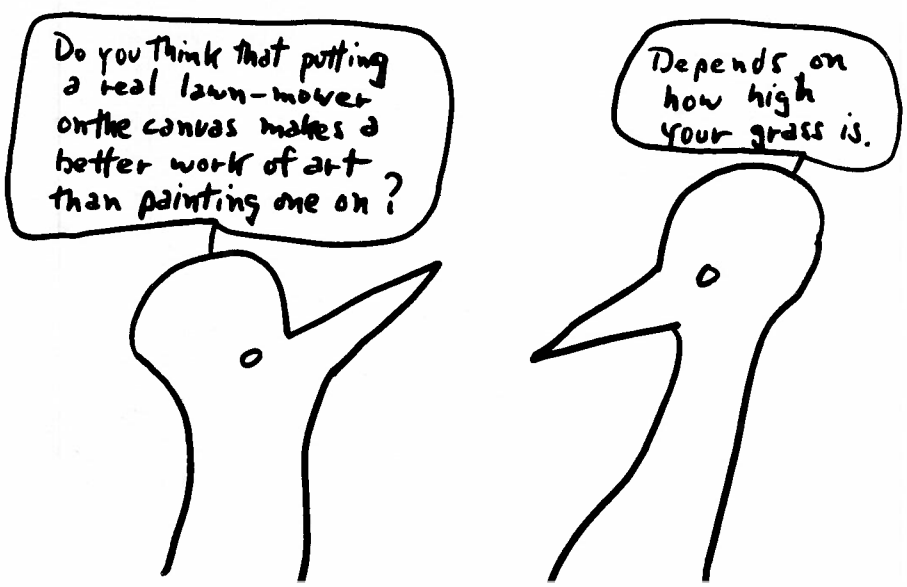
More militant blacks dismiss such works as white man's art: "In what sense he calls himself black, I don't know," one of them says. Sam Gilliam, however, remains firmly rooted to his black background. "I feel there is definitely a case for a black esthetic in terms of the present social context, considering the inability of so many blacks to rise within their occupations," he says. "There has to be some way to protest the lack of black curators, the tensions. To make it, at present, is still to make it in terms of being the best black painter.

"Those militant black artists sacrifice in terms of giving up their chance to get into the market. This is a noble thing. It keeps the spirit of the people up. There's a sense of taking care of themselves and not waiting until the spirit moves the majority to give them a chance.

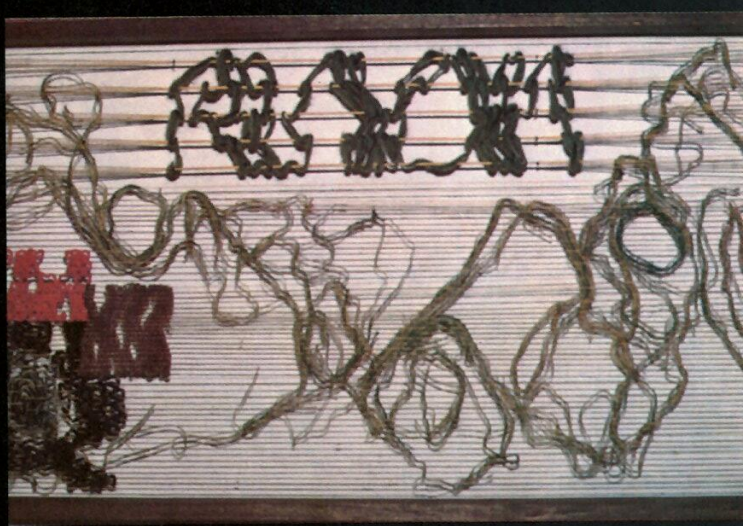
"But I'm separated by a generation. One looks at my art in terms of a different esthetic. Underneath, what's important to me is to do what I want to do. The more you live, the more art and life, esthetics and politics tend to merge. You're less concerned with success and more concerned with the quality of your existence as a artist, how things look outside your own window.

"You feel less afraid when someone says, 'I can't believe these paintings express your blackness.' "

What happens on canvas is nearly always debated and rarely fails to be provocative. No matter what we consider bad – or good – we talk about it and reveal our biases.


Do you think that putting a real lawn-mower on the canvas makes a better work of art than painting one on?
Depends on how high your grass is.

You don't have to be a professional to create works of art. More and more of us are finding enjoyment in building, sewing, shaping, writing, painting, and crafts.



Indian Peace Pipes

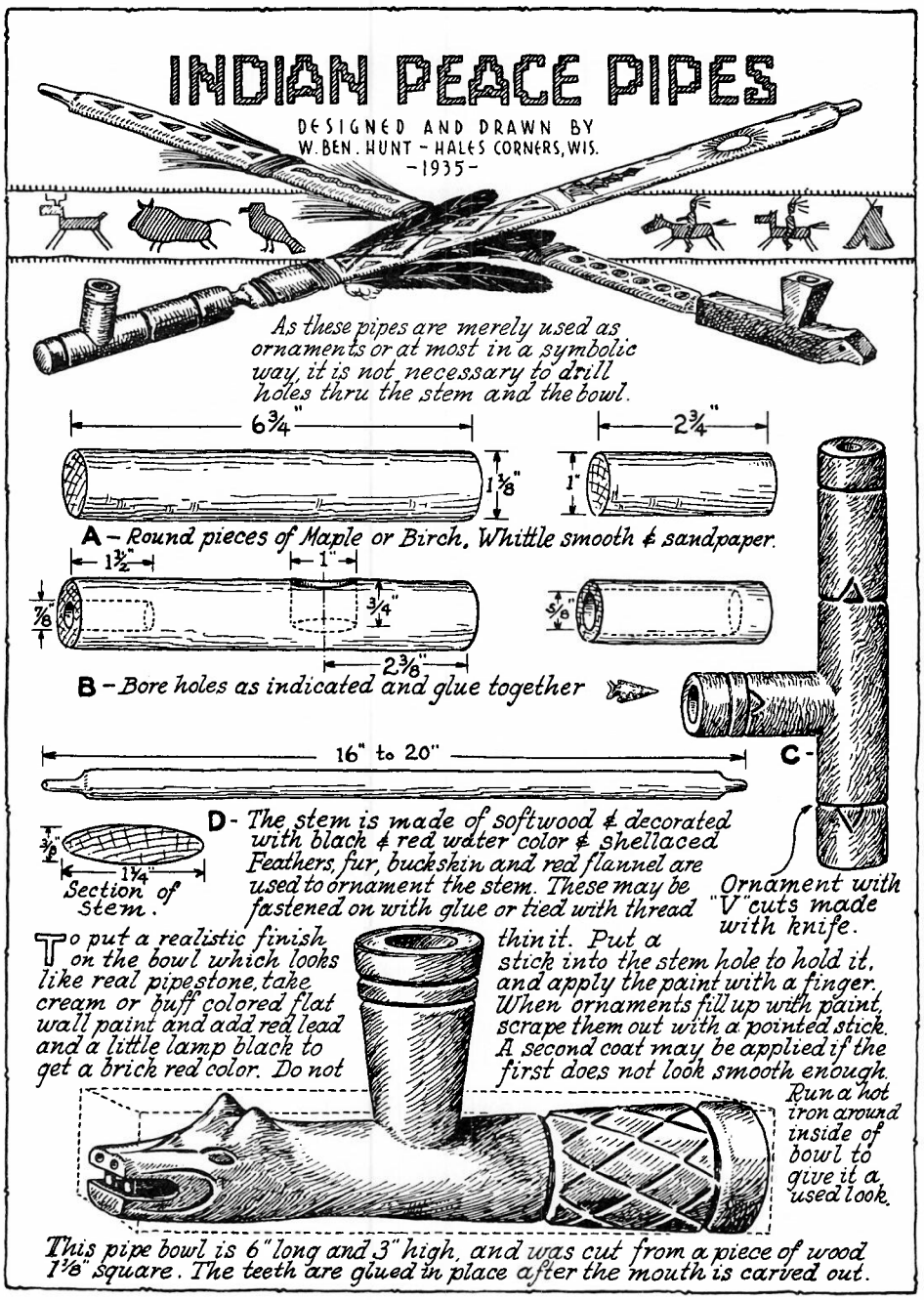
Peace pipes, or calumets as they are also called, were used by the Indians in councils. Smoking a peace pipe was a sign that the smoker gave his pledge of honor. It was thought that the smoke made one think more clearly. For this reason the pipe was always passed around to everyone before a treaty was even talked about.

Peace pipes were always held sacred by the Indians. They were never laid upon the ground and when not in use were kept in an ornamented buckskin pipe bag.

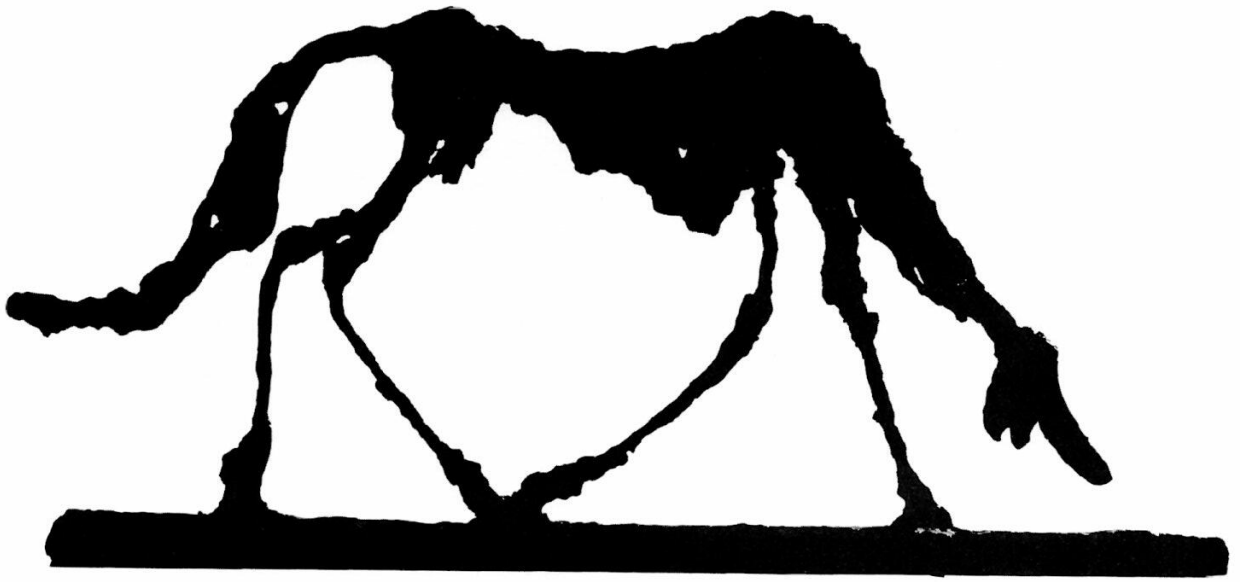
The stems were decorated with horsehair, fur, feathers, plumes, colored cloth, and paint.

Use your own ideas in designing the bowl, carving animals or birds, or the heads of animals or birds, on the bowl proper or at the front or back of the bowl.

Pipes of the kind described may also be made of Mexican pottery clay, but these must be handled more carefully than the ones made of wood.


INDIAN PEACE PIPES
DESIGNED AND DRAWN BY
W. BEN. HUNT - HALES CORNERS, WIS.
-1935-
As these pipes are merely used as ornaments or at most in a symbolic way, it is not necessary to drill holes thru the stem and the bowl.
6¾"
2¾"
1⅜"
1"
A - Round pieces of Maple or Birch. Whittle smooth & sandpaper.
1½"
1"
¾"
⅞"
⅝"
2⅜"
B - Bore holes as indicated and glue together
C -
16" to 20"
D - The stem is made of softwood & decorated with black & red water color & shellaced. Feathers, fur, buckskin and red flannel are used to ornament the stem. These may be fastened on with glue or tied with thread
⅜"
1¼"
Section of stem.
Ornament with "V" cuts made with knife.
To put a realistic finish on the bowl which looks like real pipestone, take cream or buff colored flat wall paint and add red lead and a little lamp black to get a brick red color. Do not thin it. Put a stick into the stem hole to hold it, and apply the paint with a finger. When ornaments fill up with paint, scrape them out with a pointed stick. A second coat may be applied if the first does not look smooth enough.
Run a hot iron around inside of bowl to give it a used look.
This pipe bowl is 6" long and 3" high, and was cut from a piece of wood 1⅞" square. The teeth are glued in place after the mouth is carved out.

We still appreciate the craftsman, the artist who cares— regardless of how changing moods and times are.



GIACOMETTI'S DOG **by Robert Wallace**

Lopes in bronze:
scruffy,
thin. In

the Museum of Modern Art
head
down, neck long as sadness

lowering to hanging ears
—he's eyeless—
that hear

nothing, and the sausage
muzzle
that leads him as

surely as eyes:
he might
be

dead, dried webs or clots of flesh
and fur
on the thin, long bones—but

isn't, obviously
is obviously
traveling intent on his

own aims: legs
lofting
with a gayety the dead aren't known

for, Going
onward in one place,
he doesn't so much ignore

as not recognize
the well-
dressed Sunday hun-

dreds who passing, pausing make
his bronze
road

move. Why
do they come to admire
him?

They wouldn't care for real dogs
less raggy
than he

is? It's his tragic
insouciance
bugs them? or is

it that art can make us
cherish
anything—this command

of shaping and abutting space—
that makes us love
even mutts,

even the world, accept
even
the starry wheels by which we're
hurled

toward death, having
the rocks and
wind for comrades?

It's not this starved hound,
but Giacometti seeing
him we see.

We'll stand in line all day
to see one man
love anything enough.

Drama may not have advanced since the Greeks, but at least interest in acting hasn't declined.

The Actor

Ray Russell

Backstage, the theater manager was pacing restlessly. "It will never work," he said.

"It will work," the director replied.

"It's never been done," said the manager.

"That's the fifth time you've said that."

"I'll say it a sixth time—it's *never* been done!"

"Good," said the director. "All the more reason to do it, wouldn't you say?"

The manager rubbed his bald head. He forced himself to speak in moderate tones. "May I remind you," he said slowly, "that we are in this business for one purpose only? To fill the theater."

"This will fill the theater," said the director. "They'll love it."

"They'll hate it."

"Don't you trust me?"

The manager sensed the coming storm cloud of temperament. An angry director was no good to him. So, expansively, he said, "My dear friend!" and put an arm around the other man's shoulders. "Trust you? Where could I find another director like you, even if I searched the whole city? The whole country? My friend, believe me, I *trust* you. You're an artist. You're a professional. You're popular. You know what the public wants."

"Thank you."

"And so do I. That's why I'm a manager."

"Oh."

"I'm also a little bit older than you, young fellow," chuckled the manager. "I've seen plays come and go, audiences come and go—and I've seen directors come and go."

"Is that a threat?" snapped the director, his eyes narrowing.

"Threat?" The manager appeared dumfounded. "Would *I* threaten? Would I threaten a great artist and a personal friend who has been a guest in my house and dined with me I don't know how many times? Threaten?" He spread his arms and rolled his eyes heavenward, as if asking for divine assistance. Then, gently, he said, "My boy. Listen. The public only *thinks* it wants something new. What it really wants is the same old thing with a little bit of a twist here and there."

"That's all I'm going to give them," said the director. "One little twist. The script will remain exactly the same. I'm not going to change a single word."

The manager only sighed, but he did it eloquently. Then he said resignedly, "You're determined to do this thing? You're determined to ruin me?"

The director patted the older man's arm. "They'll love it," he assured him. "You'll see."

In misery, the manager whined, "A director speaking lines. A *single man* responding to the chorus! Talking back and forth to them like real-life conversation! I'll be a laughingstock!"

"Stop worrying," said the director. "It may start a whole new profession: Responder, or Speaker, or—*Actor.* Ah! I like that." And, winking at his manager, Thespis walked out into the bright sunlight of the Athenian theater.

Movies and movie stars have always had an influence on our lives and how we perceive our world. We may not <u>like</u> the drama we see, but it gives us enough to keep us coming back for more.

Film Production Code—1966

Illicit sex relationships shall not be justified. Intimate sex scenes violating common standards of decency shall not be portrayed. Restraint and care shall be exercised in presentations dealing with sex aberrations.

Obscene speech, gestures or movements shall not be presented. Undue profanity shall not be presented.

Religion shall not be demeaned.

Words or symbols contemptuous of racial, religious or national groups, shall not be used so as to incite bigotry or hatred.

Excessive cruelty to animals shall not be portrayed and animals shall not be treated inhumanely.

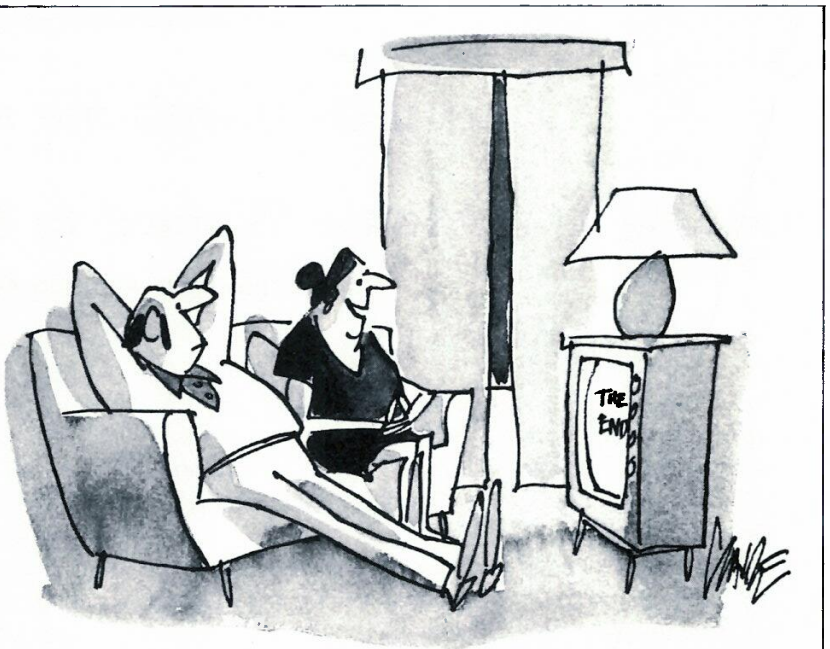
The basic dignity and value of human life shall be respected and upheld. Restraint shall be exercised in portraying the taking of life.

Evil, sin, crime and wrong-doing shall not be justified.

Special restraint shall be exercised in portraying criminal or anti-social activities in which minors participate or are involved.

Detailed and protracted acts of brutality, cruelty, physical violence, torture, and abuse, shall not be presented.

Indecent or undue exposure of the human body shall not be presented.



"At last! A made-for-TV movie that looked like a made-for-movies movie!"

PROTEST Diane Rosen

I love the movies. I am wild crazy insane about them. I watch a screen the way the middle-aged eat eclairs.

And I dwell—hopelessly, unavoidably—among film fanatics. Moviemania and film appreciation have been known to live together comfortably, but they are, more often, incompatible. Capsulized definition of terms: During the now-famous cabin fiasco in the Marx Brothers *Night at the Opera,* the movie lover laughs. The film fanatic sighs nostalgically and whispers, "That's beautiful." The film buff rarely buys popcorn; the movie lover likes a lot of butter.

Renata Adler, former reviewer for *The New York Times,* once wrote that the relationship between "film" and "movie" exists similarly between "black" and "Negro." Her observation is well taken. Some people would rather live under a manhole than say the word "movie"—social blasphemy of the highest order.

As "groovy" has seeped into the conversations of lightly desperate middle-aged men, so "film" has begun to resound in embarrassing places. I overheard two matrons discussing "that film *The Arrangement!*" —a *movie* if there ever was one. A moment for further clarification: *On Her Majesty's Secret Service, Take the Money and Run, Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid, Topaz,* and *Bob&Carol&Ted&Alice* are all movies. *8½, La Dolce Vita, Alexander Nevsky, If . . . , Knife in the Water, Faces,* are all films. Films tend to emphasize technical proficiency and innovation and a universal, often obscure, purpose; movies are designed to please the audience.

Jean-Luc Godard has never made a movie in his life. In order to survive in the same theater with his masterpieces of tedium, it's necessary to scream obscenities; smudge melted chocolate on your neighbor's neck; phone all the people you know from the lobby; take naps. And then leave before the last reel is over. To illustrate, the following is an imaginary conversation with the director.

Q. How are you, Jean-Luc? A. (Silence) Q. I asked, How are you? A. Well, it's terribly difficult to say. When you ask how I am, do you mean what do I feel, or in which way do I exist? Q. I mean, how the hell are you? A. Now you've added a religious dimension, and the issue becomes more complex. Q. Oh, God. A. Yes, You see, you've come to the basic question.

I have one recurring nightmare. It consists of being planted between two film fanatics during the viewing of a minor, but influential, twenty-four-hour pure *cinema verite* motion picture of two mandrill monkeys staring at each other.

First film fanatic: Boy, he really uses his zoom lens.

Second film fanatic: Yeah, like Hitchcock in *The Lady Vanishes.*

First: No, more like Truffaut copying Hitchcock.

Second: Perfect. In the scene from *The Bride Wore Black* where Jeanne Moreau stares out the window.

First: No. When she drives off the bridge in *Jules et Jim.*

Second: But those were the days when Truffaut wasn't imitating Hitchcock.

First: That's true, but he was doing it subconsciously.

Second: Yeah. Truffaut does a lot subconsciously, unlike Bunuel, who has no subconscious at all.

And it is here, in my dream, that I stand up, level unimaginable profanity at the screen, pour bonbons into the boots of my companions, run down the aisle to call my friends, and collide with a man holding a movie camera whose lens points toward me. "Man," he gasps, "that's going to be great on film. You were so straight. So real. It will be a classic."

. . . and then there's the smaller arena.

Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Television*

***But Were Afraid to Ask** *Ben Masselink*

Q. How big is the normal television set?
A. Twenty-one inches.
Q. Are some television sets larger than others?
A. Yes. There are some 5-inch ones, some 10-inch ones, some 14-inch ones, some 21-inch ones, and a few measuring a full 23 inches have been recorded.
Q. Does size make a difference?
A. None whatsoever in actual performance. There is no more reason to be ashamed of having a small set than to be proud of having a big one.
Q. But how large should a television set be?
A. Large enough to see.
Q. Is there anything a man can do to assure his partner's enjoyment of TV watching?
A. Yes. He should make certain that his set is kept in good repair. And he should leave a light on in the room. Since television viewing is one of the healthiest and most basic of human drives, there's no need for embarrassment about it. Some couples, in fact, experience greater enjoyment if they are able to see each other while viewing. Before they begin, however, they should make sure that the man's antenna is positioned at the proper angle and that the set's horizontal and vertical adjustment controls are tuned for the most pleasurable reception. Then they should make themselves comfortable, lean back and enjoy it. Once viewing is under way, of course, it can be helpful to change positions periodically.

Q. Why?
A. It can become not only uncomfortable but dull to watch television in the same position all the time. And each individual finds certain positions more stimulating than others. This doesn't mean that successful television viewing requires a pair of double-jointed acrobats. As a matter of fact, devotees of tantric TV watching—a popular viewing method in the Orient—derive intense and prolonged pleasure from sitting for hours at a time, in close eye contact with the set, without moving a single muscle.
Q. What are some of the positions you mentioned?
A. Most couples prefer viewing from a seated position, usually in the living room, on either a couch or a chair. Others like to watch on the floor, sometimes supported by a strategically placed cushion, sometimes with the man behind the woman. And a few actually do it in bed. Some adventurous couples even like it in the dining room, right on the tabletop.
Q. While they're eating?
A. Sometimes.
Q. Is that healthy?
A. Yes, as long as such oral gratification is followed by normal viewing.
Q. Is there any way a man can tell if a woman is really enjoying this activity?
A. Yes. By her eyes. If they are open, she is enjoying it. If they are closed, she is not.
Q. Should a woman ever initiate television viewing?
A. Certainly. There's no reason why the man should always be the aggressor. She might let him know she's in the mood by mentioning some exciting new show she thinks he'd enjoy watching. If he doesn't get the hint, she could try a more direct approach, saying something like, "Let's look at TV, lover." If *that* doesn't work, some women simply take the bull by the horns and start fiddling with the master control, turning it on manually and then assuming their favorite position while they wait for the set to warm up.

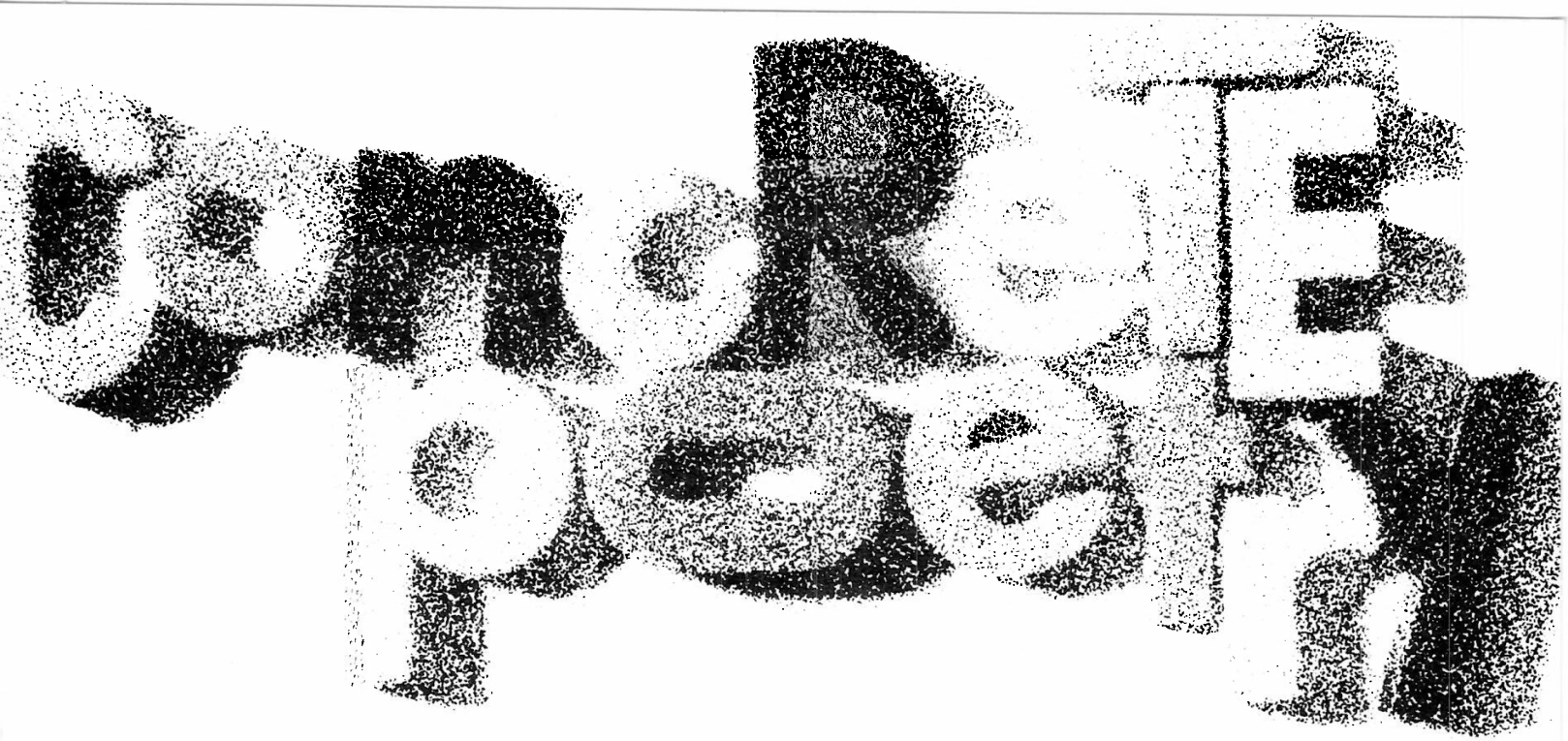
Writing...

"It started out as a suicide note. Then I corrected the spelling of a few words; rearranged a sentence or two; became interested in the style; developed plot lines and added suspense; inserted a few flashbacks to my miserable childhood and, of course, many bedroom episodes from my formative and adult years. Never once did I dream I would wind up talking to you about subsidiary rights."

...and what is written...

Although religious and psychoanalytic confessions may often go deeper than literary confessions, they are less perfect: just as the teacher of a language helps us to communicate our feelings by indicating the "proper" meaning and usage of words, so the psycholanalyst "teaches" the patient the true meaning of symbols that he pours out in a stream of unconscious associations; so the confessor "teaches" the penitent the meaning, or implications, of his sins. The purpose of these "lessons" is to help the individual to communicate with his neighbors—through psychoanalysis; or with God—through confession.

The difference between the confessor and the analyst is analogous to that between the teacher imparting a foreign language to an adult and a teacher who instructs children how to talk. The priest teaches a "foreign language," the language of prayer, for confessions must be finally addressed to a "foreign" person: God. The psychoanalyst treats us as children who do not know the meaning of their emotions; like children, we can understand them ourselves only by learning what meaning others attribute to them. This implies the knowledge of language, and calls for an adaptation to language, as it is only through it that we can communicate with others in terms they can understand.



...may lead to criticism.

Jack and Jill: A Close Reading

Arthur Daigon

Jack and Jill went up the hill
To fetch a pail of water.
Jack fell down and broke his crown,
And Jill came tumbling after.

Up Jack got and home did trot
As fast as he could caper
Went to bed and bound his head
With vinegar and brown paper.

THE SYMBOLIC IMPLICATIONS in this seemingly simple folk rhyme are rather startling when it is subjected to close scrutiny. The tendency to regard this genre simply as naive rhythmic exercises with occasional local reference is not borne out when the tools of scholarly research are employed towards the end of fuller exegesis. Let us look more closely at *Jack and Jill*.

Jack and Jill go up the hill. Obviously, they are involved in the myth of the Quest, the drive for Nirvana, the New Jerusalem, the road to immortality. The hill represents the disappointments, frustrations, the slings and arrows, and other such outrages which Dame Fortune bestows, unsolicited, during the life of man. They go to fetch a pail of water. Possibly, their quest is for the Grail, the goal and ideal of the medieval era. However, because Jill, a Woman-Eve-Pandora-Temptation-Evil symbol* accompanies Jack, his failure, his fall from Grace, is inevitable, as was Launcelot's because of his illicit liaison with Guinevere. Some readers may interpret water as a fertility symbol. Then Jack and Jill's object in climbing the hill is subject to even more incriminating supposition.

*Karl Angst, "Madchen, Madchen, Madchen," *Das Spielbuch von Knaben*. XV. 1935. p. 73.

The breaking of the crown may be interpreted as the destruction of potential immortality in man. Jack falls, breaking his godhead crown, and Jill, who will forever remind him of his disaster, comes tumbling, playfully, we imagine, after.

Jack gets up and returns home, knowing perhaps, as he goes that you really can't go home again. Significantly, he *capers* home. Surely, this is a strange term. A *caper* is a jolly dance. We may suspect Jack is rather glad he has fallen and is relieved of the responsibilities that must be borne by immortals. Torn between relief and consternation, Jack jumps into bed *alone*—an act not to be underestimated. We may assume that act to be regressive. He wishes to be comforted and coddled by his mother. Significantly, Jill is not mentioned at this point. She has been rebuffed by the strong Oedipal manifestations of the emotionally torn Jack, who has rejected his aspirations with Jill and has gone to bed (return to the womb) and, this is important, *bound his head*. Simply said, Jack's intent in the symbolic binding of his head is his own emasculation. I will leave to future scholars the task of assigning the specific role of vinegar: however, the brown paper undoubtedly symbolizes parchment, consequently *dedication to learning*. Thus the binding of the head with brown paper or parchment must surely mean that Jack is resolved to reject his life of virility and challenge for the impotent asceticism of the literary scholar.

We see then, that we are far from dealing with a folk rhyme but with a highly sophisticated myth narrating the tragedy of the fall of man and his ultimate self-destruction, a self-destruction finally accomplished through a freely chosen dedication to scholarly research.

Folksongs combine writing and music...

"Mine Enemy, the Folksinger" by KENNETH B. KEATING

MR. KEATING: Mr. President, it will come as a shock to many Senators, but according to a resolution of a certain Los Angeles civic organization the Communists have developed a new secret weapon to ensnare and capture youthful minds in America—folk music.

No one who serves in Congress could reasonably entertain any illusions, no matter what might be the thrust of Soviet policy at any given time, about any possible letup in the intensity and earnestness of the Soviet pursuit toward its ultimate goal of world domination. Nor, based on our experiences with and knowledge of Soviet tactics, can one ever sagely underestimate the capacity of Communism for devising and employing whatever techniques are necessary to accomplish its long-range ends, from outright military takeover and occupation and the violent *coup d' etat*, to espionage, sabotage, subversion, propaganda, economic warfare, and perversion of the political and social processes of free societies to its own evil purposes. Nevertheless, I am stunned by the revelation that folk music is part of the Communist arsenal of weapons.

The resolution adopted by this organization, called the Fire and Police Research Association of Los Angeles, Inc., describes folk music as—and I quote from the resolution—"an unidentified tool of Communist psychological or cybernetic warfare."

For the benefit of any Senators who may not be fully familiar with the term, "cybernetics," I looked it up in the dictionary, and it means "a comparative study of the control system formed by the nervous system and brain and mechano-electrical communications systems, such as computing machines."

[Resolution is added to the *Record*.]

MR. KEATING: Mr. President, this amazing document maintains that "the dialectics of the Communist movement have successfully used, and are now using all modes and media of communication with young people, including the subtleties and the verbal subterfuges of applied dialectics in both poems and songs" and that "it is becoming more and more evident that certain of the 'Hootenannies' in this county and in Europe have been used to brainwash and subvert"—and now, listen to this—"in a seemingly innocuous but actually covert and deceptive manner, vast segments of young people's groups." It closes with a fervent plea for a Congressional investigation of this "unidentified tool of Communist psychological and cybernetic warfare" which is being used "to ensnare and capture youthful minds in the United States as it has so successfully and effectively captivated them abroad."

I had always had the impression that if anything was thoroughly American in spirit, it was American folk music. To be sure, I was perfectly aware of certain un-American influences in it, like Elizabethan balladry, English Protestant hymns and spirituals, and, with respect to jazz and in some cases the Negro spiritual, native African rhythms. But in my naivete I had never considered these un-American influences to be of a sinister nature and simply passed them off as part and parcel of the melting-pot tradition which has contributed so much in the way of variety and interest to the American cultural heritage.

In the light of this resolution, however, I have given this subject renewed attention. Have we ever considered, for example that the music of our national anthem, "The Star-Spangled Banner," is based upon an English folk melody—a drinking song, no less—"To Anacreon in Heaven"?

Of course, I realize that folk music tradition is grounded in political, economic, and social unrest and I did not expect to find in music which originated among sharecroppers, miners, union organizers, factory workers, cowboys, hill folk, wanderers, and oppressed Negroes—a pattern of tribute and praise to such symbols of orthodoxy as the gold standard, the oil depletion allowance, and the standing rules of the U. S. Senate.

I knew that in reviewing the evidence I would be in for a share of lyrical protest against war, depression, economic exploitation, the plight of the Negro, the farmer, the worker, the railroad convict, and, generally, the poor and down-trodden. I knew I would also come across music, as I actually did, dedicated to Robin Hood folk heroes like Jesse James, Pretty Boy Floyd, and Billy the Kid. And so I made allowances for the basic cultural factors operative in the folk music field. No one could possibly imagine the members of the board of directors of General Motors sitting around a conference table composing ditties in honor of defense contracts, while it is not surprising that coal miners should have come up with a protest song, "Sixteen Tons," crying "Saint Peter, don't call me, 'cause I can't go; I owe my soul to the company store."

I might interject at this point that the reason I recite rather than sing these words is that I know I would be breaking the Senate rules if I did anything to provoke a Senate 'hootenanny.'

MR. HUMPHREY: Mr. President, will the Senator yield?

MR. KEATING: I yield.

MR. HUMPHREY: I have examined the rules of the Senate, knowing of the Senator's speech. I do not recall seeing anything in the rules which would prohibit the Senator from singing, except his own good judgment.

MR. AIKEN: Are there any other reasons?

MR. KEATING: My voice is not of the best. Some of the citations bearing out this thesis are better sung than said. There is in the gallery an old friend and associate of my office who could sing them. But I think it best that I do not sing them.

MR. HUMPHREY: Particularly without musical accompaniment.

MR. KEATING: I would not be able to do that, anyway. If I used a guitar, I would have to use a left-handed guitar.

MR. HUMPHREY: Let us not do anything "left" here.

MR. KEATING: No; let us do everything right.

But when I began to look into the folk music business, I began to find that where there is smoke, there is fire—which perhaps explains how the Fire and Police Research Association gets into the act, too.

The first significant discovery I made was that from this Nation's very beginnings folk music had indeed been used "in a seemingly innocuous but actually covert and deceptive manner, to incite violations of the laws of the United States." Why, even "Yankee Doodle" has fallen victim to misuse in this fashion, as it did during President Jefferson's embargo of 1808 imposed to prevent our embroilment in the Napoleonic wars. Just listen to this plea to run the embargo:

Attention pay ye bonny lads
And listen to my Fargo
About a nation deuced thing
Which people call Embargo.
Yankee doodle, keep it up,
Yankee doodle, dandy,
We'll soak our hide in home-made rum
If we can't get French brandy.
I've got a vessel at the wharf
Well loaded with a cargo
And want a few more hands to help
And clear the cursed Embargo.
Yankee doodle, keep it up,
Yankee doodle, dandy,
We'll soak our hide in home-made rum
If we can't get French brandy.

Now it seems perfectly obvious to me that if people went around singing this today, we would be in a pretty fix with our shipping ban against Castro. Before we knew it, we would have rum-running out of Cuba in American bottoms.

While we are on the subject of the whisky trade, this is another area for grave concern. Apparently, some of our folk music takes a pretty cavalier attitude toward the enforcement of our Internal Revenue laws and could easily brainwash our young people into total disrespect for all law and order. The song, "Darlin' Cory," is a prime example of this :

Wake up, wake up, Darlin' Cory,
What makes you sleep so sound?
The revenue officers a-comin'
Gonna tear your still house down.

Or, for another example, the now very popular "Copper Kettle," which contains the lines:

My daddy he made whisky,
My grandaddy did, too.
We ain't paid no whisky tax
Since 1792.

If enough people went around singing this at hootenannies, Americans might soon get the idea that they don't have to pay their taxes. After all, the family in the song got away without paying them for 171 years. And if the Government loses its ability to collect taxes to pay for our defense effort, we would be wide open for a Communist takeover, would we not?

This sinister folk plot for disarmament takes more direct form than merely inciting Americans not to pay their taxes. Consider, for example, this pacifist Negro spiritual:

Gonna lay down my sword and shield
Down by the river-side,
Down by the river-side,
Down by the river-side.
Gonna lay down my sword and shield
Down by the river-side
And study war no more.

It should be especially noted that this song tells us not only to lay down our arms, but also—in the words of the Fire and Police Research Association—it uses "the subtleties and the verbal subterfuges of applied dialectics" by implying, by the words "And study war no more," that we should close down West Point, Annapolis, the Air Force Academy, and the War College, get rid of our ROTC program in our Nation's colleges and universities, and thus cut off our supply of trained military officers to lead us in our defense against Communism. If we do not realize that this "seemingly innocuous" Negro spiritual is "actually covert and deceptive," we have obviously been duped.

Now the Communists have also been known to sow the seeds of dissension in capitalist countries by turning people against their own political leaders. There's an Ozark folk song—and perhaps one of the Senators from Arkansas can enlighten me as to its origin—that goes like this:

Yes, the candidate's a dodger, yes,
a well-known dodger,
Yes, the candidate's a dodger, and
I'm a dodger, too.
He'll meet you and greet you and ask
you for your vote
But look out, boys, he's dodging for
a note.

To be quite honest, I am not sure I understand all the "subtleties and verbal subterfuges" of these "applied dialectics." For example, what does the fellow mean when he sings, "and I'm a dodger, too"? Is he saying he is a draft-dodger and advocating resistance to the enforcement of the selective service laws? And then, what is meant by the words that the candidate is "dodging for a note"? Is he trying to undermine American faith and confidence in America's political leaders by implying that all they are interested in are "notes," that is to say, campaign contributions? I hope Senators will read the *Record* carefully tomorrow and fill me in on what may be an example of subtle regional dialectics.

These examples must give pause to every patriotic American who may have taken folk music for granted in the past. But there is one concern I still have about a Congressional investigation of folk music such as proposed by the Fire and Research Association of Los Angeles. What I fear is that such an investigation would stimulate the writing of new folk music making fun of Congressional investigations. This shows how devious the Communists really are. First they subtly use the verbal subterfuges of applied dialectics in folk music, knowing full well that organizations like the Fire and Police Research Association of Los Angeles are always on guard against them and sooner or later will demand a Congressional investigation. Then, once a Congressional investigation of folk music is held, the Communists set about composing new folk music impugning the integrity of Congressional investigations, like this folksong of a few years ago:

Who's gonna investigate the man who investigates me?
I don't doubt my loyalty
But how about what his may be?
Who'll check the record of the man who checks the
record of mine?
Seems to me there's gonna be an awfully long line.
One more problem puzzles me,
Pardon my strange whim,
But who's gonna investigate the man who investigates
the man who investigates him?

This shows that there may be no logical stopping place once an investigation of folk music goes forward. Any such investigation would ultimately have to be extended *ad infinitum*, to take in a study of folksongs composed in response to the investigation itself, which can go on indefinitely. But perhaps all this simply shows

how devious the Communists are, perpetually tying up the valuable time of our elected officials and diverting their attention from other subversive activities which they engage in.

It all boils down to a gigantic plot, one that has been brought to my attention before, most notably, by the assistant minority leader, the senior Senator from California [Mr. Kuchel], based on letters he has received from constituents whose keen alertness to matters involving our national security is fully equal to that of the Fire and Police Association of Los Angeles, Inc. And so, now, to the list of subversive individuals, institutions, and ideas, which presently includes the United Nations, the income tax, the Chief Justice of the United States, the Girl Scouts of America, fluoridation of the water supply, the last four Presidents of the United States, beatniks, Harvard University, civil rights demonstrations, expenditures for mental health, the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, coffee houses, every Secretary of State since William Jennings Bryan, professors of anthropology, back-door spending, metro government, Jews, *Time* magazine, the Council on Foreign Relations, firearms registration, the Protestant clergy, the two United States Senators from New York plus between 77 and 83 of their colleagues and proposals for Federal aid to mass transportation—to this list of Communist-inspired persons and ideas we must now add, merciful heavens, American folk music. And who knows what lies ahead?

Already there are signs that the Communists are going beyond folk music in their plot to subvert America, but I shall not dwell on that. Consider for a moment the inroads which have been made in the popular music field by such songs as "The Moon Belongs to Everyone/ The Best Things in Life are Free."

Mr. President, we ought to be grateful that we have a Constitution—that it protects the right of everyone to sing out as well as speak out whenever the spirit moves him. There is a fire of freedom in this document called the Constitution which no amount of researching by organizations such as the Fire and Police Research Association of Los Angeles will ever succeed in putting out.

This resolution is but another demonstration of the absurd lengths to which the amateur ferrets of the radical right will go in their quixotic sallies against the Communist menace. As the great FBI Director, J. Edgar Hoover has ofen warned, vigilante charges such as these can breed the atmosphere of suspicion and confusion which tends not only to undermine free institutions but, of equal concern, to divert our energies from tackling the real threats posed by international Communism to our liberty and security. With devotion to our freedoms, with trust in the American ideal of cultural diversity, with, above all, a sense of proportion and discernment in meeting the challenges of our times, I for one have every faith that—in the words of the inspiring song—we shall overcome.

...although Shapiro doesn't agree.

New Poetry—A Literary Breakdown

KARL SHAPIRO

I have been engaged in creative writing programs for 20-odd years, virtually from the beginning of this kind of teaching. These programs have corroded steadily and today have reached the point of futility.

Students in such programs today, according to my experience all over the United States, can no longer spell, can no longer construct a simple English sentence—much less a paragraph —and cannot speak.

We have the most inarticulate generation of college students in our history and this may well account for their mass outbreaks of violence. They have no more intelligent way to express themselves.

But what is really distressing is that this generation cannot and does not read. I am speaking of university students in what are supposed to be our best universities. Their illiteracy is staggering.

But of course they claim to read. They may slam the professor's anthology on the floor but they will go to the bookshop and buy the innumerable paperback best sellers of their generation, which are almost always trashy rewrites of current sociological or philosophical fads.

The kitsch-camp-op-pop-absurdist-revolutionary sweepings and swill with which they fill their wordless minds are what they bring to class.

They do not want to read; they want to "experience." They do not want to learn; they want to "feel." They have become almost impossible to teach.

As far as I can tell, the high school has now reached the level of the grade school; the college is at high school level; the graduate school at college level; and whatever reading and writing is being done is being done by professors.

It appears that the modern student enters the university with a contempt for the university; a contempt for society, a contempt for literature, and a contempt for himself. Where did he learn this? Not from his own school; not from the library. I don't think so.

He learned it from what the new illiterates call the media: TV, radio, newspaper, phonograph, rock festival, magazine and paperback bookstore. He learned it from what the new illiterates call their counterculture; he learned it from his contemporaries and the exploiters of cults.

For the first time in history the illiterates have a literature of their own: op-pop-camp-kitsch-existential-occult-nihilist sweepings and swill. Armed to the teeth with this quasi-literature it is little wonder that they

slam the textbook on the floor and stomp out to their cars, barefooted.

I will now introduce the hero, or antihero, if you like. He is a real person and all the information I am going to give you is true and accurate, except for his name. I have changed his name not for any legalistic reason but because I feel humiliated to have to bring up his name at all. Here then is Dylan MacGoon.

I first heard of Dylan MacGoon as I was checking out of a hotel in Milwaukee. The girl behind the desk, who must have seen in the local paper that I was lecturing on poetry, asked me what I thought of the poetry of Dylan MacGoon. Who? I said.

That was just about a year ago but in the ensuing months the name began to come at me from all directions. In one university where I gave a poetry reading I was challenged by a student from the audience who wanted to know what I thought of MacGoon. I had seen some of his verses by then and answered that I didn't think anything of them; they were not even trash.

I now began to see big ads about MacGoon's three new books, one of which had been commissioned, no less, by one of the largest and most respected publishing houses in New York. What bothered me was that the publisher was my publisher, a company that had printed Robinson Jeffers, all the works of W. H. Auden, Spender, myself and many others.

How could this be? I tried to put it out of my head. MacGoon, however, would not go away.

One day I saw him interviewed by one of the top news commentators, the kind of reporter who is assigned only to prime ministers and field marshals. Mr. MacGoon, said the commentator in tones of authentic awe, you are the foremost best-selling poet in the United States (he may have said world), and then proceeded to ask about his creative regimen.

MacGoon tried to answer as best he could (language is not his strong point) and succeeded, between the awe of the commentator and his own honest dissimulations, in presenting the image of the poet. His millions of readers and listeners, all under 19, I hope, must have been gladdened.

I went to the little public library in the little town I live in, hoping against hope that there would be no MacGoon. There was. Still, I said to myself, the library is next door to a high school and MacGoon is better for the kids than marijuana. Then again, maybe he isn't.

In a desperate attempt to exorcise MacGoon I finally succumbed to the public prints and reviewed one of his three current best sellers in a weekly New York book review. The remarks, in part, went more or less as follows:

The downhill speed of American poetry in the last decade has been breathtaking, for those who watch the sport. Poetry plunged out of the classics, out of the modern masters, out of all standards and plopped into the playpen.

There we are entertained with the fecal-buccal carnival of the naughties and the uglies, who have their own magazines and publishing houses and the love-torn alienates, nihilists, disaffiliates who croon or "rock" their way into the legitimate publishing establishment. MacGoon falls into the latter category.

What hidden message have we here? Is the Beatleization of American poetry becoming a reality? Are the negative values on the rise in poetry also? Will the bilge work its way up to the library and the graduate school and to the art of writing itself? The answer to all these questions is a dismal groan.

Publishers, even those who formerly prided themselves on the quality of their publications, are now miring themselves in the dismal swamp of the adolescent revolution. They seem to drool at the sight of a rock festival, which attracts a quarter to a half million of the new humanoids. They cannot resist the temptation. They seek out—MacGoon—and pay their overhead.

The aftermath of my critique was typical. There were letters and phone calls and a dressing-down from a reporter in Los Angeles who called to ask me to explain myself. He had been assigned to interview MacGoon, who, it seems, had also read my diatribe. When asked what he thought of it, he answered: Who cares what he thinks?

And the weekly book review dropped me.

There are innumerable MacGoons in the country, as well as in Liverpool, the chief ones being Bob Dylan, Leonard Cohen, our hero and so on. In one of the more literate anarchist magazines I noticed a serious explanation of a poem(?),song(?), a very weak something-or-other written by Buffy Sainte-Marie.

Buffy's lines, "Little wheel spin and spin/Big wheel turn around and around," which resemble the speech of the mental defective and are the norm of the new poetry, are explicated thus: "In Buffy's song the medieval and Elizabethan image of the microcosm mirroring the macrocosm becomes saturated with historical and political content."

We are experiencing a literacy breakdown which is unlike anything I know of in the history of letters. It is something new and something to be reckoned with. We have reached the level of mindlessness at which students and the literate public can no longer distinguish between poetry and gibberish.

Arrogance and ignorance always go hand in hand and now we are having both shoved at us from all sides. The greed and cynicism of even the best publishers appalls me; the wild exploitation of primitivism by the media has rendered us insensible and made us a prey to every disease of esthetic decadence which the lower reaches of the imagination can concoct.

When critics and university students can no longer tell the difference between rock lyrics and the songs of Shakespeare, teaching is no longer possible; standards of good and inferior disappear; discrimination dies; and the true artist goes into hiding.

We are in the time that Yeats predicted and when everyone is quoting his famous lines: "The best lack all conviction, while the worst/Are full of passionate intensity."

Folksinging can mirror important changes.

Dylan: Where Was He When We Needed Him?

Susan Berman

I'm not going to the Bob Dylan concert. In the 60's I knew everyone of his songs by heart. I brushed my teeth to "Mr. Tambourine Man." My record player spent itself on his albums. But now he can blow in the wind without me.

Who needs Bob Dylan to come back appearing amidst a blaze of stage lights right in the middle of an energy crisis?

I've had it with him and with the other heroes of my 60's girlhood.

Jerry Rubin at age 35 is still imitating himself. Only he's ranting about whole wheat bread instead of politics now. Rennie Davis, a disciple of a fat adolescent guru, is perhaps the survivor of a lobotomy. If not, maybe he should try one. Abbie Hoffman last August was busted for dope.

I can hardly believe I took them seriously. But Bob Dylan was a special case. No one could accuse him of excess. He had but a few words to speak and he sang them. He expressed what we couldn't. I'm sure he is the musical genius people say. But that's not my concern. My musical knowledge extends to knowing the difference between a piano and a guitar and not much else.

Dylan's real appeal to me was his substance. His protest songs symbolized my commitments. He was with us, part of us, he made us whole.

No, my objection isn't with his music. It's with his hero's comeback, the one he staged for himself. He deserved homage and honor ten years ago, but we've been through Indian uprisings, jailbreaks, prison reform, the feminist revolution, a corrupt vice-president and a government that produced Watergate. Where have you been, Dylan?

No one is demanding that Dylan be the firebrand he never was. But would it be too much to ask him to share his answers and solutions with us?

We've read that he is secure in the confines of a nuclear family, producing reams of children. There was a motorcycle accident, seclusion, reflection, a religious period, an ethnic period, a part in the film "Pat Garrett and Billy the Kid." One reporter says he's into health foods.

But Dylan's exclusivity trip remains intact. He invites a few selected critics backstage, he doesn't care to discuss his personal torments or joys with the common public. That was fine years ago but not any more.

There's no room for heroes now, and definitely not for heroes who are stingy with themselves. Few of Dylan's generation are living happily in a communal family, doing good work, getting stoned and rocking out at night, a lifestyle we predicted for ourselves 10 years ago.

The compromises and struggles of a daily life have become apparent to us. The energy crisis, the Mideast war, senseless violence, an escalating realization that the years are going on and it's up to each of us to find our own answers—1974 just doesn't have time for a hero who says: "There's still a message. There's always a need for protest songs. You just gotta tap it." Solutions now, not protest.

It's not strange that very, very few under the age of 16 dig Dylan. It's not because they're too young to have heard his music. It's because he isn't offering anything relevant today.

Heroes have given way to ever-changing role models. And those we honor now are open, flexible, doing rather than protesting, fashioning the best lives they know how from what is available, living as if the whole is greater than the parts rather than vice versa.

I met a hero yesterday. He was 30, driving a cab. He'd been inside of the 60's. He was busted at Cornell for dope, finished at a night school. His wife had run off last year with the 17-year-old son of his best friend. He was raising a three-year-old daughter and looking around for a nonsexist child-care center.

"I'm reading all the nutrition books so she'll get her vegetables. And as soon as she's old enough to go to school, I'm going back to school to study to be a nurse. A nursing supervisor makes enough money and you're working with people who need you," he said.

So Dylan doesn't need to be a single father to be OK by me. He can stay married, relating to his wife and five children. And an artist isn't necessarily defined by those who hold him hallowed. But in my opinion, to be eligible for honor, an artist should be accessible to his public, now in tune with 1974. If he had come back in small clubs, if he would tell us if he carries an extra gas can in the back of his truck, OK, so throw away your car and rent an Arabian steed. Just share with us a part of yourself besides the protest songs for which we made you famous.

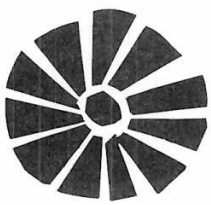
No, Dylan, you don't owe us that. So many of us will bow to you because you are nostalgic, it is our blue-jeaned youth we bend to. But don't demand tribute from me. I'll play your records at home and remember you as a relic of my past rather than a responsive prophet of the future.

You keep your answers to yourself, you keep sealed off. 'But the times they are still a changin.' Too bad you're not.

From the Beatles...

Blackbird

Blackbird singing in the dead of night
Take these broken wings and learn to fly.
All your life
You were only waiting for this moment to arise.
Blackbird singing in the dead of night
Take these sunken eyes and learn to see.
All your life
You were only waiting for this moment to be free.
Blackbird fly, Blackbird fly
Into the light of the dark black night.
Blackbird fly, Blackbird fly
Into the light of the dark black night.
Blackbird singing in the dead of night
Take these broken wings and learn to fly.
All your life
You were only waiting for this moment to arise
You were only waiting for this moment to arise
You were only waiting for this moment to arise.



THE MUSIC OF THE BEATLES

NED REMEM

I never go to classical concerts any more, and I don't know anyone who does. It's hard still to care whether some virtuoso tonight will perform the *Moonlight Sonata* a bit better or a bit worse than another virtuoso performed it last night.

I do often attend what used to be called avant-garde recitals, though seldom with delight, and inevitably I look around and wonder: What am I doing here? What am I learning? Where are the poets and painters and even composers who used to flock to these things? Well, perhaps what I'm doing here is a duty, keeping an ear on my profession so as to justify the joys of resentment, to steal an idea or two, or just to show charity toward some friend on the program. But I learn less and less. Meanwhile the absent artists are home playing records; they are *reacting* again, finally, to something they no longer find at concerts.

Reacting to what? To the Beatles, of course—the Beatles, whose arrival has proved one of the most healthy events in music since 1950, a fact which no one sensitive can fail to perceive to some degree. By healthy I mean alive and inspired—two adjectives long out of use. By music I include not only the general areas of jazz, but those expressions subsumed in the categories of chamber, opera, symphonic: in short, all music. And by sensitive I understand not the cultivated listening ability of elite Music Lovers so much as instinctive judgment. (There *are* still people who exclaim: "What's a nice musician like you putting us on about the Beatles for?" They are the same who at this late date take theater more seriously than movies and go to symphony concerts because Pop insults their intelligence, unaware that the situation is now precisely reversed.) As to what occurred around 1950, that will be the starting concern of this brief essay with a primarily musical approach. Most of the literary copy devoted to the Beatles extols the timely daring of the group's lyrics while skirting the essential, the music. Poetry may be the eggs from which the nightingale is hatched, though in

...to Janis...

Janis

something undefinable.
Her heart, maybe?
Her soul, perhaps?

Now she just has to be there — a rainbow without color, a flame without heat, a Joplin doll without substance.

Wind her up and she seems destined to reach peaks of hysteria and touch different levels of intensity even in her silences.

On her latest LP, I Got Dem Ol' Kozmic Blues Again, Mama! (Columbia), she is more anguished and personal than ever, and yet less successful.

She is a victim of her own emotional over-kill. Almost every note is a knock-out punch. She becomes the Ethel Merman of rock; the listener turns slap-happy.

For example:

present on both, but Joplin's energy seems misspent next to Simone's illuminating sparseness.

But hunched over a mike, stomping her feet madly, mumbling ("Just a piece . . .") and wailing ("A piece of mah heart . . .") and stuttering inchoately ("ba-ba-BABY"), sensing the basics of her craft with the inarticulate finesse of a bird dog, ecstatically turning on an entire audience, she demonstrates the triumph of raw emotion over refined art.

Get back, get back . . .
At that moment, she is the blues, defining in immediate feelings what Billie Holliday meant when she said: "The blues to me is like being very sad, very sick, going to church, being very happy. The blues is a sort of mixed-up feeling. You just have to feel it . . ."

Feel it.
Like Mt. Everest, Joplin is there: turbulent, exciting, a groovy chick you'd like to get to know better.

And while she lets everything go

superpop

PROBABLY it's not been a bad time to write this book: rock is at its most important junction yet, it's in the gap between two major phases, and this has been quite a clean moment to make some interval notes on it.

What I've written about has been the rise and fall of Superpop, the noise machine, and the image, hype, and beautiful flash of rock 'n' roll music. Elvis riding on his golden Cadillac, James Brown throwing off his robes in a fit, Pete Townshend slaughtering his audience with his machine-gun guitar, Mick Jagger hanging off his mike like Tarzan Weismuller in the jungle, P. J. Proby—all the heroic acts of pulp.

Superpop? It hasn't been much, it's been simple always, silly and vulgar and fake, and it has been a noise, that's all. In the end, specific records and singers have hardly mattered. Instead, it's been pop itself, just the existence of it, the drone and bleat of it running through everything.

I was ten when it started; I'm twenty-two now, and it has bossed my life. It has surrounded me always, cut me off, and it has given me my heroes, it has made my myths. Almost, it has done my living for me. Six hours of trash every day, and it's meant more to me than anything else.

Superpop—it's been like a continuing Western; it's had that same classic simplicity, the same power to turn cliché into myth. It's had no mind of its own. All it's ever done has been to catch currents, moods, teen obsessions, and freeze them in images. It has made giant caricatures of lust, violence, romance, and revolt, and they've been the most powerful, most accurate fictions of this time. Jagger and James Brown and King Elvis—they've been the ultimate heroes (only Muhammed Ali has equaled them, and he's pop himself; he works the same way).

And then, beyond the heroes, beyond anything, there's been the noise, the endless and perfect and changeless beat. Noise has been everything.

Anyhow, it's finished now, the first mindless explosion, and the second stage has begun. Pop has gotten complicated. That was inevitable: everything ends, nothing remains simple. Pop has split itself into factions and turned sophisticate. Part of it has a mind now, makes fine music. The other part is purely industrial, a bored and boring business like any other. Either way, there are no more heroes and no more Superpop. It has all been reduced to human beings.

What's left? In England, the industry is split roughly eighty per cent ugly and twenty per cent idealist.

The ugly eighty are mainline pop, computerized, and they hit a largely teenybop or pre-teen market, ages six to sixteen, plus a big pocket of middle-aged parents. They have a function, and they sell records. They make money.

The blue-eyed twenty are hardly even pop any more. With very few exceptions, notably the Beatles and the Stones, they don't sell records, and after all, what's pop about unpopularity? In ten years, they'll probably be called by another name entirely, electric music or something, and they'll relate to pop they way that art movies relate to Hollywood.

How good could they be? Logically, there's no limit—amplified music is an obvious art from this century, and there's no reason whatever why it shouldn't produce major works.

Very soon, you'll have pop composers writing formal works for pop choirs, pop orchestras; you'll have pop concerts held in halls and the audience all seated in rows, not screaming or stamping but applauding politely with their hands; you'll have sounds and visuals combined, records that are played on something like a stereo system and TV set knocked into one, the music creating pictures and patterns. You'll have cleverness of every kind imaginable, and out of all this you'll get a lot of pretension and bullshit, but you'll also get masterworks.

It doesn't really matter to me. Not that I have anything much against masterworks in principle, but I'm hooked on image, on heroics. It's like films—the best in art movies have no doubt been most sensitive, brilliant, and meaningful works of art, and where have I been? In the back row of the Roxy, of course, gawking at Hollywood. The art movie carries the quality, but Hollywood carries the myth.

The same thing with pop. If you're cutting great art and hardly anyone hears you, you're irrelevant. You're good and you're meaningless.

Pop is mass media, it is teen music always, it has to hit. Ideally, it has to do what Bogart and Brando and Monroe have done in films, John Ford and John Huston and Hitchcock: it has to be intelligent and simple both; it has to carry its implications lightly; and it has to be fast, funny, sexy, obsessive, a bit epic. Always, it has to be box-office.

Right now, there are signs that some of the English pop intelligentsia are coming down from the trees again, are getting back to hard business (in America, as yet, the problem hardly exists—there's a vast range of styles and almost all of them sell, almost all of them carry excitement). The Beatles and the Stones have both backtracked and cut recent basic rock. Pete Townshend, of course, has never been away, and he remains my white hope.

That's only a few individuals, though; it's not enough. There has to be a general resurgence of extravagance. There has to be insanity again.

The words of Little Richard still apply. They summed up what rock was about in 1956. They sum it up now and always: AWOPBOPALOOBOP ALOPBAMBOOM.

...to renovated jazz. No matter what the message, it has a definite impact.

Return of a Good Old Four-Letter Favorite

The Prince of Darkness, Miles Davis, in mauve leather pants, using his trumpet like an icepick on a couple thousand kids jammed into the Fillmore East. The King of Drummers, Elvin Jones, in silver vest and blood-red shirt, taking a heavy, pistol-packing solo in an upcoming rock-cowboy flick *Zachariah*. Paul Butterfield, the old bluesman's favorite son, leading his men through a wailing, screeching urban jungle, hot on the trail of Ornette Coleman and John Coltrane. Blood, Sweat and Tears switching gears for a fast burst of Bop 'n' Basie. How do all these notes of contemporary music harmonize? They fuse in the swelling sound of the Great Jazz Revival, the most potent and promising pop development of recent years.

Coming at us in a protean spray of forms —as jazz-rock, soul-jazz, New Thing, Third Stream, psychedelic and traditional—jazz is probably the most pervasive presence in American music today, apart from rock 'n' roll. Its very ubiquitousness is one of the reasons why the jazz revival has sneaked up on us, instead of bursting on the scene with the customary fanfare of publicity. Actually, no one wanted to call the music by its proper name until recently. They were fearful that "jazz," that good old four-letter word, would act like a curse to blast the blossoms of these fresh growths.

Now the black cat is out of the bag and—are you ready for this one?—jazz is being hailed as the savior of the crashing pop music scene! Every day more rock bands are picking up jazz licks, jazz voicings and (in the studio where they don't show) veteran jazz hands. Dozens of pop-oriented jazz albums are being quickpressed by the record companies. There are even "name" jazzmen, like Herbie Mann and Les McCann, whose records make the charts and sell by the hundreds of thousands. For an art that was declared dead years ago, this is a miraculous comeback.

Probably the most important product of the new jazz age is soul-jazz: a pitch-black blend of funky beats—the boogaloo, the heebie-jeebies and the bent rhumba (6/8 time "bent" to conform with jazz 4/4)—with top-flight jazz improvisations in the soul idiom. Pouring out every day from soul stations across the country, this rich ethnic mulch is fast filling the vacuum created by the collapse of Memphis and Motown. In New York City, WLIB, "The Sound of the Black Experience," has even begun to take listeners away from the top-40 and FM rock stations. The black broadcasters, under the suave masterminding of Del Shields, offer their audience a smoothly segued trip that flows from, say, Elvin Jones's *Raunchy Rita* to a speech by Malcolm X or an interview with film maker Melvin Van Peebles back into another soul track by Quincy Jones, Blue Mitchell, King Curtis or Cedar Walton. Like the Memphis Sound before it, soul-jazz is an essentialization of black culture: a skillfully contrived synthetic that distills the most potent oils and aromas of the blues, funk, gospel and jazz into an attar of blackness that won't blow your mind, but will knead it smoothly, rhythmically, into ecstasy.

Neither jazz-rock nor soul-jazz is the pure, strong, uncut stuff of mainline jazz; both belong to what an earlier, more idealistic age would have labeled "commercial" music. Yet their value to pure jazz cannot be exaggerated. Without broad popular styles, like those wielded by the big bands of the '30s and '40s, jazz is doomed to dry up and die. Pop jazz provides good-paying, on-the-job training for young musicians who may someday elect to starve with the masters. It entices young people onto the jazz scene and allows their listening tastes to mature at a normal pace. Most important, the pop styles feed the master jazzmen with fresh folk materials that they can parody and paraphrase up to the taxing altitude of their most sophisticated selves. Unless he makes contact with the middling sensual listener—who eats, drinks, smokes and chats as he absorbs the pleasurable vibrations of the play-as-you're-paid boys—even the greatest jazzman is likely to end up as a great ego-tripper, playing a 45-minute solo for an empty room.

The surviving jazz masters on the New York scene appear to have heard and heeded this wholesome lesson. Not only are they playing better than ever before, they are making an honest effort to communicate with their audiences. The days of turning your back on the paying customers are over. It's no longer hip to scold the ringsiders for inattention, or walk off the stand in the middle of a set. Today, jazz provides an example of almost ideal rapport between performers and audiences. The moment you walk into a jazz club, you sense an atmosphere that is the musical equivalent of spring. The musicians are warm and wise, the public attentive and enthusiastic—even the cigar-chomping proprietors concede that business is looking up.

Some nights in these old jazz joints, like the Half Note or the Village Vanguard, you see a spectacle with few parallels in contemporary society. You're down in some low-ceilinged, smoke-blurred basement; and you look around and see—what would you call it?—a hip church social! It's college kids and middle-aged hipsters and gray-haired couples who first heard jazz on a Stromberg-Carlson tuned to *The Fitch Bandwagon*, all sitting together, all eating and drinking together; and up on the stand is this band of old men and young, black and white, playing our greatest American music and really getting it off, rewriting the charts as they honk. And suddenly you flash: Hey! this is my music, my people, my scene! And you feel so great, so proud, so possessive, you could almost walk up to the bar, like the old-timers used to do, and growl: "Give those boys a drink—they're blowin' pretty hard tonight!"

This is the way Jimi wrapped it all up — theater and words and philosophy and music and change.

What's happening is, you, me, we have all these different senses. We've got eyes, nose, you know, hearing, taste and feeling and so forth. Well, there's a sixth sense that's comin' in. Everybody has their own name for it, but I call it Free Soul. And that's more into that mental kind of thing. That's why everything is beyond the eyes now. The eyes only carry you so far out. You have to know how to develop other things that will carry you further and more clear. That's why the fastest speed . . . what's the fastest speed you can think of? They say the speed of light is the fastest thing—that's the eyes—but then there's the speed of thought which is beyond that. You can get on the other side of this theme in a matter of thinking about it, for instance.

Sometimes you might be by yourself writing something. And you come across some words and you just lay back and dig the words and see how that makes you feel. And you might take it at practice or rehearsal or something like that, and get together with it there, in music—see how the music feels. Or either sometimes you might be jamming—when

I mean you, I mean the group—the group is jamming or something, and then you might run across something really nice. And then you keep runnin' across that, then you start shoutin' out anything that comes to your mind, you know, whatever the music turns you on to. If it's heavy music, you start singin' things.

Once you have the bottom there you can go anywhere. That's the way I believe. Once you have some type of rhythm, like it can get hypnotic if you keep repeating it over and over again. Most of the people will fall off by about a minute of repeating. You do that say for three or four or even five minutes if you can stand it, and then it releases a certain thing inside of a person's head. It releases a certain thing in there so you can put anything you want right inside that, you know. So you do that for a minute and all of a sudden you can bring the rhythm down a little bit and then you say what you want to say right into that little gap. It's somethin' to ride with, you know. You have to ride with something. I always like to take people on trips.

That's why music is magic. Already this idea of living today is magic. There's a lot of sacrifices to make. I'm workin' on music to be completely, utterly a magic science, where it's all pure positive. It can't work if it's not positive. The more doubts and negatives you knock out of anything, the heavier it gets and the clearer it gets. And the deeper it gets into whoever's around it. It gets contagious.

Bach and all those cats, they went back in there, and they had caught a whole lot of hell. All they could do was get twenty-seven kids and then dust away. Because the way the society was they didn't respect this. They didn't know how to, say, "Well, yeah, he's heavy. We'll go to his concerts. We'll dig him on the personal thing." But like, see, you're not supposed to judge a musician or composer or singer on his personal life. Forget about that. I like Handel and Bach. Handel and Bach is like a homework type of thing. You can't hear it with friends all the time. You have to hear some things by yourself. You can listen to anything that turns you on, that takes you for a ride. People want to be taken somewhere.

I wish they'd had electric guitars in cotton fields back in the good old days. A whole lot of things would have been straightened out. Not just only for the black and white, but I mean for the *cause!*

They keep sayin' things are changing. Ain't nothing changed. Things are going through changes, that's what it is. It's not changes, it's going through changes.

That's the way evolution happens. You have little bumps here. That's why you have the number seven after six. You have six smooth and all of a sudden a little bump. There's gonna be sacrifices. You get a lot of Black Panthers in jail, a lot of—what do you call that war thing?—the moratorium. A lot of those people who are goin' to get screwed up, for instance

here and there. But the whole idea, the whole movement is for everybody to appreciate. It's not only for young people to get it together by the time they're thirty. It's for anybody who's livin' to really appreciate.

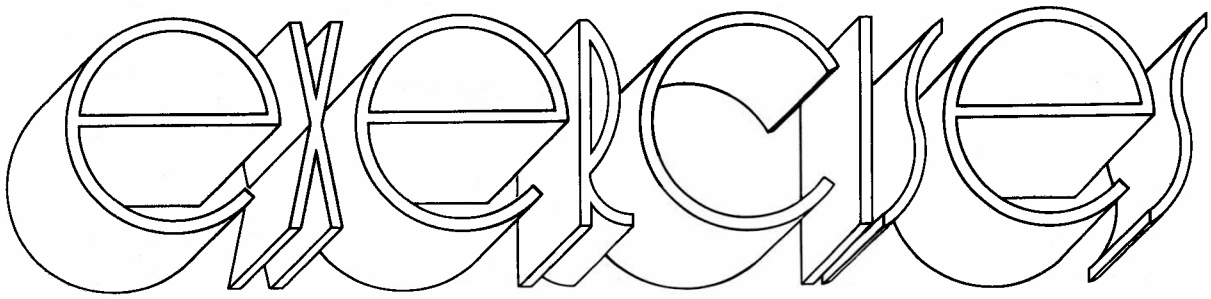
It's just like a spaceship. If a spaceship came down, if you know nothin' about it, the first thing you're goin' to think about is shootin' it. In other words, you get negative in the first place already, which is not really the natural way of thinking. But there's so many tight-lipped ideas and laws around, and people put themselves in uniform so tightly, that it's almost impossible to break out of that.

Subconsciously what all these people are doing, they're killin' off all these little flashes they have. Like if I told you about a certain dream that was all freaked out, and you'll say, "Oh, wow, you know, where is this at?" That's because you're cuttin' off the idea of wantin' to understand what's in there. You don't have the patience to get into this, and old folks, they think they don't have the patience to do this. They don't have the patience to really check out what's happening through music and what's happening through the theater and science.

It's time for a new national anthem. America is divided into two definite divisions. And this is good for one reason because like somethin' has to happen or else you can just keep on bein' dragged along with the program, which is based upon the past and is always dusty. And the grooviest part about it is not all this old-time thing that you can cop out with. The easy thing to cop out with is sayin' black and white. That's the easiest thing. You can see a black person. But now to get down to the nitty-gritty, it's gettin' to be old and young—not the age, but the way of thinking. Old and new, actually. Not old and young. Old and new because there's so many even older people that took half their lives to reach a certain point that little kids understand now. They don't really get a chance to express themselves. So therefore they grab on to what is happening. That's why you had a lot of people at Woodstock. You can say all the bad things, but why keep elaboratin'? You have to go to the whole balls of it. That's all you can hold on to, in the arts, which is the actual earth, the actual soul of earth. Like writing and sayin' what you think. Gettin' into your own little thing. Doin' this and doin' that. As long as you're off your ass and on your feet some kind of way. Out of the bed and into the street, you know, blah-blah, woof-woof-crackle-crackle—we can tap-dance to that, can't we? That's old hat.

We was in America. We was in America. The stuff was over and starting again. You know, like after death is the end and the beginning. And it's time for another anthem and that's what I'm writin' on now.

Jimi Hendrix



CHILDREN'S BOOKS

materials: ***children's books.***

Each student brings a children's book to school and the time is spent examining and discussing them. They comment on the drawing techniques, the simplicity of the illustrations and discuss the relationship between the pictures and the printed words.

variation: **do the same with other categories of books outside of the students' everyday sphere . . . i.e., medical books, architectural books, department store catalogues.**

EXAMINE A COLOR

materials: *everything has a color.*

Color has meaning in everyday life. For instance, the color red indicates stop, a bullfight, blood, fire, danger. The teacher gives each student a color and asks for a list of words, things and situations specifically associated with that color.

READ: *"HYPNOS WAKING"* BY RENE CHAR (RANDOM HOUSE)

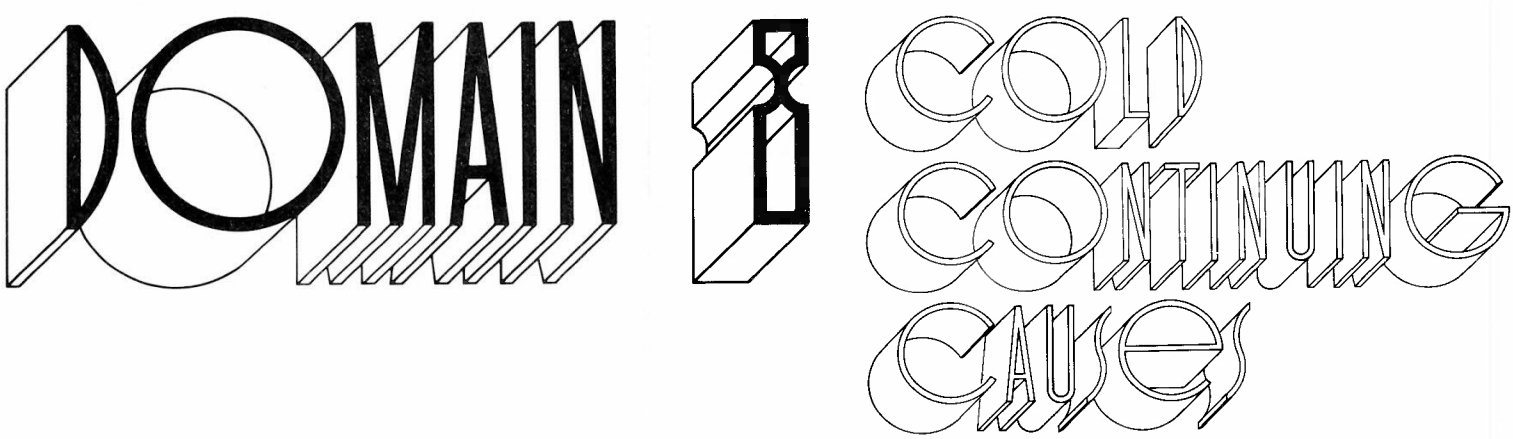
READ: *"SIX NON-LECTURES"* BY E. E. CUMMINGS

LITERATURE

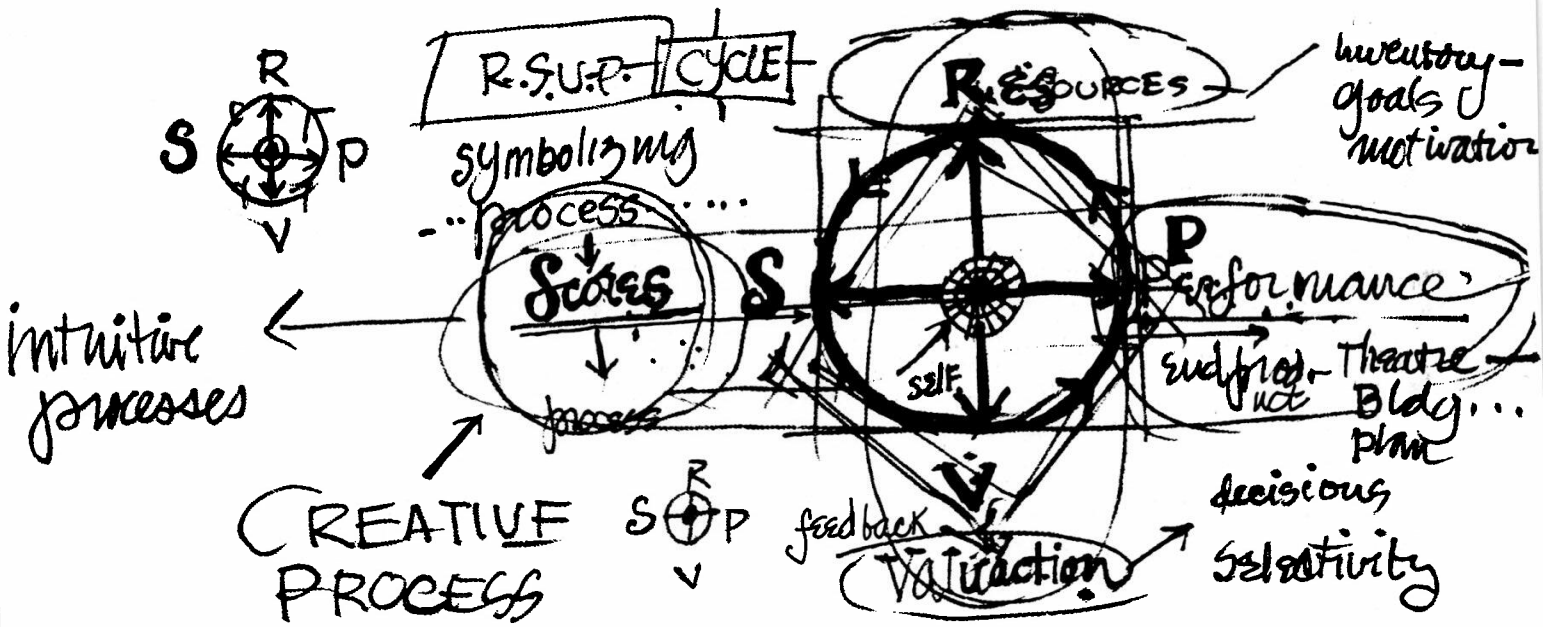
You probably have a preference for either poetry, drama, or fiction. Look for an example of your least favorite genre and:

1) paraphrase the ideas of the selection.

2) rewrite the basic idea in the form that appeals to you most.


DOMAIN
COLD
CONTINUING
CAUSES

The RSVP Cycles



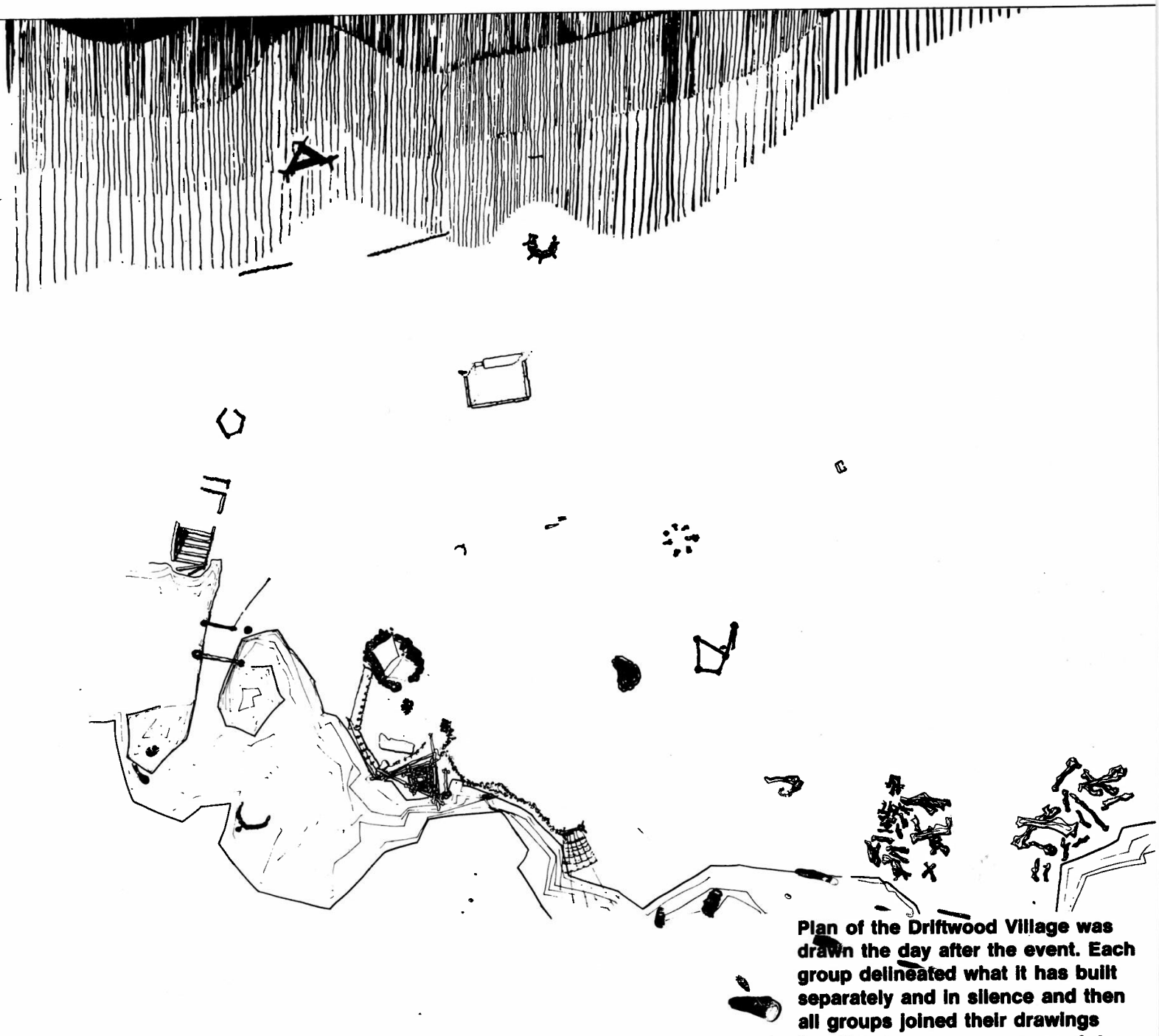
Creative Processes in the Human Environment

n example of this kind of erformance-oriented (P) community can e easily developed today through xperimental "happening-like" events. uring several joint environmental orkshops, Ann and I have presented mple scores from which communities ere built in the same direct and pontaneous way. There were several, ery similar factors in the score with semblances to primitive llages—among them an identity of adily "available" structural materials, this case driftwood logs.

directions to establish the score, and mostly depending on the limitations imposed by the site. The similarities between these workshop communities and actual process-developed ones is very striking. They radiate from centers, they are nonformalistic in form—they are *not* organized strongly around connectors (although they do have connectors which are thinly developed), and the connectors that are there result from the *need* to connect rather than being a major *force* in establishing the form. It is characteristic of more

thing which seems to link primitive communities is the very strong equality between individuals and the lack of hierarchical structure in building the community. Perhaps this is *because* they are so process-oriented and not control- or goal-oriented, and also not based on a defined and elaborate program.

The second home community, built on the rubble of the first, has a somewhat stronger score because of its more defined motivation. This second



Plan of the Driftwood Village was drawn the day after the event. Each group delineated what it has built separately and in silence and then all groups joined their drawings together. This master score of the event proved to be extremely accurate even though done collaboratively and without

Thomas S. Szasz, M.D.

THE SECOND SIN

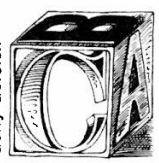
"And the Lord said, 'Behold, they are one people, and they have all one language; and this is only the beginning of what they will do; and nothing that they propose to do will now be impossible for them. Come, let us go down, and there confuse their language, that they may not understand one another's speech.' ... Therefore its name was called Babel, because there the Lord confused the language of all the earth ..."
—Genesis 11:6-9

We all know what is the first or "original" sin: "the knowledge of good and evil."

But we do not know, or tend to forget, what is the second sin: speaking clearly.

Knowing and doing good and evil, thinking and speaking clearly—these are man's fundamental affronts against God, the child's against the parent, the citizen's against the state. This is why man is enjoined to avoid these sins; and why when he has committed them—as commit them he must if he is to be human—he has been punished by the Family, the Church, the State, and, in our day, Psychiatry.

Many of the aphorisms, definitions, and maxims assembled here refer to ideas or practices formally recognized as falling within the provinces of psychiatry and psychology. Others do not, unless one believes—as increasing numbers of people apparently believe—that everything people do is a legitimate matter for psychiatric inspection and management. I have tried to dispel this notion and other psychiatric mystifications and to ridicule the psychiatric humbug that displaces ever more of our common sense and ordinary language.


Gerry Gersten

Childhood

To the child, control means care and love; to the adult, disdain and repression. Herein lies the fundamental dilemma and task of society: to encourage parents to love and control their children; and politicians to respect their fellow citizens and to leave them alone (except when the latter deprive others of life, liberty, or property).

Modern societies are well on their way to inverting this arrangement: they encourage parents to fake respect for their children and thus justify their failure to control them; and politicians to fake love for their fellow citizens and thus justify their efforts to exercise unlimited control over them.

A child becomes an adult when he realizes that he has a right not only to be right but also to be wrong.

In the United States today there is a pervasive tendency to treat children like adults, and adults like children. We speak of infantilizing adults, and call their childish behavior infantilism. We should recognize the counterpart of this pattern: causing children to behave in an adult-like fashion, which results in "adulticism." The options of children are steadily expanded, while those of adults are progressively constricted.

In short, we treat fewer and fewer people as they really are. By allegedly protecting children from the evils of authoritarianism, and adults from the evils of competition, we define and maintain control over them, while claiming that we are helping them.

Language

When we couch behavior in the language of religion, we legitimize it; when we couch it in the language of psychiatry, we illegitimize it.

We say that Catholics who do not eat meat on Fridays and Jews who do not eat pork at all are devoutly religious; we do not say that Catholics suffer from recurrent attacks of meat phobia or that Jews are afflicted with a fixed phobia of pork.

On the other hand, we say that women who do not leave their homes suffer from agoraphobia and men who do not fly in airplanes suffer from a pathological fear of flying; we do not say that these men and women are devout cowards.

To the institutional psychiatrist, lies are delusions. In abolishing the lie, he abolishes language; and in abolishing language, he abolishes—as C. S. Lewis warned that he would—man.

Thomas Szasz, professor of psychiatry at the State University of New York Upstate Medical Center, Syracuse, is cofounder and chairman of the board of the American Association for the Abolition of Involuntary Mental Hospitalization.

Definers (that is, persons who insist on defining others) are like pathogenic microorganisms: each invades, parasitizes, and often destroys his victim; and, in each case, those whose resistance is low are the most susceptible to attack. Hence, those whose immunological defenses are weak are most likely to contract infectious diseases; and those whose social defenses are weak—that is, the young and the old, the sick and the poor, and so forth—are most likely to contract invidious definitions of themselves.

Significance

In many people's lives, the need for attention is the dominant motive. This explains why people often espouse one opinion one time, and its opposite soon after: it does not matter what they say, so long as it draws attention to them. Tolstoy was a dramatic example.

Henri Troyat remarks that Tolstoy's family and friends "... could not understand how he had married an upper-class girl after declaring that 'to marry a woman of society is to swallow the whole poison of civilization.'"

Psychoanalysts interpret this sort of behavior as the expression of ambivalence. Moralists call it hypocrisy. It may be both of these things. But it often is simply the result of a passion for attention, which cannot be as easily satisfied through consistent behavior.

Emotions

Happiness is an imaginary condition, formerly often attributed by the living to the dead, now usually attributed by adults to children, and by children to adults.

Law

The fact that Americans speak about "legalizing" abortion, gambling, marijuana, and so forth shows that they no longer look down on their government as their servant but look up to it as their master. For to legalize is to permit; and to permit implies a relationship between a superior and a subordinate—as when a parent permits a child to go swimming, stay up late, or eat sweets after his meal.

Psychiatry

Psychiatry is a moral and social enterprise The psychiatrist deals with problems of human conduct. He is, therefore, drawn into situations of conflict—often between the individual and the group. If we wish to understand psychiatry, we cannot avert our eyes from this dilemma: we must know whose side the psychiatrist takes—the individual's or the group's.

Punishment

There can be no humane penology so long as punishment masquerades as "correction." No person or group has the right to "correct" a human being; only God does. But persons and groups have the right to protect themselves through sanctions that are, and should be called, "punishments," which, of course, may be as mild as a scolding or a small fine, or as severe as life imprisonment or death.

Science and scientism

The essence of the scientific enterprise is the effort to understand something in order better to control it. In natural science, this means that the scientist, man, studies and controls the object of his interest, a thing. The thing studied has no say in this matter. Hence, the moral dimensions and dilemmas of natural science derive not from a conflict between the scientist and the object he studies but from a conflict between the scientist and other persons or groups who may disapprove of the personal and social consequences of his work.

In human or moral science (if it may be called a "science"), the situation is radically different. Here, the scientist, man, studies and controls the object of his interest, a person. The subject studied is very much concerned with this process. Hence, the moral dimensions and dilemmas of human science derive from two distinct sources: first, from a conflict between scientist and subject, and second, from a conflict between scientist and other persons or groups who may disapprove of the personal and social consequences of his work.

In short, although both the natural and moral sciences seek to understand the objects of their observation, in natural science the purpose of this is to be able to control them better, whereas in moral science it is, or ought to be, to be better able to leave them alone. The morally proper aim of psychology, then, is self-control. □

The Etymology of the International Insult

CHARLES F. BERLITZ

"What is a kike?" Disraeli once asked a small group of fellow politicians. Then, as his audience shifted nervously, Queen Victoria's great Jewish Prime Minister supplied the answer himself. "A kike", he observed, "is a Jewish gentleman who has just left the room."

The word kike is thought to have derived from the ending *-ki* or *-ky* found in many names borne by the Jews of Eastern Europe. Or, as Leo Rosten suggests, it may come from *kikel*, Yiddish for a circle, the preferred mark for name signing by Jewish immigrants who could not write. This was used instead of an X, which resembles a cross. Kikel was not originally pejorative, but has become so through use.

Yid, another word for Jew, has a distinguished historic origin, coming from the German *Jude* (through the Russian *zhid*). *Jude* itself derives from the tribe of Judah, a most honorable and ancient appellation. The vulgar and opprobrious word "Sheeny" for Jew is a real inversion, as it derives from *shaine* (Yiddish) or *schön* (German), meaning "beautiful". How could beautiful be an insult? The answer is that it all depends on the manner, tone or facial expression or sneer (as our own Vice President has trenchantly observed) with which something is said. The opprobrious Mexican word for an American—*gringo*, for example, is essentially simply a sound echo of a song the American troops used to sing when the Americans were invading Mexico—"Green Grow the Lilacs". Therefore the Mexicans began to call the Americans something equivalent to "los green-grows" which became Hispanized to *gringo*. But from this innocent beginning to the unfriendly emphasis with which many Mexicans say *gringo* today there is a world of difference—almost a call to arms, with unforgettable memories of past real or fancied wrongs, including "lost" Texas and California.

The pejorative American word for Mexicans, Puerto Ricans, Cubans and other Spanish-speaking nationals is simply *spik*, excerpted from the useful expression "No esspick Englitch". Italians, whether in America or abroad, have been given other more picturesque appellations. *Wop*, an all-time pejorative favorite, is curiously not insulting at all by origin, as it means, in Neapolitan dialect, "handsome", "strong" or "good looking". Among the young Italian more active—sometimes to the point of combat—were called *guappi*, from which the first syllable, "wop", attained an "immediate insult" status for all Italians.

"Guinea" comes from the days of the slave trade and is derived from the African word for West Africa. This "guinea" is the same word as the British unit of 21 shillings, somehow connected with African gold profits as well as New Guinea, which resembled Africa to its discoverers. Dark or swarthy Italians and sometimes Portuguese were called *Guineas* and this apparently spread to Italians of light complexion as well.

One of the epithets for Negroes has a curious and tragic historic origin, the memory of which is still haunting us. The word is "coons". It comes from *baracões* (the õ gives a nasal *n* sound in Portuguese), and refers to the slave pens or barracks (*"baracoons"*) in which the victims of the slave trade were kept while awaiting transshipment. Their descendants, in their present emphasizing of the term "black" over "Negro", may be in the process of upgrading the very word "black", so often used pejoratively, as in "black-hearted", "black day", "black arts", "black hand", etc. Even some African languages use "black" in a negative sense. In Hausa "to have a black stomach" means to be angry or unhappy.

The sub-Sahara African peoples, incidentally, do not think that they are black (which they are not, anyway). They consider themselves a healthy and attractive "people color", while whites to them look rather unhealthy and somewhat frightening. In any case, the efforts of African Americans to dignify the word "black" may eventually represent a semantic as well as a socio-racial triumph.

A common type of national insult is that of referring to nationalities by their food habits. Thus "Frogs" for the French and "Krauts" for the Germans are easily understandable, reflecting on the French addiction to *cuisses de grenouilles* (literally "thighs of frogs") and that of the Germans for various kinds of cabbage, hot or cold. The French call the Italians *"les macaronis"* while the German insult word for Italians is *Katzenfresser* (cat-eaters), an unjust accusation considering the hordes of cats among the Roman ruins fed by individual cat lovers—unless they are fattening them up? The insult word for an English person is "limey", faring Englishmen as an anti-scurvy precaution in the days of sailing ships and long periods at sea.

At least one of these food descriptive appellations has attained a permanent status in English. The word "Eskimo" is not an Eskimo word at all but an Algonquin word unit meaning "eaters-of-flesh". The Eskimos naturally do not call themselves this in their own language but, with simple directness, use the word *Inuit*—"the men" or "the people".

Why is it an insult to call Chinese "Chinks"? Chink is most probably a contraction of the first syllables of *Chung-Kuo-Ren*—"Middle Country Person". In Chinese there is no special word for China, as the Chinese, being racially somewhat snobbish themselves (although *not* effete, according to recent reports), have for thousands of years considered their land to be the center or middle of the world. The key character for China is therefore the word *chung* or "middle" which, added to *kuo*, becomes "middle country" or "middle kingdom" — the complete Chinese expression for "China" being *Chung Hwa Min Kuo* ("Middle Flowery People's Country"). No matter how inoffensive the origin of "Chink" is, however, it is no longer advisable for everyday or any-day use now.

Jap, an insulting diminutive that figured in the last national U.S. election (though its use in the expression "fat Jap" was apparently meant to have an endearing quality by our Vice President) is a simple contraction of "Japan", which derives from the Chinese word for "sun". In fact the words "Jap" and "Nip" both mean the same thing. "Jap" comes from Chinese and "Nip" from Japanese in the following fashion: *Jih-pen* means "sun origin" in Chinese, while *Ni-hon* (Nippon) gives a like meaning in Japanese, both indicating that Japan was where the sun rose. Europeans were first in contact with China, and so originally chose the Chinese name for Japan instead of the Japanese one.

The Chinese "insult" words for whites are based on the observations that they are *too* white and therefore look like ghosts or devils, *fan kuei* (ocean ghosts), or that their features are too sharp instead of being pleasantly flat, and that they have enormous noses, hence *ta-bee-tsu* (great-nosed ones). Differences in facial physiognomy have been fully reciprocated by whites in referring to Asians as "Slants" or

Greeks in ancient times had an insult word for foreigners too, but one based on the sound of their language. This word is still with us, though its original meaning has changed. The ancient Greeks divided the world into Greeks and "Barbarians"—the latter word coming from a description of the ridiculous language the stranger was speaking. To the Greeks it sounded like the "baa-baa" of a sheep—hence "Barbarian"!

The black peoples of South Africa are not today referred to as Negro or Black but as Bantu—not in itself an insult but having somewhat the same effect when you are the lowest man on the totem pole. But the word means simply "the men", *ntu* signifying "man" and *ba* being the plural prefix. This may have come from an early encounter with explorers or missionaries when Central or South Africans on being asked by whites who they were may have replied simply "men"—with the implied though probably unspoken follow-up question, "And who are you?"

This basic and ancient idea that one's group are the only people—at least the only friendly or non-dangerous ones—is found among many tribes throughout the world. The Navajo Indians call themselves *Diné*—"the people"—and qualify other tribes generally as "the enemy". Therefore an Indian tribe to the north would simply be called "the northern enemy", one to the east "the eastern enemy", etc., and that would be the *only* name used for them. These ancient customs, sanctified by time, of considering people who differ in color, customs, physical characteristics and habits—and by enlargement all strangers—as potential enemies is something mankind can no longer afford, even linguistically. Will man ever be able to rise above using insult as a weapon? It may not be possible to love your neighbor, but by understanding him one may be able eventually to tolerate him. Meanwhile, if you stop calling him names, he too may eventually learn to dislike *you* less.

1692 cotton mather newsreel

O 1939 Tacoma Washington witch, where are you now that I am growing toward you? Once my body occupied a child's space and doors had a large meaning to them and were almost human. Opening a door meant something in 1939 and the children used to make fun of you because you were crazy and lived by yourself in an attic across the street from where we sat in the gutter like two slum sparrows. We were four years old.

I think you were about as old as I am now with the children always teasing and calling after you, "The crazy woman! Run! Run! The witch! The witch! Don't let her look at you in the eye. She looked at me! Run! Help! Run!"

Now I am beginning to look like you with my long hippie hair and my strange clothes. I look about as crazy in 1967 as you did in 1939.

Little children yell, "Hey, hippie!" at me in the San Francisco mornings as we yelled, "Hey, crazy woman!" at you plodding through Tacoma twilights.

I guess you got used to it as I've gotten used to it.

As a child I would always hang my hat on a dare. Dare me to do anything and I'd do it. Ugh! some of the things that I did following, like a midget Don Quixote, trails and visions of dares.

We were sitting in the gutter doing nothing. Perhaps we were waiting for the witch or anything to happen that would free us from the gutter. We had been sitting there for almost an hour: child's time.

"I dare you to go up to the witch's house and wave at me out the window," my friend said, finally to get things going.

I looked up at the witch's house across the street. There was one window in her attic facing down upon us like a still photograph from a horror movie.

"O.K.," I said.

"You've got guts," my friend said. I can't remember his name now. The decades have filed it off my memory, leaving a small empty place where his name should be.

I got up from the gutter and walked across the street and around to the back of the house where stairs led to her attic. They were gray wooden stairs like an old mother cat and went up three flights to her door.

There were some garbage cans at the bottom of the stairs. I wondered what garbage can was the witch's. I lifted up one garbage-can lid and looked inside to see if there was any witches' garbage in the can.

There wasn't.

The can was filled with just ordinary garbage. I lifted up the lid to the next garbage can but there wasn't any witches' garbage in that can either. I tried the third can but it was the same as the other two cans: no witches' garbage.

There were three garbage cans and there were three lived. One of the cans had to be her garbage but there wasn't any difference between her garbage and the other people's garbage.

I walked up the stairs to the attic. I walked very carefully as if I were petting an old gray mother cat nursing her kittens.

I finally arrived at the witch's door. I didn't know whether she was inside or not. She could have been home. I felt like knocking but that didn't make any sense. If she were there, she'd just slam the door in my face or ask me what I wanted and I'd run screaming down the stairs, "Help! Help! She looked at me!"

The door was tall, silent and human like a middle-aged woman. I felt as if I were touching her hand when I opened the door delicately like the inside of a watch.

The first room in the house was her kitchen and she wasn't in it, but there were twenty or thirty vases and jars and bottles filled with flowers. They were on the kitchen table and on all the shelves and ledges. Some of the flowers were stale and some of the flowers were fresh.

I went inside the next room and it was the living room and she wasn't there either, but again there were twenty or thirty vases and jars and bottles filled with flowers.

The flowers made my heart beat faster.

Her garbage had lied to me.

I went inside the last room and it was her bedroom and she wasn't there either, but again the twenty or thirty vases and jars and bottles filled with flowers.

There was a window right next to the bed and it was the window that looked down on the street. The bed was made of brass with a patchwork quilt on it. I walked over to the window and stood there staring down at my friend who was sitting in the gutter looking up at the window.

He couldn't believe that I was standing there in the witch's window and I waved very slowly at him and he waved very slowly at me. Our waving seemed to be very distant traveling from our arms like two people waving at each other in different cities, perhaps between Tacoma and Salem, and our waving was merely an echo of their waving across thousands of miles.

Now the dare had been completed and I turned around in that house which was like a shallow garden and all my fears collapsed upon me like a landslide of flowers and I ran screaming at the top of my lungs outside and down the stairs. I sounded as if I had stepped in a wheelbarrow-sized pile of steaming dragon shit.

When I came screaming around the side of the house, my friend jumped up from the gutter and started screaming, too. I guess he thought that the witch was chasing me. We ran screaming through the streets of Tacoma, pursued by our own voices like a 1692 Cotton Mather newsreel.

This was a month or two before the German Army

Support Your Local Language

COUNT MARCO

The people down at the Internal Revenue Service taketh and giveth away my money, so I feel it is only fair that I should have a voice in what "happeneth" to it.

Now, I am certainly not what you in this country call a snob, and I don't judge a man (or woman) by his income status, but I am particular about what happens to the money I pay in taxes.

And when I hear people with a reasonable amount of education MURDER the King's English, I become very much annoyed. Language is a means of communication and after years of classroom exposure, one would think the familiarity would have reached the point of correct usage and pronounciation. Not so, alas!

I don't find this the fault of the parents. I do place the blame on the education system AND its so-called teachers. Many schools waste time teaching dead languages such as Latin, or giving choices of foreign languages where the students rarely learn anything lasting past "parlez-vous Francais?" A lot of good that does them in the everyday world.

A much more practical course would be one school year devoted to reading that English classic: the dictionary.

No wonder so many young husbands and wives have nothing to say to each other. They don't know any words (unless they are the usual four-letter words). So why are we supporting increasingly higher costs of education? To keep inadequate teachers off unemployment?

I say it's about time teachers take pride in their job. It's not an easy one, but what job is?

—*San Francisco Chronicle*

I never did give anybody hell. I just told the truth, and they all thought it was hell.

Harry Truman

The Language of Prurient Interest

From *How to Talk Dirty and Influence People* by Lenny Bruce

The first time I got arrested for obscenity was in San Francisco. I used a ten-letter word onstage. Just a word in passing.

"Lenny, I wanna talk to you," the police officer said. "You're under arrest. That word you said—you can't say that in a public place. It's against the law to say it and do it."

They said it was a favorite homosexual practice. Now that I found strange. I don't relate that word to a homosexual practice. It relates to any contemporary chick I know, or would know, or would love, or would marry.

Then we get into the patrol wagon, and another police officer says, "You know, I got a wife and kid . . ."

"I don't wanna hear that crap," I interrupted.

"Whattaya mean?"

"I just don't wanna hear that crap, that's all. Did your wife ever do that to you?"

"No."

"Did anyone?"

"No."

"Did you ever say the word?"

"No."

"You never said the word one time? Let ye cast the first stone, man."

"Never."

"How long have you been married?"

"Eighteen years."

"You ever chippied on your wife?"

"Never."

"Never chippied on your wife one time in eighteen years?"

"Never."

"Then I love *you* . . . because you're a spiritual guy, the kind of husband I would like to have been . . . but if you're lying, you'll spend some good time in purgatory . . ."

Now we get into court. They swear me in.

THE COP: "Your Honor, he said blah-blah-blah."

THE JUDGE: "He said *blah*-blah-blah! Well, I got grandchildren . . ."

Oh, Christ, there we go again.

"Your Honor," the cop says, "I couldn't believe it, there's a guy up on the stage in front of women in a mixed audience, saying blah-blah-blah . . ."

THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY: "Look at him, he's smug! I'm not surprised he said blah-blah-blah . . ."

"He'll probably say blah-blah-blah again, he hasn't learned his lesson . . ."

And then I dug something: they sort of *liked* saying blah-blah-blah.

(Even the BAILIFF:) "What'd he say?"

"He said blah-blah-blah."

"Shut up, you blah-blah-blah."

They were yelling it in the courtroom.

"Goddamn, it's good to say blah-blah-blah!"

All of our important relationships have become shaky, partly because of the way we approach them. Authorities have heralded the death of the family; we're afraid to invest ourselves in friendships; yet we join encounter groups in countless thousands "to open up and make ourselves more accessible." We answer newspaper ads for "sincere friendship wanted. May develop into something permanent."

The experience of separateness arouses anxiety; it is, indeed, the source of all anxiety. Being separate means being cut off, without any capacity to use my human powers. Hence to be separate means to be helpless, unable to grasp the world – things and people – actively; it means that the world can invade me without my ability to react.

Erich Fromm : *The Art of Loving*

Ah, love, let us be true
To one another! for the world, which seems
To lie before us like a land of dreams,
So various, so beautiful, so new,
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;
And we are here as on a darkling plain
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,
Where ignorant armies clash by night.

Matthew Arnold : *"Dover Beach"*

The Dangling Conversation

Simon and Garfunkel

It's a still life watercolor
Of a now late afternoon
As the sun shines through the curtain lace
And shadows wash the room.

And we sit and drink our coffee,
Couched in our indifference like shells upon the shore
You can hear the ocean roar
In the dangling conversation and the superficial sighs,
The borders of our lives.

And you read your Emily Dickinson and I my Robert Frost.
And we note our place with bookmarkers that measure what we lost.
Like a poem poorly written,
We are verses out of rhythm, couplets out of rhyme in syncopated time
And the dangling conversation and the superficial sighs
Are the borders of our lives.

Yes, we speak of things that matter
With words that must be said.
Can analysis be worthwhile?
Is the theater really dead?
And how the room is softly faded,
And I only kiss your shadow,
I cannot feel your hand.
You're a stranger now unto me,
Lost in the dangling conversation and the superficial sighs
In the border of our lives.

But even if it's a fleeting emotional arrangement or one of the various alternatives such as communal living, we know we've got to go ahead...

To Clarence Jordan, founder of Koinonia Farm, who wrote:

"Don't love the old order or the things which keep it going. If anyone loves the old order it is not the Father's love that's in him. For everything that's in the old order—the hankering for physical comforts, the hankering for material things, the emphasis on status—is not from the Father but from the old order itself. And the old order, with its hankerings, is collapsing, but he who lives by the will of God moves into the New Age.

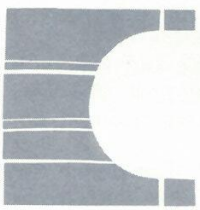
So don't be surprised, brothers, if the old order hates your guts. We ourselves are convinced that we have switched from death to life because we love the brothers. The man with no love still lives in death country. The brother hater is a man-killer, and you know that no man-killer has spiritual life residing in him."

(From *The Cotton Patch Version of I John,* translated from the Greek by Clarence Jordan; read at his burial place among a grove of trees at Koinonia.)

...loving...

Love

DAVID HARRIS



I can offer no guarantees about the Revolution. I don't claim to have any total understanding of it. What I have written is a guess. As we proceed in the Revolution, step by step, I think we will understand much more. It is bigger than any of us, so there will be no lack of things to learn. It is life itself.

Eros, what the Greeks understood as the life force, was also understood as love. I am convinced that the Revolution will grow as we begin to understand the implications of that force. The mere idea of it is immense. It can't be contained, only described, like an uncharted sea. You don't push it around, you flow with it. It brings together and synthesizes. It makes whole the shattered and heals the broken. It makes "we" out of what was once "us" and "them." It denies death itself by proclaiming and exercising our capacity for vision and fruition. It integrates an infinite progression of forms; it closes the circle. Its harvest lays waste to its adversaries. It hates the sin and not the sinner. It builds but does not beg. It calls forth the germination of man, humbles the highest, and ennobles the prostrate and used. It is the power of all men, and in it all men are strong.

If I believed the newspapers, I would know that would-be revolutionists don't talk about love. But I don't. If I believed the newspapers, I would be proud that the president gives medals to kids who have their legs shot off. I'm not. If I believed the newspapers, I would take my typewriter and sail for Tierra del Fuego. But the jailer does believe the newspapers and keeps a close eye on all of us. There doesn't seem to be anywhere to go except forward.

...and getting hurt.

Love's Not the Way to Treat a Friend

Richard Brautigan

Love's not the way to treat a friend.
I wouldn't wish that on you. I don't
want to see your eyes forgotten
on a rainy day, lost in the endless purse
of those who can remember nothing.

Love's not the way to treat a friend.
I don't want to see you end up that way
with your body being poured like wounded
marble into the architecture of those who make
bridges out of crippled birds.

Love's not the way to treat a friend.
There are so many better things for you
than to see your feelings sold
as magic lanterns to somebody whose body
casts no light.

pacific radio fire

RICHARD BRAUTIGAN

The largest ocean in the world starts or ends at Monterey, California. It depends on what language you are speaking. My friend's wife had just left him. She walked right out the door and didn't even say goodbye. We went and got two fifths of port and headed for the Pacific.

It's an old song that's been played on all the jukeboxes in America. The song has been around so long that it's been recorded on the very dust of America and it has settled on everything and changed chairs and cars and toys and lamps and windows into billions of phonographs to play that song back into the ear of our broken heart.

We sat down on a small cornerlike beach surrounded by big granite rocks and the hugeness of the Pacific Ocean with all its vocabularies.

We were listening to rock and roll on his transistor radio and somberly drinking port. We were both in despair. I didn't know what he was going to do with the rest of his life either.

I took another sip of port. The Beach Boys were singing a song about California girls on the radio. They liked them.

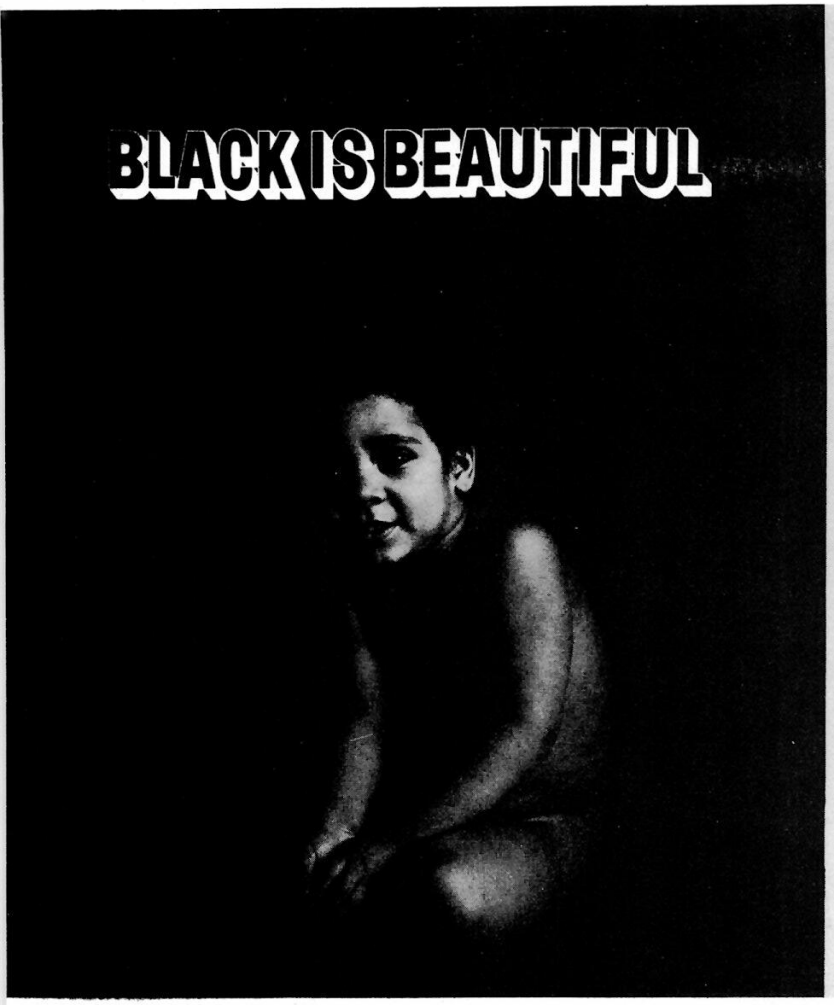
His eyes were wet wounded rugs.

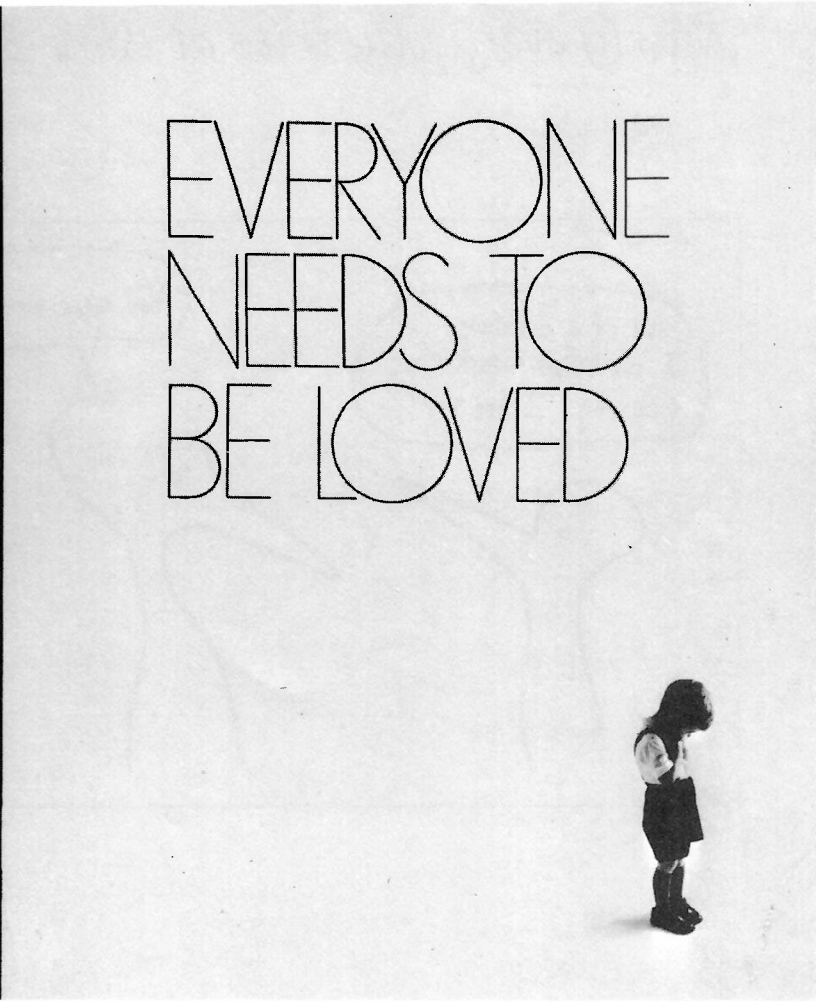
Like some kind of strange vacuum cleaner I tried to console him. I recited the same old litanies that you say to people when you try to help their broken hearts, but words can't help at all.

It's just the sound of another human voice that makes the only difference. There's nothing you're ever going to say that's going to make anybody happy when they're feeling shitty about losing somebody that they love.

Finally he set fire to the radio. He piled some paper around it. He struck a match to the paper. We sat there watching it. I had never seen anybody set fire to a radio before.

As the radio gently burned away, the flames began to affect the songs that we were listening to. A record that was #1 on the Top-40 suddenly dropped to #13 inside of itself. A song that was #9 became #27 in the middle of a chorus about loving somebody. They tumbled in popularity like broken birds. Then it was too late for all of them.



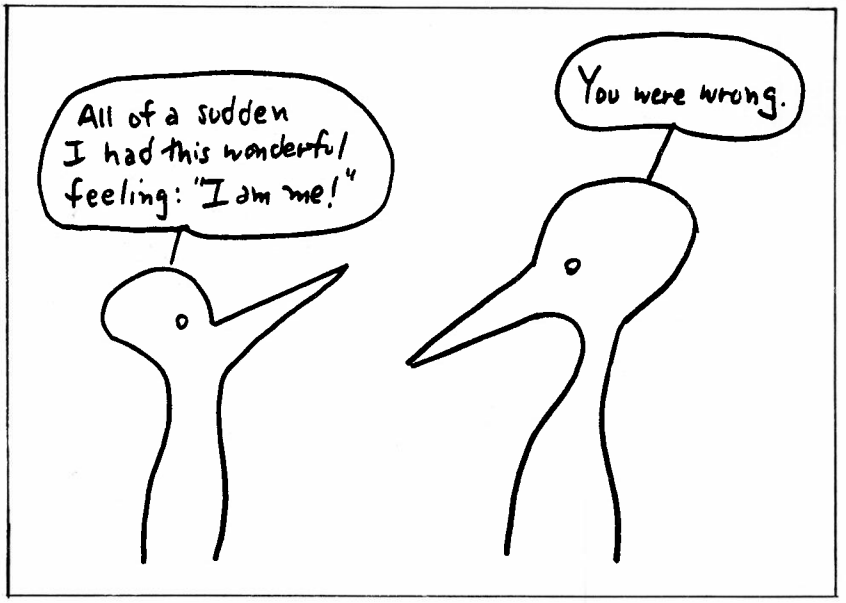


THE UNCONSCIOUS

DENNIS SALEH

Expect the swollen gorge behind everything.
Expect taking in your hands
at least one of your parents
torn open to reveal what is inside.
Expect your conception, the wall you tear away from,
the dark burst ending nothing.
Plan loss. Plan having no room.
Plan slipping to your knees and fear
welling around your knees rising.
Now find the names for everything.
Now talk at last.
Say "Choking," say you are choking,
infancy is choking, childhood is choking,
your body is the throat your blood rushes to
flow from, your body stutters,
now it will never be over.
Realize the rest of your life will be like rain
falling far above you.
Realize Jesus warned you.
Realize you are being lied to,
that at any moment someone will bend to you
and whisper "I was here before you who am I."

Nearly everybody tries at some point to fathom inner space.



Actualization of self cannot be sought as a goal in its own right . . . ; rather, it seems to be a *by-product* of active commitment of one's talents to some cause outside the self, such as the quest for beauty, truth, or justice.
Sidney M. Jourard,
Personal Adjustment

Locked In

All my life I lived in a cocoanut.
It was cramped and dark.
Especially in the morning when I had to shave.
But what pained me most was that I had no way
to get into touch with the outside world.
If no one out there happened to find the cocoanut,
if no one cracked it, then I was doomed
to live all my life in the nut, and maybe even die there.
I died in the cocoanut.
A couple of years later they found the cocoanut,
cracked it, and found me shrunk and crumpled inside.
"What an accident!"
"If only we had found it earlier . . ."
"Then maybe we could have saved him."
"Maybe there are more of them locked in like that . . ."
"Whom we might be able to save,"
they said, and started knocking to pieces every cocoanut
within reach.
No use! Meaningless! A waste of time!
A person who chooses to live in a cocoanut!
Such a nut is one in a million!
But I have a brother-in-law who
lives in an
acorn.

INGEMAR GUSTAFSON Translated from the Swedish by May Swenson

from The Book:
ON THE TABOO AGAINST KNOWING WHO YOU ARE

Alan W. Watts

This book explores an unrecognized but mighty taboo —our tacit conspiracy to ignore who, or what, we really are. Briefly, the thesis is that the prevalent sensation of oneself as a separate ego enclosed in a bag of skin is a hallucination which accords neither with Western science nor with the experimental philosophy-religions of the East—in particular the central and germinal Vedanta philosophy of Hinduism. This hallucination underlies the misuse of technology for the violent subjugation of man's natural environment and, consequently, its eventual destruction. . . .

It is said that humanity has evolved one-sidedly, growing in technical power without any comparable growth in moral integrity, or, as some would prefer to say, without comparable progress in education and rational thinking. Yet the problem is more basic. The root of the matter is the way in which we feel and conceive ourselves as human beings, our sensation of being alive, of individual existence and identity. We suffer from a hallucination, from a false and distorted sensation of our own existence as living organisms. Most of us have the sensation that "I myself" is a separate center of feeling and action, living inside and bounded by the physical body—a center which "confronts" an "external" world of people and things, making contact through the senses with a universe both alien and strange. Everyday figures of speech reflect this illusion. "I came into this World." "You must *face* reality." "The conquest of nature."

This feeling of being lonely and very temporary visitors in the universe is in flat contradiction to everything known about man (and all other living organisms) in the sciences. We do not "come into" this world; we come *out* of it, as leaves from a tree. As the ocean "waves," the universe "peoples." Every individual is an expression of the whole realm of nature, a unique action of the total universe. . . .

The hostile attitude of conquering nature ignores the basic interdependence of all things and events—that the world beyond the skin is actually an extension of our own bodies—and will end in destroying the very environment from which we emerge and upon which our whole life depends. . . .

. . . The sensation of "I" as a lonely and isolated center of being is so powerful and common-sensical, and so fundamental to our modes of speech and thought, to our laws and social institutions, that we cannot experience selfhood except as something superficial in the scheme of the universe. I seem to be a brief light that flashes but once in all the eons of time—a rare, complicated, and all-too-delicate organism on the fringe of biological evolution, where the wave of life bursts into individual, sparkling, and multicolored drops that gleam for a moment only to vanish forever. Under such conditioning it seems impossible and even absurd to realize that myself does not reside in the drop alone, but in the whole surge of energy which ranges from the galaxies to the nuclear fields in my body. At this level of existence "I" am immeasurably old; my forms are infinite and their comings and goings are simply the pulses or vibrations of a single and eternal flow of energy.

The difficulty in realizing this to be so is that conceptual thinking cannot grasp it. It is as if the eyes were trying to look at themselves directly, or as if one were trying to describe the color of a mirror in terms of colors reflected in the mirror. Just as sight is something more than all things seen, the foundation or "ground" of our existence and our awareness cannot be understood in terms of things that are known. We are forced, therefore, to speak of it through myth—that is, through special metaphors, analogies, and images which say what it is *like* as distinct from what it *is*. At one extreme of its meaning, "myth" is fable, falsehood, or superstition. But at another, "myth" is a useful and fruitful image by which we make sense of life in somewhat the same way that we can explain electrical forces by comparing them with the behavior of water or air. Yet "myth," in this second sense, is not to be taken literally, just as electricity is not to be confused with air or water. Thus in using myth one must take care not to confuse image with fact, which would be like climbing up the signpost instead of following the road.

Myth, then, is the form in which I try to answer when children ask me those fundamental metaphysical questions which come so readily to their minds: "Where did the world come from?" "Why did God make the world?" "Where was I before I was born?" "Where do people go when they die?" Again and again I have found that they seem to be satisfied with a simple and very ancient story, which goes something like this:

"There was never a time when the world began, because it goes round and round like a circle, and there is no place on a circle where it begins. Look at my watch, which tells the time; it goes round, and so the world repeats itself again and again. But just as the hour-hand of the watch goes up to twelve and down to six, so, too, there is day and night, waking and sleeping, living and dying, summer and winter. You can't

have any one of these without the other, because you wouldn't be able to know what black is unless you had seen it side-by-side with white, or white unless side-by-side with black.

"In the same way, there are times when the world is, and times when it isn't, for if the world went on and on without rest for ever and ever, it would get horribly tired of itself. It comes and it goes. Now you see it; now you don't. So because it doesn't get tired of itself, it always comes back again after it disappears. It's like your breath: it goes in and out, in and out, and if you try to hold it in all the time you feel terrible. It's also like the game of hide-and-seek, because it's always fun to find new ways of hiding, and to seek for someone who doesn't always hide in the same place.

"God also likes to play hide-and-seek, but because there is nothing outside God, he has no one but himself to play with. But he gets over this difficulty by pretending that he is not himself. This is his way of hiding from himself. He pretends that he is you and I and all the people in the world, all the animals, all the plants, all the rocks, and all the stars. In this way he has strange and wonderful adventures, some of which are terrible and frightening. But these are just like bad dreams, for when he wakes up they will disappear.

"Now when God plays hide and pretends that he is you and I, he does it so well that it takes him a long time to remember where and how he hid himself. But that's the whole fun of it—just what he wanted to do. He doesn't want to find himself too quickly, for that would spoil the game. That is why it is so difficult for you and me to find out that we are God in disguise, pretending not to be himself. But when the game has gone on long enough, all of us will wake up, stop pretending, and remember that we are all one single Self —the God who is all that there is and who lives for ever and ever.

"Of course, you must remember that God isn't shaped like a person. People have skins and there is always something outside our skins. If there weren't, we wouldn't know the difference between what is inside and outside our bodies. But God has no skin and no shape because there isn't any outside to him. [With a sufficiently intelligent child, I illustrate this with a Mobius strip—a ring of paper tape twisted once in such a way that it has only one side and one edge.]. The inside and the outside of God are the same. And though I have been talking about God as 'he' and not 'she', God isn't a man or a woman. I didn't say 'it' because we usually say 'it' for things that aren't alive.

"God is the Self of the world, but you can't see God for the same reason that, without a mirror, you can't see your own eyes, and you certainly can't bite your own teeth or look inside your head. Your self is that cleverly hidden because it is God hiding.

"You may ask why God sometimes hides in the form of horrible people, or pretends to be people who suffer great disease and pain. Remember, first, that he isn't really doing this to anyone but himself. Remember, too, that in almost all the stories you enjoy there have to be bad people as well as good people, for the thrill of the tale is to find out how the good people will get the better of the bad. It's the same as when we play cards. At the beginning of the game we shuffle them all into a mess, which is like the bad things in the world, but the point of the game is to put the mess into good order, and the one who does it best is the winner. Then we shuffle the cards once more and play again, and so it goes with the world."

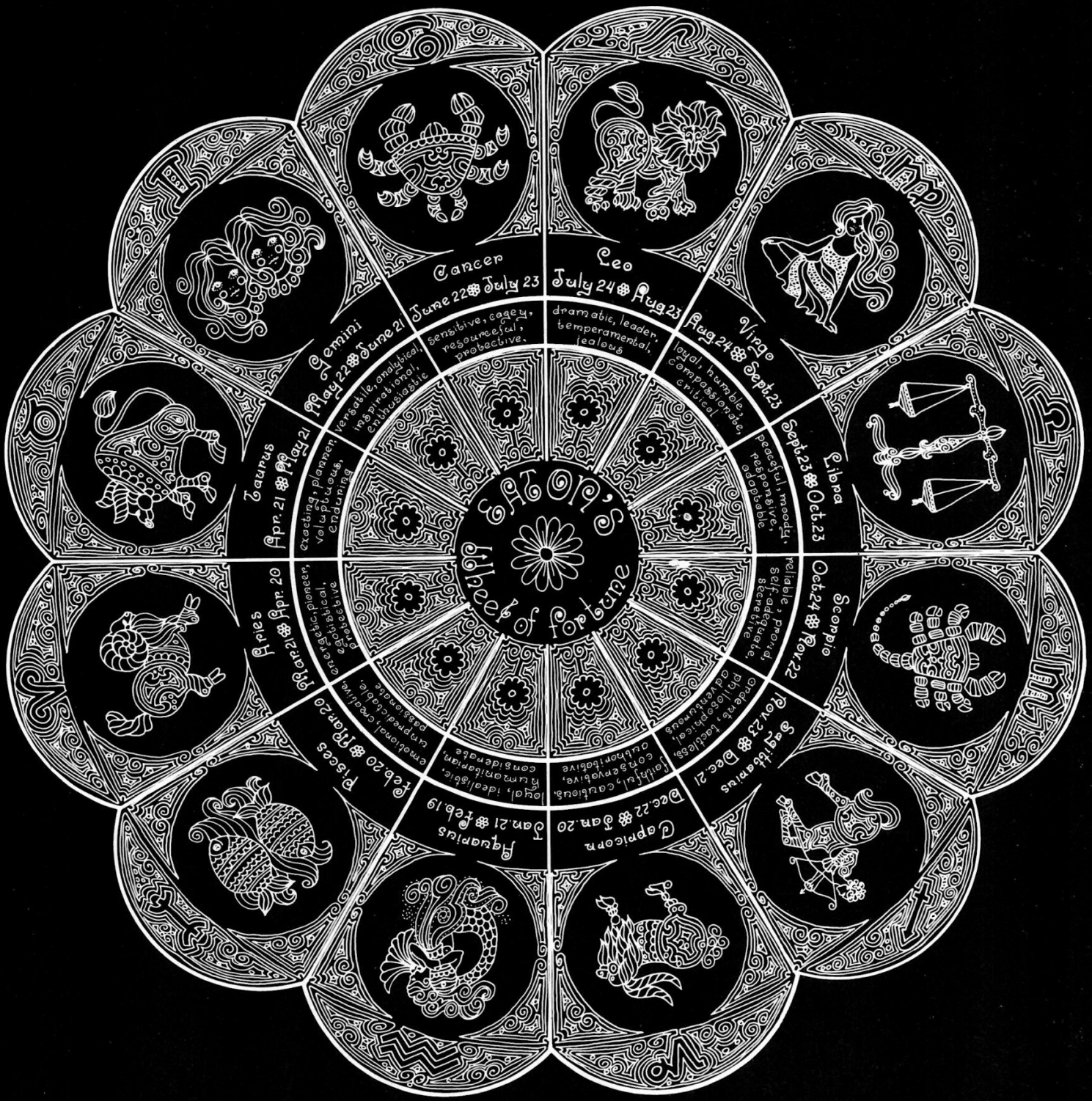
"The Ultimate Ground of Being" is Paul Tillich's decontaminated term for "God" and would also do for "the Self of the world" as I put it in my story for children. But the secret which my story slips over to the child is that the Ultimate Ground of Being is *you*. Not, of course, the everyday you which the Ground is assuming, or "pretending" to be, but that inmost Self which escapes inspection because it's always the inspector. This, then, is the taboo of taboos: you're IT! . . .

Hitherto the poets and philosophers of science have used the vast expanse and duration of the universe as a pretext for reflections on the unimportance of man, forgetting that man with "that enchanted loom, the brain" is precisely what transforms this immense electrical pulsation in light and color, shape and sound, large and small, hard and heavy, long and short. In knowing the world we humanize it, and if, as we discover it, we are astonished at its dimensions and its complexity, we should be just as astonished that we have the brains to perceive it. . . .

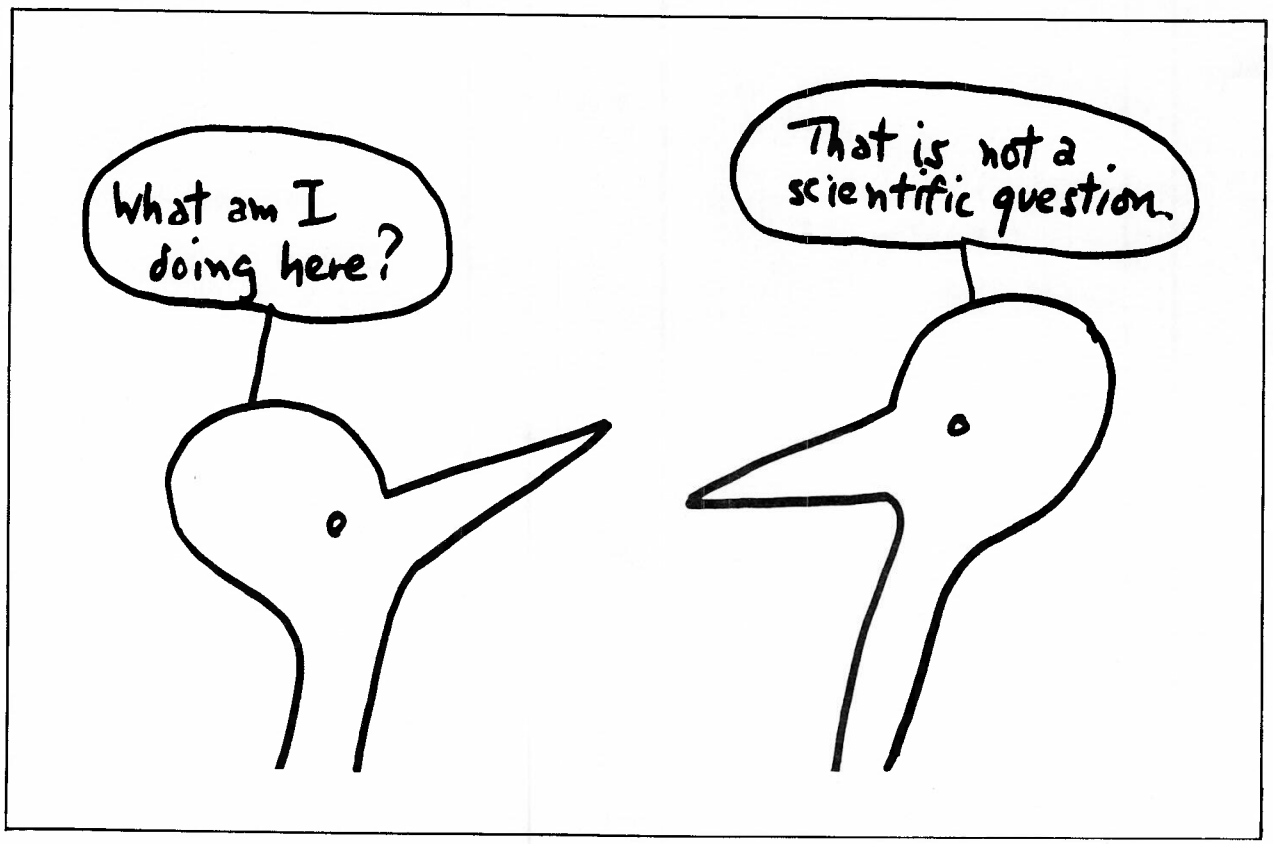
The people we are tempted to call clods and boors are just those who seem to find nothing fascinating in being human; their humanity is incomplete, for it has never astonished them. . . .

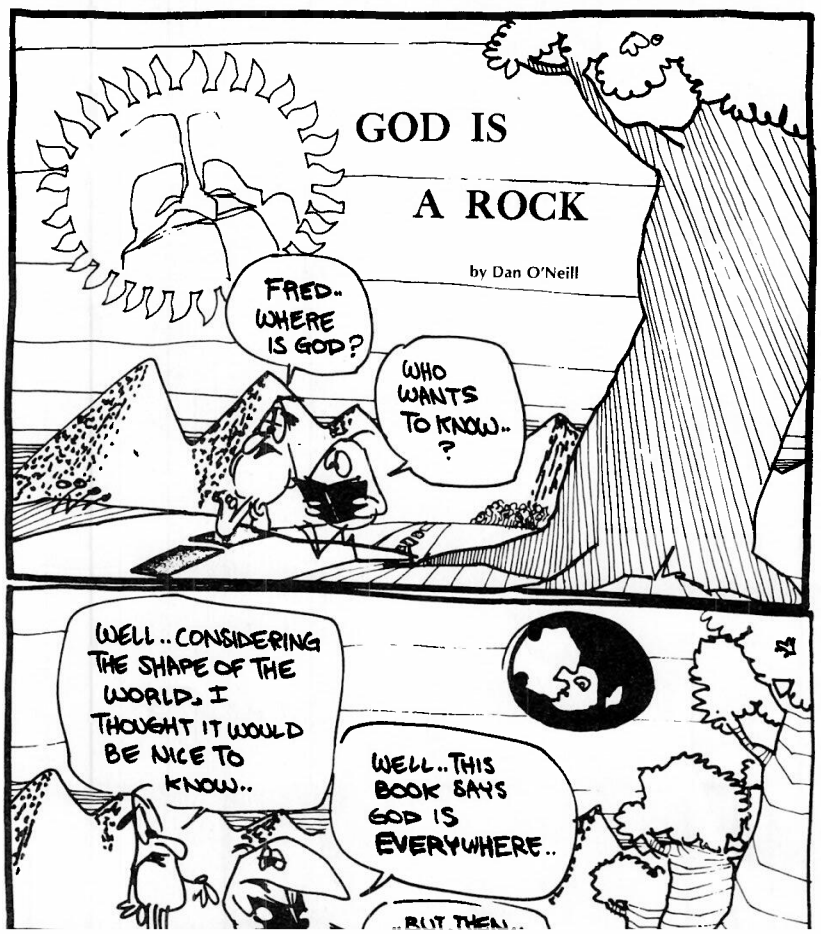
How is it possible that a being with such sensitive jewels as the eyes, such enchanted musical instruments as the ears, and such a fabulous arabesque of nerves as the brain can experience itself as anything less than a god? And, when you consider that this incalculably subtle organism is inseparable from the still more marvelous patterns of its environment—from the minutest electrical designs to the whole company of the galaxies—how is it conceivable that this incarnation of all eternity can be bored with being?

Many ask questions about the stars and what lies beyond.



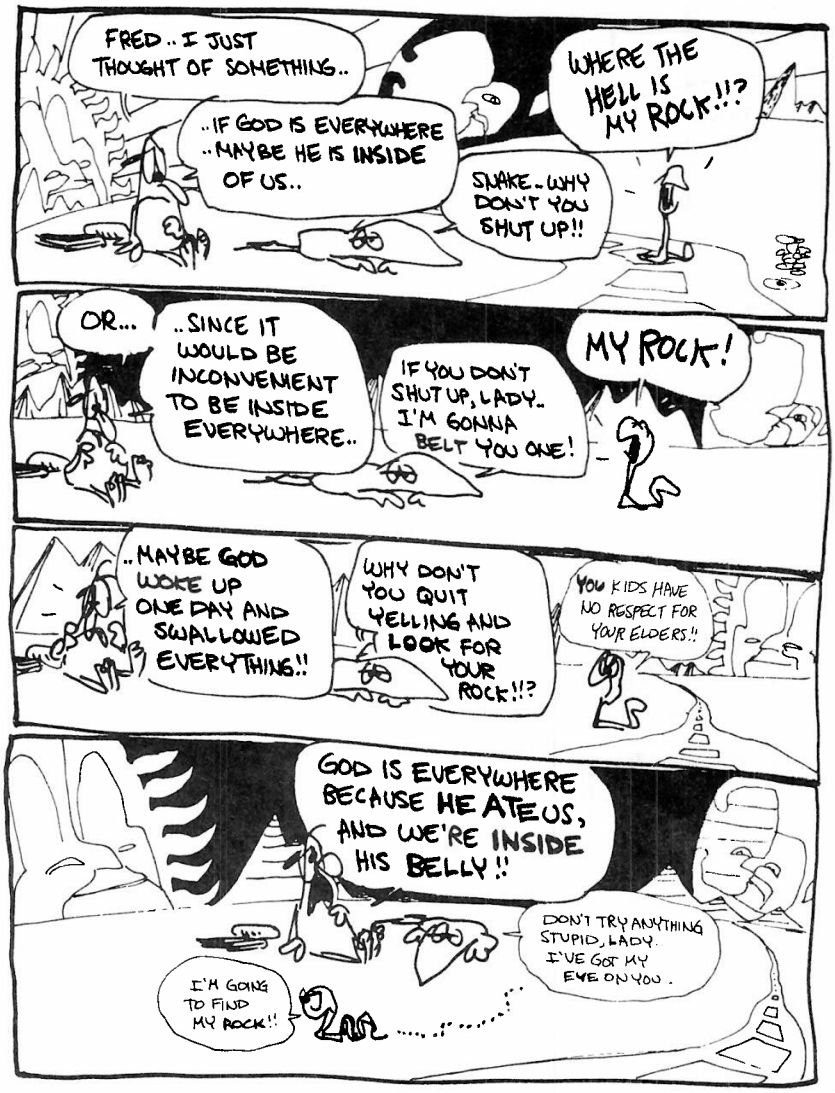
I have long ago lost my belief in immortality—also my interest in it.
Mark Twain




GOD IS A ROCK
by Dan O'Neill
FRED.. WHERE IS GOD?
WHO WANTS TO KNOW.. ?
WELL.. CONSIDERING THE SHAPE OF THE WORLD, I THOUGHT IT WOULD BE NICE TO KNOW..
WELL.. THIS BOOK SAYS GOD IS EVERYWHERE..

EVERYWHERE ??
YES.. IT'S RATHER DIFFICULT TO IMAGINE..
..OLD HUGH IS WORRIED ABOUT THE SHAPE OF THE WORLD..
I THINK IT'S SHAPED LIKE AN EGG..
HEY, GOD!!
WHERE ARE YOU!?
ERK!
NOISY DEVIL ISN'T HE?
AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED, HIS WHOLE GENERATION IS A BIT LOUD!!
THERE'S A ROCK!!
ISN'T THAT LULU SNAKE'S ROCK!?
THE VERY SAME..

THANK GOODNESS FOR HYSTERIA..
IF IT WASN'T FOR HYSTERIA.. I'D NEVER MAKE IT..
IF GOD IS EVERYWHERE...
..THEN HE'S UNDER THAT ROCK!!
HOW CAN GOD BE UNDER THAT ROCK!!? LULU SNAKE IS UNDER THERE!
MYSTERIOUS ARE THE WAYS OF DIVINE PROVIDENCE..
..BESIDES.. MAYBE SHE HAS COMPANY..
GOD! IT'S GOD!!
I'VE FOUND GOD!!
BLINK
HEY, FRED!! I FOUND GOD UNDER THIS ROCK!
HE FOUND GOD UNDER THERE WITH LULU..
I TOLD YOU SHE HAD COMPANY..
WHERE'S MY ROCK?
HMMM.. GOD, EH..?
YES.. I FOUND HIM.
WHERE'S MY ROCK?
AS I RECALL, LULU HAS A TEMPER..
..PERHAPS.. BUT IT DOESN'T SEEM TO KEEP HER FROM HAVING LOTS OF COMPANY..


FRED.. I JUST THOUGHT OF SOMETHING..
..IF GOD IS EVERYWHERE ..MAYBE HE IS INSIDE OF US..
WHERE THE HELL IS MY ROCK!!?
SNAKE.. WHY DON'T YOU SHUT UP!!
OR...
..SINCE IT WOULD BE INCONVENIENT TO BE INSIDE EVERYWHERE..
IF YOU DON'T SHUT UP, LADY.. I'M GONNA BELT YOU ONE!
MY ROCK!
..MAYBE GOD WOKE UP ONE DAY AND SWALLOWED EVERYTHING!!
WHY DON'T YOU QUIT YELLING AND LOOK FOR YOUR ROCK!!?
YOU KIDS HAVE NO RESPECT FOR YOUR ELDERS!!
GOD IS EVERYWHERE BECAUSE HE ATE US, AND WE'RE INSIDE HIS BELLY!!
DON'T TRY ANYTHING STUPID, LADY. I'VE GOT MY EYE ON YOU.
I'M GOING TO FIND MY ROCK!!

MY ROCK!
I'M WATCHING YOU, SNAKE!!
THAT ISN'T THE SKY!!
THAT'S GOD'S STOMACH LINING!!
THAT'S MY ROCK!!
PROVE IT..
THIS WHOLE UNIVERSE IS GOD'S BODY!!
WE ARE INSIDE GOD!!
GIVE ME MY ROCK!!
MAKE ME..
EVEN OAKLAND.. FRESNO.. LOS ANGELES..
THEY, TOO, ARE INSIDE GOD..
EVERYWHERE IS INSIDE GOD..
THAT ROCK HAS MY NAME ON IT!!
DOES IT REALLY..?
I SUDDENLY FEEL UNCOMFORTABLE..

LOOK ON THE BACK OF THAT ROCK...
HMMM. SO IT DOES.
IT SAYS.. "LULU GARTERSNAKE LOVES BILLYVIPER APRIL 21, 1942 SANTA CRUZ PALISADES AMUSEMENT PARK.."
..I MEAN.. WHAT GUARANTEE DO I HAVE I AM IN GOD'S BELLY..?
YEP.. THAT'S WHAT IT SAYS..
WELL.. AREN'T YOU GOING TO GIVE IT BACK..?
..I MEAN.. I COULD BE IN GOD'S BIG TOE!!?
I'M NOT SURE I LIKE YOUR ATTITUDE LADY..
DAMN IT! THAT'S MY ROCK!!
.. SUPPOSE HE STUBS IT!!
WATCH OUT FOR ROCKS!
THIS IS HUGH IN THE BIG TOE, GOD!
GIVE ME MY ROCK!
WHAT..!? MORE ROCKS!!
WATCH OUT FOR ROCKS, GOD!!

MY ROCK!!
HERE'S YOUR ROCK BACK..
I CAN'T DEAL WITH MORE THAN ONE ROCKHEAD AT A TIME..
WATCH OUT FOR STICKERS AND BRAMBLES TOO, GOD..
.. AND SNAP TURTLES!! THEY'LL SNAP YOUR BIG TOE OFF!! DON'T STUMBLE ON A SNAP TURTLE, GOD..
DID YOU MISS ME, ROCK...?
I CAN'T COPE..

Stop.
Turn back. Or proceed slowly.

復

24. *Fu / Return (The Turning Point)*

above K'UN THE RECEPTIVE, EARTH
below CHÊN THE AROUSING, THUNDER

The idea of a turning point arises from the fact that after the dark lines have pushed all of the light lines upward and out of the hexagram, another light line enters the hexagram from below. The time of darkness is past. The winter solstice brings the victory of light. This hexagram is linked with the eleventh month, the month of the solstice (December–January).

THE JUDGMENT

RETURN. Success.
Going out and coming in without error.
Friends come without blame.
To and fro goes the way.
On the seventh day comes return.
It furthers one to have somewhere to go.

After a time of decay comes the turning point. The powerful light that has been banished returns. There is movement, but it is not brought about by force. The upper trigram K'un is characterized by devotion; thus the movement is natural, arising spontaneously. For this reason the transformation of the old becomes easy. The old is discarded and the new is introduced. Both measures accord with the time; therefore no harm results. Societies of people sharing the same views are formed. But since these groups come together in full public knowledge and are in harmony with the time, all selfish separatist tendencies are excluded, and no mistake is made. The idea of RETURN is based on the course of nature. The movement is cyclic, and the course completes itself. Therefore it is not necessary to hasten anything artificially. Everything comes of itself at the appointed time. This is the meaning of heaven and earth.

All movements are accomplished in six stages, and the seventh brings return. Thus the winter solstice, with which the decline of the year begins, comes in the seventh month after the summer solstice; so too sunrise comes in the seventh double hour after sunset. Therefore seven is the number of the young light, and it arises when six, the number of the great darkness, is increased by one. In this way the state of rest gives place to movement.

THE IMAGE

Thunder within the earth:
The image of THE TURNING POINT.
Thus the kings of antiquity closed the passes
At the time of solstice.
Merchants and strangers did not go about,
And the ruler
Did not travel through the provinces.

The winter solstice has always been celebrated in China as the resting time of the year—a custom that survives in the time of rest observed at the new year. In winter the life energy, symbolized by thunder, the Arousing, is still underground. Movement is just at its beginning; therefore it must be strengthened by rest, so that it will not be dissipated by being used prematurely. This principle, i.e., of allowing energy that is renewing itself to be reinforced by rest, applies to all similar situations. The return of health after illness, the return of understanding after an estrangement: everything must be treated tenderly and with care at the beginning, so that the return may lead to a flowering.

THE LINES

Nine at the beginning means:
Return from a short distance.
No need for remorse.
Great good fortune.

Slight digressions from the good cannot be avoided, but one must turn back in time, before going too far. This is especially important in the development of character; every faintly evil thought must be put aside immediately, before it goes too far and takes root in the mind. Then there is no cause for remorse, and all goes well.

Six in the second place means:
Quiet return. Good fortune.

Return always calls for a decision and is an act of self-mastery. It is made easier if a man is in good company. If he can bring himself to put aside pride and follow the example of good men, good fortune results.

Are we merely superior animals (as Lorenz, Ardrey, and others ask us to believe), and is the best we can hope for the fate of animals? Or are we much, much more?

Six in the third place means:
Repeated return. Danger. No blame.

There are people of a certain inner instability who feel a constant urge to reverse themselves. There is danger in continually deserting the good because of uncontrolled desires, then turning back to it again because of a better resolution. However, since this does not lead to habituation in evil, a general inclination to overcome the defect is not wholly excluded.

Six in the fourth place means:
Walking in the midst of others,
One returns alone.

A man is in a society composed of inferior people, but is connected spiritually with a strong and good friend, and this makes him turn back alone. Although nothing is said of reward and punishment, this return is certainly favorable, for such a resolve to choose the good brings its own reward.

Six in the fifth place means:
Noblehearted return. No remorse.

When the time for return has come, a man should not take shelter in trivial excuses, but should look within and examine himself. And if he has done something wrong he should make a noblehearted resolve to confess his fault. No one will regret having taken this road.

Six at the top means:
Missing the return. Misfortune.
Misfortune from within and without.
If armies are set marching in this way,
One will in the end suffer a great defeat,
Disastrous for the ruler of the country.
For ten years
It will not be possible to attack again.

If a man misses the right time for return, he meets with misfortune. The misfortune has its inner cause in a wrong attitude toward the world. The misfortune coming upon him from without results from this wrong attitude. What is pictured here is blind obstinacy and the judgment that is visited upon it.

Ideas That Have Helped Mankind

BEFORE we can discuss this subject we must form some conception as to the kind of effect that we consider a help to mankind. Are mankind helped when they become more numerous? Or when they become less like animals? Or when they become happier? Or when they learn to enjoy a greater diversity of experiences? Or when they come to know more? Or when they become more friendly to one another? I think all these things come into our conception of what helps mankind, and I will say a preliminary word about them.

The most indubitable respect in which ideas have helped mankind is numbers. There must have been a time when *homo sapiens* was a very rare species, subsisting precariously in jungles and caves, terrified of wild beasts, having difficulty in securing nourishment. At this period the biological advantage of his greater intelligence, which was cumulative because it could be handed on from generation to generation, had scarcely begun to outweigh the disadvantages of his long infancy, his lessened agility as compared with monkeys, and his lack of hirsute protection against cold. In those days, the number of men must certainly have been very small. The main use to which, throughout the ages, men have put their technical skill has been to increase the total population. I do not mean that this was the intention, but that it was, in fact, the effect. If this is something to rejoice in, then we have occasion to rejoice.

We have also become, in certain respects, progressively less like animals. I can think in particular of two respects: first, that acquired, as opposed to congenital, skills play a continually increasing part in human life, and, secondly, that forethought more and more dominates impulse. In these respects we have certainly become progressively less like animals.

BERTRAND RUSSELL
1872-1970
KNOWLEDGE AND WISDOM

Most people would agree that, although our age far surpasses all previous ages in knowledge, there has been no correlative increase in wisdom. But agreement ceases as soon as we attempt to define "wisdom" and consider means of promoting it. I want to ask first what wisdom is, and then what can be done to teach it.

There are several factors that contribute to wisdom. Of these I should put first a sense of proportion: the capacity to take account of all the important factors in a problem and to attach to each its due weight. This has become more difficult than it used to be owing to the extent and complexity of the specialised knowledge required of various kinds of technicians. Suppose, for example, that you are engaged in research in scientific medicine. The work is difficult and is likely to absorb the whole of your intellectual energy. You have not time to consider the effect which your discoveries or inventions may have outside the field of medicine. You succeed (let us say), as modern medicine has succeeded, in enormously lowering the infant death-rate, not only in Europe and America, but also in Asia and Africa. This has the entirely unintended result of making the food supply inadequate and lowering the standard of life in the most populous parts of the world. To take an even more spectacular example, which is in everybody's mind at the present time: you study the composition of the atom from a disinterested desire for knowledge, and incidentally place in the hands of powerful lunatics the means of destroying the human race. In such ways the pursuit of knowledge may become harmful unless it is combined with wisdom; and wisdom in the sense of comprehensive vision is not necessarily present in specialists in the pursuit of knowledge.

Comprehensiveness alone, however, is not enough to constitute wisdom. There must be, also, a certain awareness of the ends of human life. This may be illustrated by the study of history. Many eminent historians have done more harm than good because they viewed facts through the distorting medium of their own passions: Hegel had a philosophy of history which did not suffer from any lack of comprehensiveness, since it started from the earliest times and continued into an indefinite future. But the chief lesson of history which he sought to inculcate was that from the year A.D. 400 down to his own time, Germany had been the most important nation and the standard-bearer of progress in the world. Perhaps one could stretch the comprehensiveness that constitutes wisdom to include not only intellect but also feeling. It is by no means uncommon to find men whose knowledge is wide but whose feelings are narrow. Such men lack what I am calling wisdom.

It is not only in public ways, but in private life equally, that wisdom is needed. It is needed in the choice of ends to be pursued and in emancipation from personal prejudice. Even an end which it would be noble to pursue if it were attainable may be pursued unwisely if it is inherently impossible of achievement. Many men in past ages devoted their lives to a search for the Philosopher's Stone and the Elixir of Life. No doubt, if they could have found them, they would have conferred great benefits upon mankind, but as it was their lives were wasted. To descend to less heroic matters, consider the case of two men, Mr. A and Mr. B, who hate each other and, through mutual hatred, bring each other to destruction. Suppose you go to Mr. A and say, "Why do you hate Mr. B?" He will no doubt give you an appalling list of Mr. B's vices, partly true, partly false. And now suppose you go to Mr. B. He will give you an exactly similar list of Mr. A's vices with an equal admixture of truth and falsehood. Suppose you now come back to Mr. A and say, "You will be surprised to learn that Mr. B says the same things about you as you say about him," and you go to Mr. B and make a similar speech. The first effect, no doubt, will be to increase their mutual hatred, since each will be so horrified by the other's injustice. But, perhaps, if you have sufficient patience and sufficient persuasiveness, you may succeed in convincing each that the other has only the normal share of human wickedness, and their enmity is

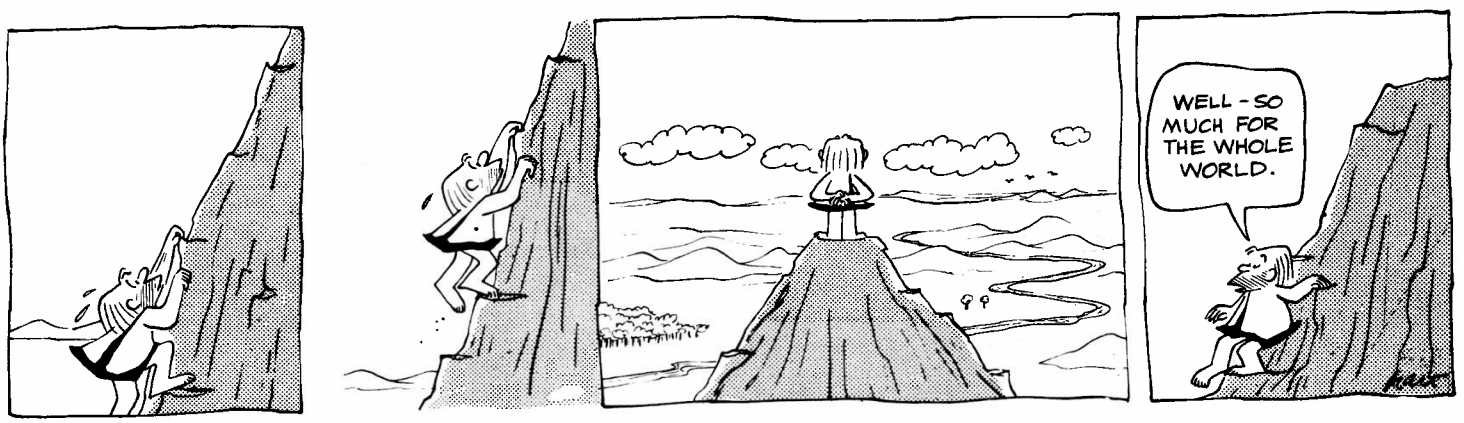
harmful to both. If you do this, you will have instilled some fragment of wisdom.

The essence of wisdom is emancipation, as far as possible, from the tyranny of the here and the now. We cannot help the egoism of our senses. Sight and sound and touch are bound up with our own bodies and cannot be made impersonal. Our emotions start similarly from ourselves. An infant feels hunger or discomfort, and is unaffected except by his own physical condition. Gradually, with the years, his horizon widens, and, in proportion as his thoughts and feelings become less personal and less concerned with his own physical states, he achieves growing wisdom. This is, of course, a matter of degree. No one can view the world with complete impartiality; and if anyone could, he would hardly be able to remain alive. But it is possible to make a continual approach towards impartiality: on the one hand, by knowing things somewhat remote in time or space; and, on the other hand, by giving to such things their due weight in our feelings. It is this approach towards impartiality that constitutes growth in wisdom.

Can wisdom in this sense be taught? And, if it can, should the teaching of it be one of the aims of education? I should answer both these questions in the affirmative. We are told on Sundays that we should love our neighbour as ourselves. On the other six days of the week, we are exhorted to hate him. You may say that this is nonsense, since it is not our neighbour whom we are exhorted to hate. But you will remember that the precept was exemplified by saying that the Samaritan was our neighbour. We no longer have any wish to hate Samaritans and so we are apt to miss the point of the parable. If you want to get its point, you should substitute "communist" or "anti-communist," as the case may be, for "Samaritan." It might be objected that it is right to hate those who do harm. I do not think so. If you hate them, it is only too likely that you will become equally harmful; and it is very unlikely you will induce them to abandon their evil ways. Hatred of evil is itself a kind of bondage to evil. The way out is through understanding, not through hate. I am not advocating non-resistance. But I am saying that resistance, if it is to be effective in preventing the spread of evil, should be combined with the greatest degree of understanding and the smallest degree of force that is compatible with the survival of the good things that we wish to preserve.

It is commonly urged that a point of view such as I have been advocating is incompatible with vigour in action. I do not think history bears out this view. Queen Elizabeth I in England and Henry IV in France lived in a world where almost everybody was fanatical, either on the Protestant or on the Catholic side. Both remained free from the errors of their time and both, by remaining free, were beneficent and certainly not ineffective. Abraham Lincoln conducted a great war without ever departing from what I have been calling wisdom.

I have said that in some degree wisdom can be taught. I think that this teaching should have a larger intellectual element than has been customary in what has been thought of as moral instruction. The disastrous results of hatred and narrow-mindedness to those who feel them can be pointed out incidentally in the course of giving knowledge. I do not think that knowledge and morals ought to be too much separated. It is true that the kind of specialised knowledge which is required for various kinds of skill has little to do with wisdom. But it should be supplemented in education by wider surveys calculated to put it in its place in the total of human activities. Even the best technicians should also be good citizens; and when I say "citizens," I mean citizens of the world and not of this or that sect or nation. With every increase of knowledge and skill, wisdom becomes more necessary, for every such increase augments our capacity for realising our purposes, and therefore augments our capacity for evil, if our purposes are unwise. The world needs wisdom as it has never needed it before; and if knowledge continues to increase, the world will need wisdom in the future even more than it does now.



exercises

HE LAST PROJECT

this book.

his book.
ge the pages, the projects, the situations, group
ogether, overlap others, switch some around,
he materials, using plastic instead of paper,
tead of silence, french instead of english.
e book, alter its form or shape, rip it, staple it,
fold it, crush it, cut it, paste it together, perfor-

ach page & put them on a wall for a mural
aw over the pages, color the visuals, use the
a point of departure for outline or contour
for shadow drawings, for silhouette drawings,
gement, for blackboards or sidewalks using

ketch book.
per flower of it.
ay change what it is to whatever you want it

E SO MANY DREAMS BEYOND YOUR NIGHT, AND
UNSHINE BEHIND YOUR GREY WALLS. BUT YOU
IT BECAUSE YOU STAY AT HOME. THERE IS SO
ABOVE YOUR ROOF. IS YOUR DOOR SO OLD THAT
OPEN, OR ARE YOU STAYING AT HOME BECAUSE
RAID OF CATCHING A CHILL? *francoise hardy.*

TRIVIA

materials: *source—magazines, newspapers, almanacs.*

The students are asked to make a list of factual *but* trivial things of which they may be aware or can research out of source materials. The idea is to stimulate thought and discussion on trivia . . . what is it? . . . what does it mean? Trivia emerges as almost visual-graphic facts, many of which can be illustrated.

list: A porcupine is equipped with about 18,100 quills. The average American housewife washes 340 tons of dishes in a lifetime. About 57,300,000 Americans dine out each week. A citizen of the U.S. inhales 23 ounces of dust a year. A racing car in the Indianapolis 500-mile event averages only four miles to a gallon. Ducks cruise at 45 m.p.h. Americans use half a billion hairpins and more than 2,000 times that many safety pins in a year. The standard 7-inch pencil will draw a line 35 miles long before it wears out. Americans last year swallowed 3,000,000,000 quarts of ice cream and 16,000,000,000 aspirin tablets.

READ: *"AGAINST INTERPRETATION"* BY SUSAN SONTAG

MUSIC

Selections in the music category range from merely lyrics to words and music, and in one instance just musical notes. While in a well-developed song the words and music are equally important, discussion in an English class will most logically center around the lyrics.

1) Write a short essay explaining the reasons for a particular lyrics impact on you.

2) Answer some of the severe criticism that has been levelled against the poetry of the new music. You might use Karl Shapiro's article as a starting point. Support your argument by citing examples from either the lyrics given in this book or some you are familiar with.

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